JULY, 1900.

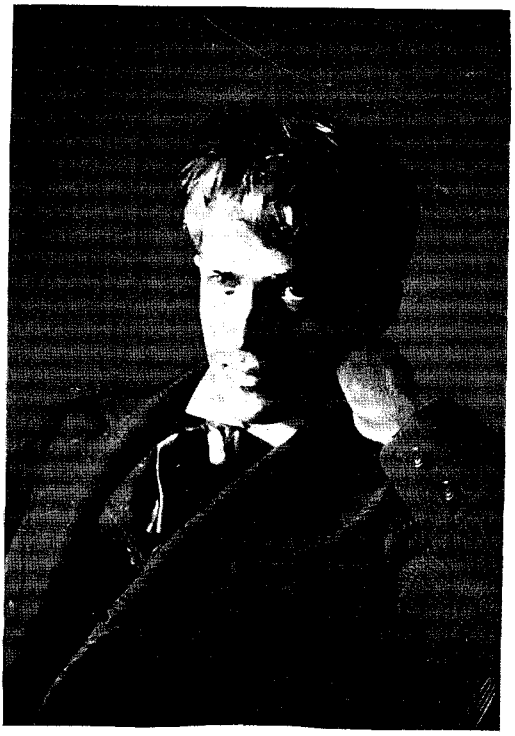
THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Stephen Crane, whose death took place in Baden, where he had gone as a final hope the fifth of last month, was, during the last two or three years of his life, as a literary figure conspicuous not so much because of what he was then doing as on account of what he had already done and of what he might in the future do. During his last years his work showed no marked diminution of his literary powers, but to those who had intelligently followed his career it was obvious that some years must elapse before he would be ready to give the work of his maturity. Robert Barr, less than two years ago, ventured the opinion in a magazine article that Stephen Crane among all the writers before the public was the one most likely to produce the great American novel. Mr. Barr's suggestion was a happy one, because on receiving it one realised that it was a very strong possibility, and at the same time felt utterly unable even to guess what this novel's theme might be or from where would come its inspiration. Mr. Crane's later work, while excellent, was in no way remarkable, and it would be absurd to deny that a good deal of the notoriety achieved by his letters as a war correspondent was due to the fact that his style offered such delicious "copy" for the parodist.

Mr. Crane was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1870. He was educated in Lafayette College and Syracuse University. While an undergraduate he used to spend much of his spare time in the typesetting rooms of local newspapers. It was this atmosphere that first inspired in him the ambition to write, and when in 1892 he came to New York, it was with the idea of doing newspaper work. His first experiences were those of nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand young men of a like ambition. He tramped Park Row day after day, climbing grimy stairways, timidly approaching "city editors," until at length, when



STEPHEN CRANE.

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on the verge of absolute destitution, he found work in a mercantile house. The rebuffs that he had received in Park Row in no way curbed his aspirations. His leisure hours were given over to the writing of stories, and to rambles through the great East Side. None of the stories was ever printed, but his investigations were embodied in *Maggie, a Child of the Streets.* This book was refused by publisher after publisher until one was found who was willing to print it at the author's expense. Crane accepted the chance, living on bread and water to save the money with which to pay the publisher. When *Maggie* appeared it made no impression upon the general reading public, but brought the author to the attention of a few discriminant literary men, notably Mr. W. D. Howells. In the same year, 1893, *The Red Badge of Courage* was written. Apropos of this book, we wish to call attention to some of the, to say the least, extraordinary obituary notices which appeared the day of or the day after Mr. Crane's death. *The Evening Sun,* always an entertaining and usually a reliable newspaper, in giving an account of how *The Red Badge of Courage* came to be written, intimated that this story of sixty thousand words was turned out in three days. Allowing Mr. Crane twelve hours out of the seventy-two for sleep, this would mean sixty hours of labour at the rate of a thousand words an hour. If this is the usual average of one of the *Sun's* "bright young men," all we have to say is that it convinces us that in still another way the *Sun* is a very remarkable publication.

The success won by *The Red Badge of Courage* was almost as great in England as it was in this country. The book was commonly accepted as having been written by one who had lived through the War of Secession, and the discovery that its author had been born five years after the termination of that struggle provoked universal surprise. Just what place this book holds in American literature the future alone can say. It is undoubtedly a remarkable bit of imagination and of word-painting, and it is also certainly marred by its evident immaturity and its frequent lapses into bad taste. In some respects it is inferior to *Maggie.* There is real power in the latter book. Here and there a phase of proletarian life is caught with photographic fidelity. On the other hand, it is too strained—too intense—it is all out of proportion. Truck-drivers are torn with Promethean woes and stirred with Homeric passions. They bellow—they exchange epithets—and the universe resounds. The sordid squabbles of a besotted tenement-house family become Titanic struggles, and mud-puddles are magnified to measureless oceans.

One of the most unpleasant episodes which we must chronicle in writing of Stephen Crane's career was that which brought him into antagonism with the New York police. And yet his defence of the unfortunate woman whom he alleged to have been unjustly arrested was marked by a fine chivalry and a passionate defiance of bigoted social convention. It was very characteristic of the man. The success which his books had achieved in England finally led him to take up a residence in that country. His social success was instantaneous. He was received and flattered by the most exclusive London literary circles. He returned to America from time to time, doing occasional newspaper work, and in 1897 he was sent as a correspondent to the front to report the war between Greece and Turkey. Soon after the end of this struggle he went to Cuba and wrote of the operations of the Cuban filibusters. On one of his expeditions the ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and for days the crew was given up for lost.

The Tennyson and Hallam letters which we announced last month as recently discovered in a solicitor's office at Sheffield were written to the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, a man who, though not very successful in life, was particularly rich in friendships. He married a daughter of Sir Charles Elton. Her aunt was the wife of Hallam, the historian, so there was a close tie between the households. The friendship between Thackeray and Brookfield was very close, some of Thackeray's best letters having been written to Mr. Brookfield. Thackeray described Brookfield as Frank Whitestock in his essay, "The Curate's Walk."

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The misfortune of Brookfield's life was that he had to take a secluded and silent cure in the heart of Lincolnshire. He and his family were at home in London society, and were deeply depressed in Lincolnshire. But there was something manly and sound in his nature. Miss Thackeray remembers walking over a stubble field at Somerby with him and hearing him talk about his parishioners. "He was ill even then, and bearing much pain and languor with courage and patience and reserve, though I did not know it at the time. 'How can I preach to him? What is there for him to deny himself?' he said, as an old man staggered past with some great load upon his head. 'He gets up at four in the morning; he works all day long in the field, through all weathers and winds; he crawls home at night, stupefied with fatigue and crippled with rheumatism, to fling himself down to sleep; he never complains; he dines contentedly off dry bread, and a bit of bacon on Sundays. He has had nothing better for years; he will never have anything else to expect. He is honest, patient, industrious, self-denying. It is he who preaches the sermon, not I.'"

An interesting story has just come to light, says the London *Literary World*, of the discovery of a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare in an obscure Yorkshire village, situated in the heart of the Brontë country. The discovery was made by the village schoolmaster at Oldfield when verifying the catalogue compiled for the sale of the library of an old gentleman named Heaton. The library was sold to a ring of second-hand booksellers, some one of whom probably has the work now. The schoolmaster, vexed with the mismanagement of the sale, seems to have had no curiosity to see what became of his find; but if any Shakespearian expert should desire to verify the story, let him seek the schoolmaster's aid and follow up the clue.

The mystery of the alleged kidnapping of Gyp leads an English contemporary to point out two similar cases in England—the encounter of Lady Florence Dixie, sister of the late Lord Queensberry, with banditti, near Maidenhead, and the case of a young lady in Cheshire some eighteen months ago. The latter arrived home in a dilapidated plight, alleging that she had been brutally assailed by a mysterious miscreant, from whom she had only escaped after a desperate conflict. The chief constable of Cheshire at once proceeded to bring all his energy to bear upon the case, but after it had been a nine days' wonder, nothing more was

GYP.

heard of it. Similarly in the case of Lady Florence, no trace whatever of the banditts was ever found. At any rate, her exciting adventures will be a good advertisement for Gyp's new novel, *Trop de*

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GRUB STREET TO-DAY.

Chic. This fifty-first production of her pen has all the characteristics of the earlier ones—bitter satire and unrestrained, merciless caricature.

We have recently had occasion from time to time to say considerable about Grub Street, which, as an abstract subject, has been so widely discussed by English men of letters and literary journals during the past spring. The accompanying illustration represents this traditional thoroughfare as it is to-day. Its present name, as we have already said, is Milton Street. The photograph was taken at a time when the war enthusiasm was at its height, and it is quite evident that if any "poor devil" authors are to be found in its attics nowadays they are not lacking in patriotism.

Publishers' readers, says a recent number of the English *Outlook,* are a class for whom whole armies of unpublished authors have a strong contempt. They are accused of using butter as a bookmark, in face of which charge it is interesting to note that one of the greatest newspaper proprietors in Great Britain "cannot imagine a more awful existence than that of a publisher's reader." Even the perusal of a manuscript of a genius—and a most legible manuscript withal—is a privilege which can be gently refused. Witness a letter of Charlotte Brontë (who herself was capable of writing microscopically), which Mr. Shorter adds to the new edition of *Mrs. Gaskell's Life.* "Do not," she writes to Mr. George Smith, "send the third volume of Mr. Thackeray's manuscript. I would rather wait to see it in print. It will be something to look forward to." Many wish they could say the same thing of letters, for the feminine habit of crossing and even recrossing has not yet gone out.

It may not be generally known that the character, Felix Holt, the Radical, has its original in a living poet. When working for *The Westminster Review* in the early sixties, Mr. Gerald Massey frequently saw George Eliot at John Chapman's, and was well known to the novelist. She is said to have made him the model of Felix Holt.

Mr. Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is not

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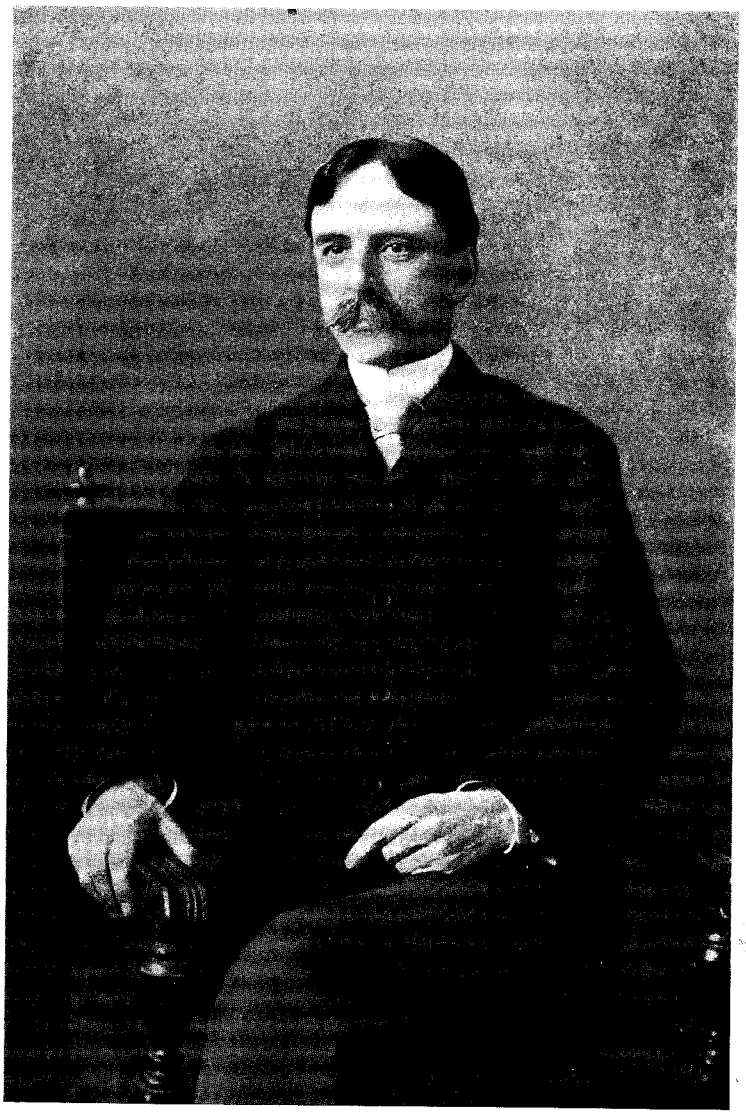

ROBERT GRANT.

only one of the most admirable novels of the year, but one which commands very serious consideration and attention for many qualities that are quite apart from the mere story. It misses by very little being a great novel, and is a pioneer in dealing with certain American types and certain phases of American life. We present herewith a recent portrait of Mr. Grant.

Some time ago we published a list of books that had been miscalled at the public libraries. A correspondent in Mattewan, New York, sends a supplementary list which we quote in part:

On Both Sides—Half Way Over.
Homer's Iliad—Homer's Eyelid.
Inside Our Gate—Over the Fence.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush—Under the Trees.
Ships that Pass in the Night—Boats that Bunk in the Night.
The House Boat on the Styx—The House Boat on Two Sticks.
A Flatiron for a Farthing.—What He Paid for a Flatiron.

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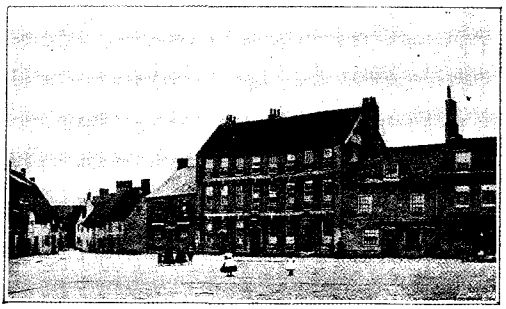
To Have and to Hold—To Get and to Have.
The Heavenly Twins—Two of a Kind.

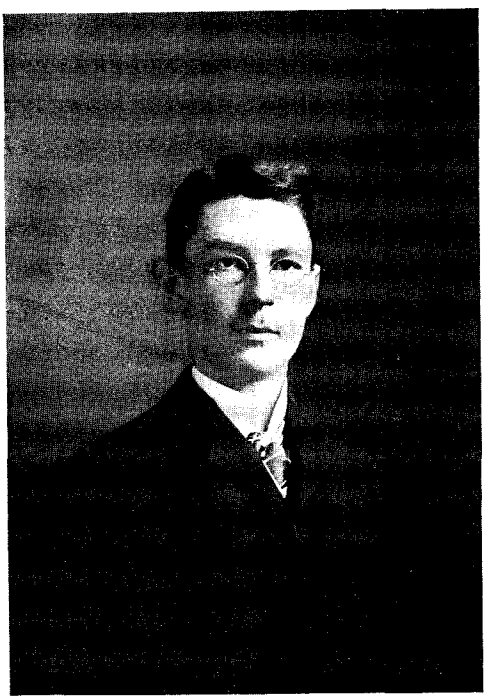
The last is delicious.

In connection with the recent celebration of the Cowper centennial in England we present a photograph of the poet's house at Olney. This was his residence from 1767 to 1786. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin occupied only the western portion; the eastern portion was tenanted by Cowper's protégé, "Dick Coleman, his wife and a thousand rats." The windows of the famous parlour are seen between the two doors.



COWPER'S HOUSE AT OLNEY.

We reproduce herewith a photograph of Mr. William Stearns Davis, whose novel, *A Friend of Cæsar,* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. The author is an exceedingly young man. When this book was written he was but twenty-one years of age. The work was done during a long period of severe illness. That was two years ago, and Mr. Davis is now a senior at Harvard University. He is a grandson of William A. Stearns, for many years president of Amherst College. His early schooldays were passed in Cleveland, Ohio.



WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has followed his entertaining *Three Men in a Boat* with *Three Men on Wheels,* a story which is supposed to take the heroes of the earlier book on a bicycle trip through the Black Forest—we say suppose, because whenever there is any prospect of their getting too far toward their destination Mr. Jerome steps in with an anecdote or the narrative of some former experience of one of the trio until, when the end is reached, the reader lays the volume aside with a vague sort of wonder what the Black Forest really had to do in the matter. The book bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and is not at all bad reading for the lazy months of the year. The print is good and large, and there are no heavy arguments or long sentences. To us it is a book of considerable interest. In fact, we may say that it is in one respect a work of high art, and we hasten to acclaim Mr. Jerome and to express our profound admiration for that facility which enables him to spread a chapter of rather thin humour over two hundred and ninety-nine pages.

There is one thing about Mr. Jerome's humour—no one can insinuate that it is obscure. One does not have to hunt for it; on the contrary, it is ladled out with a large dipper. In a way it is typical, for it is so middle class. It is to English literature just about what *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* is to English journalism. A couple of Cockneys journey from Edinburgh to London by boat, and "contract"

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for their meals, only to find themselves from one end of the trip to the other in the throes of seasickness—that is the typical Jerome situation. It is simple enough, but in his hands it is worth a chapter at the very least. He ignores none of the details. He describes the motion of the ship, the odour of the cooking, the physical discomforts of the Cockney, and that greater mental anguish which comes to him at the thought of how much better it would have been if he had but decided to have travelled *à la carte*.

In the matter of humour the present book is rather economical, even for Mr. Jerome. He seems to have exhausted in his earlier works all of the more obvious comic devices, and in consequence to have spread the protoplasm of each idea over an immense space. Here and there, however, there is a touch which recalls his happiest vein. For instance, there is that in which he refers to the instruction of French from an Ahn's First Course. The history of this famous work, according to Mr. Jerome, is remarkable and instructive. The book was originally written for a joke by a witty Frenchman who had resided for some years in England. He intended it as a satire upon the conversational powers of British society. From this point of view it was distinctly good. He submitted it to a London publishing firm. The manager was a shrewd man. He read the book through, and sent for the author. "This book of yours," he said, "is very clever. I have laughed over it myself until the tears came." "I am delighted to hear you say so," replied the pleased Frenchman. "I tried to be truthful without being unnecessarily offensive." "It is most amusing," concurred the manager, "and yet, published as a harmless joke I feel it would fail." The author's face fell. "Its humour," proceeded the manager, "would be denounced as forced and extravagant. It would amuse the thoughtful and intelligent; but from a business point of view that portion of the public is never worth consideration. But I have an idea," continued the manager. He glanced around the room to be sure that they were alone and, leaning forward, sunk his voice to a whisper. "My notion is to publish it as a serious work for the use of schools."

T. JENKINS HAINS.

We herewith present a portrait of Mr. Thornton Alexander Jenkins Hains, author of *Mr. Trunnell, Mate of the Ship Pirate*. This book promises to rival in popularity *The Windjammers*, the same writer's earlier work. In addition to these two books Mr. Hains has written *Captain Gore* and *The Wreck of Conemaugh*.

It is interesting to observe, among all the books of travel relating to France which have been inspired or suggested by the Exposition of this year, how large a number pass over Paris altogether and treat of those other portions of France with which the discriminating visitor to Europe desires to become familiar. This fact involves the assumption, and we think a true one, that the Exposition will be, after all, only an episode or a pretext to perhaps the majority of those who visit France this summer. Americans have come to know that Paris is by no means France to those who can find a living interest outside of the shops and the hotels of the French capital, but who derive a reminiscent pleasure from the scenes of provincial France that are linked with legend or tradition, or with literary associations that are quite as vivid as those which are historical. Normandy, Brittany and Touraine are the three most delightful of the old provinces; and each of these has of late received especial and

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PERCY DEARMER.

sympathetic treatment at the hands of writers who know them well.

The latest book of this sort to appear is a volume by Mr. Percy Dearmer, entitled *Highways and Byways in Normandy*, supplied with some very felicitous illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Turning it over, we find its most interesting chapter to be the chapter which takes us back again to Rouen, and in reading it and in looking over the illustrations which accompany it, the thought that has just been expressed occurs again with extraordinary insistence—how much more vivid are many of the associations that are made upon the mind by great masters of fiction than are those other associations which find their source in the study of authentic history. Rouen is, on its historical side, essentially and first of all the city of Jeanne d'Arc, and surely there is nothing in the history of France more dramatic and more romantic than the story, the true story of La Pucelle. Yet, after all, how much less real to every one is the historic Maid than is Emma Bovary, who in one sense never had a real existence outside of the inspired pages of Flaubert. Hence Rouen is in fact not half so much the city of Jeanne d'Arc as it is the city whose quaint old streets and crowded quays bring back the curious adventures of that other woman, of whom it may be paradoxically said both that she never lived and yet that she will live forever.

The association of Rouen with Emma

THE THEATRE AND QUAY.—FLAUBERT'S "MADAME BOVARY."

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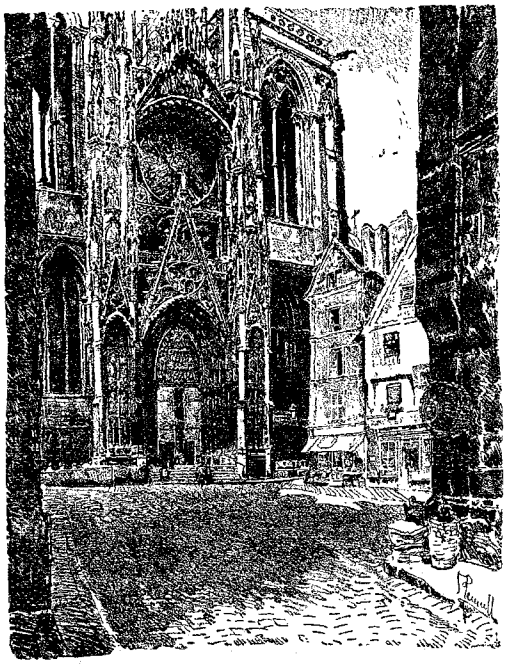
Bovary dates from the night of her arrival from Yonville—that night in which she saw Lagardy in *Lucie de Lammermoor* and met Léon Dupuis after their long separation. The Bovarys on the arrival of the *diligence* had repaired to the Hotel of the Red Cross in the Place Beauvoisine, a conventional provincial inn with great stables and tiny bedrooms —one of the typical hostelries which added so much to the charm of France in the early half of the present century. The accompanying picture, showing the theatre, shows also the quay which plays so important a part later in the book. At the time of Flaubert's novel the Pont Boïeldieu was not yet built, and the Pont Corneille, the only bridge which then crossed the Seine, was known as the Pont Neuf.

The cathedral in which Léon and Emma met on the morning after the play is one of the finest in Europe. The north tower was built in the twelfth century. It was by the Portail de la Calende that they left the cathedral to enter the cab which was responsible for M. Flaubert's prosecution before the *Tribunal Correctionnel de Paris*. Despite the changes which have taken place during the latter



PORTE DE LA CALENDE.—"MADAME BOVARY."

"ON LA VIT . . . DEVANT ST. ROMAIN."
—"MADAME BOVARY."

half of the century, the visitor at Rouen may without great trouble follow the streets named in this famous journey. At the outset they were whirled down the Rue Grand-Pont to the quays. The Quay Napoléon named in the story is now known as the Quay de Paris, and the statue of Pierre Corneille on the Ile Lacroix, which marked the first stop of the cab, was the work of David d'Ange.

A very admirable magazine article might be written on the subject of scenery and weather in fiction. We are quite convinced that in ninety-nine out of every one hundred novels, when the author turns from narrative or dialogue to a description of the surrounding forest or of the nearby pool or of the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old southern home," or of the hazy blue mountains in the distance, he or she is simply making so many lines of utterly meaningless words. This sort of padding is the most convenient and the easiest in the whole

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repertory of the third-rate craftsman or craftswoman. Besides, if the author is really seeking a serious effect no province of fiction offers such opportunities for polite theft—or to quote the words of the great French romancer, "literary conquest." Dip into an author of thirty or forty years ago, make a few unimportant minor changes, ruin his syntax, and you have two or three pages of copy without much trouble and with very little danger of incurring the charge of plagiarism. For the chances are that your book won't be found really worth while.

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However, this is only a very uninteresting part of the whole matter. It is curious to note how two writers of comparatively equal genius may describe, each with absolute sincerity, the same bit of landscape and yet produce absolutely unequal effects. One of them may spend days toiling over the two or three pages in which he is to describe the spectacle of a storm, seeking and finding every shade and colour, every sound and smell, and turning them into sentences instinct with life and action and beauty, and yet produce a bit of work that will appeal to the reader for but a moment and then be banished forever from his thoughts. The other may write simply one short line, and yet that line shall burn itself into the minds of those who read, so that whenever the scene or the episode comes up in memory the few brief words will be dominant over all. Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* devotes several pages to the description of autumn leaves being driven before the wind. It is a wonderful bit of word painting; Taine has quoted it as an example of the poetic qualities of the great English writer; and still we venture to say that one might read over *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the tenth time and yet be utterly unconscious that such a passage had been ever written. On the other hand, we do not think that any one ever read and loved *The History of Henry Esmond* and did not always afterward remember that when Henry went back to Castlewood after his first bitter experience with the great world, and walked by his Lady's side the night of that 29th of December, that "the moon was up and glittering clear in the frosty sky." It is the simplest and briefest touch, almost, one might say, an aside in the course of the narrative, and yet it is just that touch which makes the picture so effective and complete.

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There is not the slightest doubt that when Mr. Booth Tarkington sat down to write *Monsieur Beaucaire* his mind was drenched with the atmosphere of *Henry Esmond*. There are scattered through this little story, which has just appeared in book form, a thousand little touches—tricks of dialogue, of scenery, of narrative—which show how admirably the writer knows his Thackeray. *Monsieur Beaucaire* is one of the most charming and delicate bits of light fiction which have appeared for a very long time. Of stories of its kind there is only one of recent years with which we are inclined to compare it, and while *The Prisoner of Zenda* was more dramatic and complex, *Monsieur Beaucaire* is, on the whole, much more artistic and convincing. The publishers' notices which are printed on the paper covers of books are almost invariably sheer gush and fulsome platitude, but when in the text on the cover of the present volume we find Mr. Tarkington's story compared to a Watteau picture, we feel that somehow a mistake has been made and the right thing said.

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At the risk of taking a little off the edge of the reader's pleasure we are going to say something about the story. The scene is laid in Bath in the eighteenth century. A young Frenchman, calling himself Monsieur Beaucaire and supposed to be a gentleman of wealth and lineage, wins his way into the proudest English society of the place. Soon, however, strange rumours go abroad, and it is whispered that Monsieur Beaucaire is in reality a servant who came to England in the suite of the French ambassador. By Beau Nash—the great Beau Nash—the young Frenchman is rebuffed and bowed out of the pump-room, and after this he lives quietly and obscurely in his own lodgings, where, being a good gamester, he is visited secretly by some of the English noblemen of the gambling set. The story opens with Beaucaire and the Duke of Winterset, a titled blackleg, seated on opposite sides of a card table. The young Frenchman suddenly leans

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over and pulls a card from his adversary's sleeve. As the price of Beaucaire's silence Winterset consents to introduce him again into the society of the great as the Duc de Chateaurien. Chateaurien loves and woos Lady Mary Carlisle, the greatest beauty of England, and his suit is not unfavourably received. Winterset breaks the agreement and whispers to those about him that Chateaurien is no other than the disgraced Beaucaire, the barber of M. de Mirepois, the French ambassador.

There fell a clear September night when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mist rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at the house of a country gentleman of the neighbourhood. When the stately junket was concluded, it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return.

At a certain part of the road Chateaurien is attacked by six masked horsemen. He defends himself gallantly, but is finally overpowered and is about to be whipped in the presence of Lady Mary, when, in answer to his signal, six of his armed lackeys ride in, overturn his assailants and rescue him in the nick of time. Winterset, the instigator of the attack, rides forward and exposes him to Lady Mary. Beaucaire does not deny. Weak from the gaping wound in his side, he watches the woman of his love as he sees her tenderness and gentleness turn to insolent disgust.

A week later there is a great function at Bath. The French ambassador and a French prince of the blood royal have come, and society is congratulating itself that the impostor Chateaurien had been discovered before the arrival of the illustrious visitors. Then in the midst of the rout there comes the news that Beaucaire has obtained an entrance and is at cards in one of the small side rooms. It is there that Lady Mary finds him and gives final utterance to her contempt and abhorrence. To avoid scandal, six gentlemen decide to take him out instead of leaving the matter to the bailiffs. The French ambassador is sent for, utterly to confound the impostor and to brand him as his former servant. Then with all the personages of the tale dramatically grouped, Monsieur de Chateaurien, alias Monsieur Beaucaire, alias the barber Victor, emerges as His Highness Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Nemours, Duke of Montpensier, First Prince of the blood royal, First Peer of France, Lieutenant-General of French Infantry, Governor of Dauphiné, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Master of the Order of Notre Dame, of Mount Carmel and of St. Lazarus in Jerusalem, and cousin to his most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth, King of France.

The Gentleman from Indiana was a very admirable story, but it must be ranked far below the less pretentious and shorter book. The author's strength and fire and pathos show better in the setting of the eighteenth-century tale. And yet as we think of Mr. Tarkington's future career we realise that *The Gentleman from Indiana* is by far the more significant of the two. This young man seems to have the dramatic instinct and touch to a greater degree than any other American writer now before the reading public. For instance, could anything be more simple and yet more convincing than the last few lines of the chapter in which the White Caps "get" Harkless? And how admirably he has painted for us the rawness and desolation of the stagnant Indiana town in which the story is played out! On the other hand, the book is very uneven. The plot is loosely constructed, and the part played by the heroine is unnatural and overdrawn. *The Gentleman from Indiana* is a promise rather than an achievement. But it is a very good promise, and after careful consideration we record, without hesitation and with complete confidence, our conviction that a few years hence Mr. Booth Tarkington will hold one of the most enviable positions ever held by an American novelist. In a word, we look to him as the probable "coming man."

It is evident that Mr. Richard Mansfield appreciates the obligations of his position on the American stage. In the

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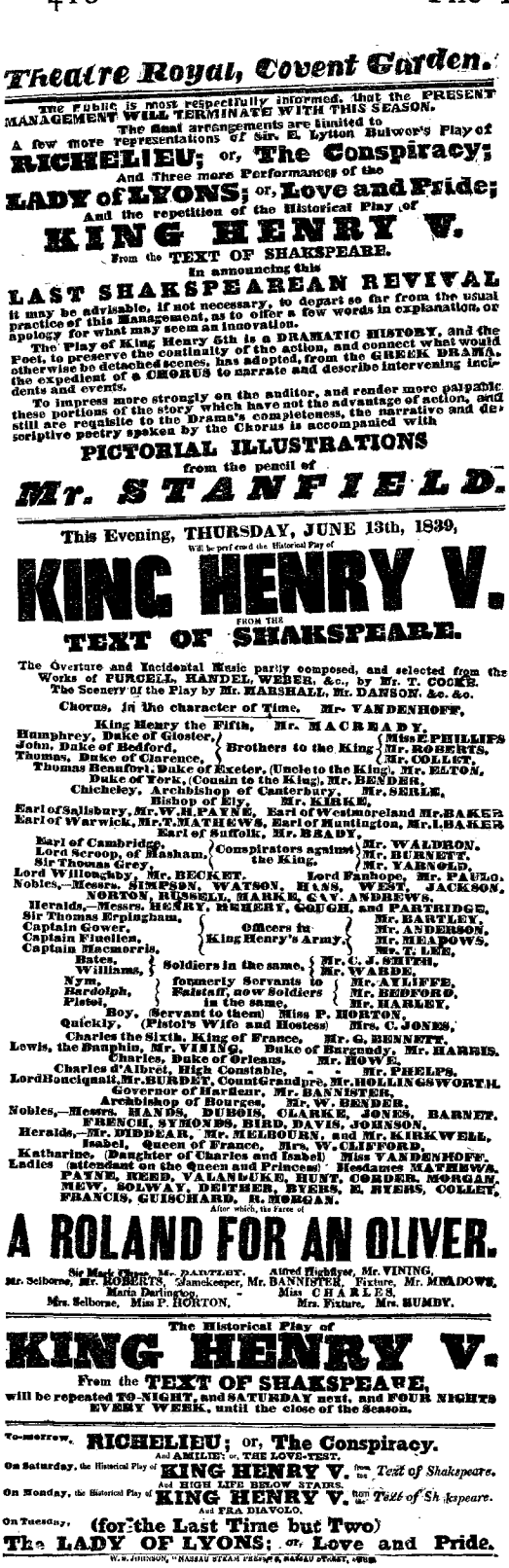

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

The Public is most respectfully informed, that the PRESENT MANAGEMENT WILL TERMINATE WITH THIS SEASON.

The final arrangements are limited to

A few more representations of Sir. E. Lytton Bulwer's Play of

RICHELIEU; or, The Conspiracy;

And Three more Performances of the

LADY of LYONS; or, Love and Pride;

And the repetition of the Historical Play of

KING HENRY V.

From the TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

In announcing this

LAST SHAKSPEAREAN REVIVAL

it may be advisable, if not necessary, to depart so far from the usual practice of this Management, as to offer a few words in explanation, or apology for what may seem an innovation.

The Play of King Henry 5th is a DRAMATIC HISTORY, and the Poet, to preserve the continuity of the action, and connect what would otherwise be detached scenes, has adopted, from the GREEK DRAMA, the expedient of a CHORUS to narrate and describe intervening incidents and events.

To impress more strongly on the auditor, and render more palpable these portions of the story which have not the advantage of action, and still are requisite to the Drama's completeness, the narrative and descriptive poetry spoken by the Chorus is accompanied with

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

from the pencil of

Mr. STANFIELD.

This Evening, THURSDAY, JUNE 13th, 1839,

Will be performed the Historical Play of

KING HENRY V.

FROM THE

TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Overture and Incidental Music partly composed, and selected from the Works of PURCELL, HANDEL, WEBER, &c., by Mr. T. COOKE.
The Scenery of the Play by Mr. MARSHALL, Mr. DANSON, &c. &c.

Chorus, in the character of Time, Mr. VANDENHOFF.

King Henry the Fifth, Mr. MACREADY.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, John, Duke of Bedford, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, Brothers to the King — Miss E. PHILLIPS, Mr. ROBERTS, Mr. COLLET.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, (Uncle to the King), Mr. ELTON.
Duke of York, (Cousin to the King), Mr. BENDER.
Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. SEGUIN.
Bishop of Ely, Mr. KIRKE.
Earl of Salisbury, Mr. W. H. PAYNE, Earl of Westmoreland Mr. BAKER
Earl of Warwick, Mr. T. MATHEWS, Earl of Huntington, Mr. L. BAKER
Earl of Suffolk, Mr. BRADY.
Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, of Masham, Sir Thomas Grey, Conspirators against the King — Mr. WALDRON, Mr. BURNETT, Mr. YARNOLD.
Lord Willoughby, Mr. BECKET. Lord Fanhope, Mr. PAULO.
Nobles,—Messrs. SIMPSON, WATSON, HAMS, WEST, JACKSON, NORTON, RUSSELL, MARKE, G. V. ANDREWS.
Heralds,—Messrs. HENRY, REMERY, COUGH, and PARTRIDGE.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Captain Gower, Captain Fluellen, Captain Macmorris, Officers in King Henry's Army — Mr. BARTLEY, Mr. ANDERSON, Mr. MEADOWS, Mr. T. LEE.
Bates, Williams, Soldiers in the same — Mr. C. J. SMITH, Mr. WARDE.
Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the same — Mr. AYLIFFE, Mr. BEDFORD, Mr. HARLEY.
Boy, (Servant to them) Miss P. HORTON.
Quickly, (Pistol's Wife and Hostess) Mrs. C. JONES.
Charles the Sixth, King of France, Mr. G. BENNETT.
Lewis, the Dauphin, Mr. VINING. Duke of Burgundy, Mr. HARRIS.
Charles, Duke of Orleans, Mr. HOWE.
Charles d'Albret, High Constable, - - Mr. PHELPS.
Lord Bonciqualt, Mr. BURDETT, Count Grandpre, Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Governor of Harfleur, Mr. BANNISTER.
Archbishop of Bourges, Mr. W. BENDER.
Nobles,—Messrs. HANDS, DUBOIS, CLARKE, JONES, BARNET, FRENCH, SYMONDS, BIRD, DAVIS, JOHNSON.
Heralds,—Mr. MIDDEAR, Mr. MELBOURN, and Mr. KIRKWELL.
Isabel, Queen of France, Mrs. W. CLIFFORD.
Katharine, (Daughter of Charles and Isabel) Miss VANDENHOFF.
Ladies (attendant on the Queen and Princess) Mesdames MATHEWS, PAYNE, REED, VALANCOURT, HUNT, CORDER, MORGAN, MEW, SOLWAY, DEITHER, EYERS, E. EYERS, COLLET, FRANCIS, GUICHARD, R. MORGAN.

After which, the Farce of

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Sir Mark Chase, Mr. BARTLEY. Alfred Highflyer, Mr. VINING,
Mr. Selborne, Mr. ROBERTS, Gamekeeper, Mr. BANNISTER, Fixture, Mr. MEADOWS.
Maria Darlington, - Miss CHARLES.
Mrs. Selborne, Miss P. HORTON. Mrs. Fixture, Mrs. HUMBY.

The Historical Play of

KING HENRY V.

From the **TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE,**

will be repeated TO-NIGHT, and SATURDAY next, and FOUR NIGHTS EVERY WEEK, until the close of the Season.

To-morrow, **RICHELIEU; or, The Conspiracy.**
And AMILIE; or, THE LOVE-TEST.
On Saturday, the Historical Play of **KING HENRY V.** from the *Text of Shakspeare.*
And HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
On Monday, the Historical Play of **KING HENRY V.** from the *Text of Shakspeare.*
And FRA DIAVOLO.
On Tuesday, (for the Last Time but Two)
The LADY OF LYONS; or, Love and Pride.

W. H. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 9, NASSAU STREET, SOHO.

list of probable productions by this actor the coming season are a play by Mesdames DeMille and Ford, a new comedy written about Don Cæsar by Victor Mapes, and a tragedy by the English poet, Stephen Phillips, author of *Paola and Francesca.* Of immediate interest to all students of literature and the drama is the announcement that Mr. Mansfield will begin his season at the Garden Theatre, October 1, with a revival of Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* This play, so splendid in its historical and literary qualities, is rarely seen on the stage in this generation. It is nearly a quarter of a century since "Prince Hal upon the throne" was seen at Booth's Theatre. Yet then and, strangely enough, whenever given, *King Henry V.* has been a thoroughly popular presentation. It is rarely undertaken because its demands upon the wardrobe, armoury, scenic room and accessories of pageantry are more extensive and expensive than any other Shakespearian drama.

Mr. Mansfield's production was in preparation as early as last December. The scenario is to be presented unabridged, which gives promise of one of the most imposing dramatic spectacles this actor has given. He will not only retain Chorus and the features of the early performances, but also the splendid historical episode introduced first by Charles Kean at the Royal Princess in 1859, "The Reception of King Henry V. on entering London after the Battle of Agincourt." The rôle of King Henry has been a popular one with most of the celebrated actors. Richard Burbage was the first King Henry V. It was one of Charles Kemble's earliest successes and one of Macready's latest.

The accompanying play-bill is a rare Macready. It will be noted that Chorus was impersonated by that fine actor George Vandenhoff, in the character of Time. The Chorus to *Henry V.* has had a varied experience. No Chorus is indicated in the first few editions, though it is certain that Shakespeare himself later introduced Chorus, and wrote the lines which still obtain as among the most superb product of his genius. Sometimes the person reciting the lines of Chorus has appeared as Rumour,

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GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. FROM PASTEL BY MICHETTI.

and Charles Kean gave the part to Mrs. Kean, who appeared in the character of Clio, Muse of History. It may be of interest to note that Mr. James Lane Allen takes the name of his next novel, *The Mettle of the Pasture,* from *King Henry V.* The phrase occurs in Henry's speech to his soldiers before the walls of Harfleur;

> And you, good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
> The mettle of your pasture.

It is a rather curious coincidence, just at this time, when people are discussing the interesting question in literary ethics raised by Mrs. Wharton's latest story,

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The Touchstone, that current gossip should afford a parallel case in real life, which, if well founded, is even more flagrant than Glennard's act in publishing the letters of the dead woman who had loved him. The names of Eleanora Duse and of Gabriele d'Annunzio have been so closely associated during the last few years that it was to be expected that upon the appearance of his new novel, *Fuoco,* critics would seek to identify the well-known Italian actress with his latest heroine, the tragedy queen Foscarina. No one, however, could have foreseen the virulence of the abuse which has been showered upon him, both in his own country and in France, where the story is now appearing in the *Revue de Paris,* some journals going so far as to insinuate that the author of *Trionfo della Morte* sought the acquaintance of Signora Duse in the first instance solely for the purpose of winning from her lips, as Stelio Effrena does from La Foscarina, the secrets of her early life which she has so carefully guarded from the public, and that having won all that he needed for the purpose of his story, he has treated her as Stelio treats the heroine of *Fuoco.*

D'Annunzio has always been singularly indifferent to the opinion of his countrymen, and for a while he let the storm rage unheeded; but the appearance of an article by Marcel Prévost in the *Figaro,* under the caption "Le Secret Sentimental," stung him at last into making something like a public defence. Prévost, who at that time had not read *Fuoco,* took it, nevertheless, as a text for a discussion of the extent to which an author is justified in betraying his own sentimental adventures, "ses crises à deux," and specifically inveighed against "that strange literary sadism of certain writers who seek above all to relate what will cause pain to the woman they have abandoned." Discretion, he holds, is a sacred obligation, which should oblige novelists to content themselves with depicting general cases rather than individual instances. He says in conclusion:

> J'apprends davantage sur le mystère du cœur par une lettre de *La Nouvelle Héloise* que par les trahisons directes des *Confessions.* Un coffret où reposent quelques billets sans signature, quelques boucles de cheveux et quelques rubans, raconte plus de choses sur la Femme que la collection laborieusement amassée, couteau en main, par Jack-le-Ripper, dans les rues de Whitechapel.

The immediate interest of this article is the swift response which it brought from the author of *Fuoco,* first in the form of a telegraphic despatch, and later in a three-column exposition of "The Purity of *Fuoco.*" "I knew," he says in the former, "that I should have to pay very dearly for the reception which was formerly given me in Paris. I waited tranquilly, for I am not one of those who can be frightened or discouraged. No living person will ever be able to close my path. But I little imagined that, under guise of a chivalrous revolt, they would involve in such malicious and stupid falsehoods one of the noblest names that to-day adorn the roll of Latin art. . . . *Fuoco* has no more connection with everyday reality than has *La Duchesse Bleue, La Fauve, L'Année de Clarisse,* and so many other French novels whose heroine is the 'new actress.'" In his more lengthy defence of *Fuoco,* d'Annunzio says, regarding the moral tone of the book, which, like all his others, has provoked sharp attacks:

> I consider that this book, like the preceding ones which infringed upon the current morality of mankind, is profoundly moral, because my interpretation and my representation of pleasure are the only ones which could lead to a tragic intuition of evil and a tragic sentiment of life. It is only after seeing what power of destruction is contained in the gentlest of human passions, after having passed through sin and sorrow, after having plunged his eyes into the terrible eyes of danger, madness and death, that the hero can begin to live again. This is why I have ventured to dedicate my poem to "Time and Hope," to Time, the father of prodigies, and Hope, which alone aids us to discover the unhoped-for.

All this discussion is calculated to whet curiosity, so that the announcement that a translation is being prepared by Mrs. Heinemann, the wife of the London publisher, will probably meet with more favour than it deserves. Mrs. Heinemann, it may be remembered, is already known

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in literature as "Kassandra Vivaria," the former protégée of d'Annunzio, and author of *Via Lucis;* so that there can be no question that the translation is in safe hands. But even a cursory perusal of the original leaves no doubt that it is a mistake to translate it into English at all. In *Fuoco* d'Annunzio has carried to a greater extent than in any preceding work his theories of rhythmic prose, and the result is a sequence of exquisitely cadenced periods which have all the charm of verse without the monotony of rhyme. But little or nothing of this can be preserved in the English tongue, while the obscure symbolism of the story and the long disquisitions upon art, in which the hero continually indulges, will prove as wearisome to the average reader as the unspeakable audacities of some of "les crises à deux" will be repellent. Yet it is bound to find a ready sale, since, in spite of the author's denial, many readers will insist upon seeking for La Duse between the lines, and in numerous passages, such as the following, in which he describes La Foscarina as—

> poisoned by her art, burdened by her knowledge of the passions, with the savour of maturity and corruption upon her eloquent lips, the aridness of fever in the hands which had pressed the juices of the fruits of treachery, the imprint of an hundred masks upon that face which had simulated all the fury of mortal passions.

Despite the international prominence which Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has won owing to his criticism of the conduct of the war in South Africa, we find that very little is known about his career and personality, and therefore print the following facts: Mr. Wilkinson was born in 1853. From 1867 to 1873 he was a student at Owens College, Manchester. This is one of the new English institutions of learning which, though it gives a classical training, aims also to give all its students some insight into modern science and modern methods. In 1873 Mr. Wilkinson went to Oxford.

His father, who was the manager of a bank in Manchester, was a very keen politician on the Liberal side, a disciple of John Bright. He took a very great interest in the American War of Secession, a struggle which he had long prophesied, and in which his sympathies were entirely with the Union. With one or two friends early in the war he founded at Manchester what was called "The Union and Emancipation Society," which did what it could by meetings and publications to spread sound views as to the nature of the American conflict. His son's own political consciousness began upon that strife when he was a very small boy; politically speaking, he was "raised on the American Civil War." During his career at Oxford Mr. Wilkinson was much puzzled by the existence of very large and well-equipped armies on the European continent and by the comparative weakness and want of system in the British army. This appeared to him to be a phenomenon that demanded careful study, and he set to work to understand it. He soon found that books alone would not enable him to master the subject, that some practical knowledge was required, and he therefore joined the Oxford University Volunteer Corps, where he was for three years a private. About 1878 he went to Manchester to practise at the bar, and there took a commission as an officer in one of the Manchester volunteer corps, continuing at the same time his reading on the subject of war. The more he read the more forcibly was brought home to him the inadequacy of the British military system.

His military studies led in 1882 to his being asked to write a daily commentary in the Manchester *Guardian* on the then beginning Egyptian campaign, and the consequence was that a year or two after he gave up his practice as a barrister and joined the staff of that newspaper. At the beginning his work was purely military, but it speedily became political also, because his studies of France and Germany had given him some acquaintance with the affairs of those nations. The military work for the paper then became subordinate, and until the close of 1892 he wrote most of the articles in the Manchester *Guardian* on foreign policy, spending his vacation each year in travelling abroad. The conviction gradually grew upon him that a nation must have a foreign policy, and that it must be always able, if necessary, to back by force the course which it adopts. This view, as it

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developed, put him out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone, and brought to an end his connection with the newspaper.

In 1883 he wrote a small volume entitled *Citizen Soldiers; or, Essays Toward the Improvement of the Volunteer Force.* Seven years later he wrote an essay entitled "The Brain of an Army," a popular account of the Prussian General Staff. This pamphlet attracted considerable attention, and in 1891 he was asked by Sir Charles Dilke to collaborate with him in a volume on *Imperial Defence.* In the preparation for this work he had to study the naval defence of the British Empire and to go very deeply into questions of naval strategy. It had been necessary for him to study closely the problem of the defence of the northwest frontier of India, and when, in 1892, it became necessary to leave Manchester, he thought the opportunity a good one for taking a holiday and going himself to see India. He had some correspondence with Lord Roberts, then commander-in-chief, and by the latter was encouraged in the project. During the Indian trip Mr. Wilkinson was Lord Roberts's guest on a long tour of inspection of the army in the Northwest. The result of this journey was that on his return to England he developed his ideas of the national policy in a volume entitled *The Great Alternative.* In the same year, 1894, he published two pamphlets on the navy, called respectively, *The Command of the Sea* and *The Brain of a Navy,* which led directly to the formation of the Navy League and indirectly to a considerable increase of the navy. In 1895 Mr. Wilkinson joined the staff of the London *Morning Post,* in the first instance as dramatic critic, but in connection with this work doing considerable political writing. In that paper appeared the series of articles which were afterward brought out in book form under the title *The Nation's Awakening.*

Charles Reade somewhere once made the very true remark that "analogies are not arguments: which is the reason why so many people use them." The same thing might be said with equal force of similes and metaphors, and it would be a good thing if a great many oratorical persons would take the aphorism more to heart. Here, for instance, is a bit of rhetoric lately perpetrated by a well-known clergyman. We quote it because it is so perfectly illustrative of what we mean:

> I am tired of being a theological mummy. I believe in all creeds, but I would put them all in a hopper. From all would fly chaff and straw, leaving only the golden grain of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.
>
> What is most needed is the power to put all creeds in a pile and set fire to them and burn up the dross. When the hay and stubble have been consumed you will find the pure gold and silver of the Gospel. When the creeds have been burned and the ashes of the stubble blown away you will find beyond any doubt that there remains only the fundamental principle of the Gospel.

This made a great sensation at the time when it was spoken. It sounded so large and impressive and so absolutely final. Yet when you come to look at it in the light of common sense, what does it mean? The clergyman didn't really know. Neither does anybody else. Suppose the representatives of all the religious bodies in the world had gone to him and said: "Well, take all the creeds and put them into a hopper, or burn them and let the ashes of the stubble blow away. What then?" The poor man would have been utterly aghast and helpless. He wouldn't have had the slightest notion of what on earth he was to do. And why? Simply because he had been splurging around in metaphors which were picturesque, but which conveyed no thought at all, but merely covered up his intellectual poverty. And even the metaphors were mixed; for "dross," which properly refers to metals, has nothing to do with hay and stubble; and moreover, in metallurgy, it is just the thing that isn't burned, but that remains after the burning is all over. So the whole pronouncement is not very clearly distinguishable from balderdash.

The *Sun* of this city deserves and ought to receive the thanks of every American for its very thorough, able and unanswerable exposure of the Barcus-Richardson "combine." We know nothing of the *Sun's* motives, nor do we see

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any reason to question them; but in any case the exposure itself is a worthy piece of public service.

❧

With the fall of Pretoria the South African War may be said to have ended, though there may be desultory fighting for a long while yet. No large number of Boers have surrendered since Cronje's defeat, and the cannon that were carried off from Pretoria into the mountains were certainly not removed for purely decorative purposes. Should serious trouble arise in China, the English may still be glad to make some kind of compromise with their adversaries in South Africa.

❧

Until last month the greatest exhibition of public hysteria recorded in the history of the nineteenth century was that which attended the reception of the Russian squadron at Toulon some years ago; but the record is now held by the people of England, who experienced a two-days' frenzy over the relief of Mafeking. Allowing for everything that needs allowance made for it, we cannot understand why the excitement should have been so much more intense and its manifestation so infinitely more extravagant than what took place when Lucknow was relieved. Granting even that Mafeking's resistance to its besiegers was as heroic as that of the garrison at Lucknow (which is granting far too much), surely the circumstances were such as to call for less emotion; for had Baden Powell been forced at last to yield up Mafeking, both he and all the inhabitants of the place were certain to receive humane and generous treatment; whereas, had Lucknow fallen, there would surely have been a repetition of the hideous carnage the memory of which even now evokes a shudder at the mention of Cawnpore.

❧

No; the English are really getting to be a most excitable people. The London *Spectator* rather gingerly admits it, but tries to explain it as due to the growing intelligence of the English masses! The *Spectator* says that the scenes enacted in London and elsewhere on May 18 merely serve to show that the common Englishman, who used to appear to be quite unemotional, was not so in reality, but was dumb and stolid only because he had not learned how to express his feelings. Having now grown more intelligent, he is better able to exhibit his emotions in an objective, concrete way. On this extraordinary explanation we have only two remarks to make. In the first place, we are quite unable to recognise any symptoms of intelligence in the sort of expression which takes the form of howling, hugging, hooting and gin-craziness. In the second place, if excitability is indicative of intelligence, why have all Englishmen for centuries regarded it with such disdain when witnessed by them among Frenchmen and (save the mark!) Americans?

❧

Mr. Morris Rosenfeld, whose Yiddish verse attracted a good deal of attention some two years ago, and who has subsequently attempted verse-writing in English, has written the following lines, which we publish partly because it is interesting to find in Mr. Rosenfeld an enthusiastic sympathiser with England, and also because these lines give some indication of his advance in the study and practical mastery of English. It will be seen that he has lost the quaintness and naïveté of his Ghetto poetry, without acquiring any real facility in English versification; yet perhaps what we are now printing may be held to represent a period of transition, and that ultimately he will do work in the English language which can be admired without any reference to the fact that he was born to the use of another tongue.

I SING FOR OLD ENGLAND.

I sing for old England, I sing and I pray,
I sing for old England, whatever you say.
My heart is with England in Africa far,
My heart is with England in peace and in war.

Not Russia I love, not the land of the Bear,
Although in sweet childhood I played over there;
No spot in all Europe is nearer to me
Than England, dear England, far over the sea.

For England it was that first taught me to sing
The sweet song of freedom in life's early spring;

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For England it was that first gave me her hand
When hopeless I left a tyrannical land.

How would proud old Europe not be full of sighs
Were England to close for a moment her eyes!
Oppression and thrall would regain their old might
And cover the nations with darkness and night.

O, what would become of my brother, the Jew,
Were not dear Britannia so friendly and true?
Who would to the homeless give shelter and rest
If not kind old England, the dearest and best?

Therefore, I love England and sing her my lay,
Therefore I love England, whatever you say;
For, save dear Columbia, the land of the free,
There is but one England so precious to me.

A correspondent of the London *Academy* suggests that memoirs are of three kinds:

BIOGRAPHIES,
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, and
OUGHT-NOT-TO-BE-OGRAPHIES.

The *Academy* expresses itself as being of the same mind.

The London *Sphere* publishes the following list of journalists who have suffered in the war in South Africa:

Mr. G. W. Steevens, *Daily Mail,* died at Ladysmith of fever.

Mr. Mitchell, *Standard,* died at Ladysmith of fever.

Mr. E. G. Parslow, *Daily Chronicle,* murdered at Mafeking.

Mr. Alfred Ferrand, *Morning Post,* killed at Ladysmith.

Mr. E. Finlay Knight, *Morning Post,* wounded at Belmont; right arm amputated.

Mr. Winston Churchill, *Morning Post,* captured and escaped.

Mr. Lambie, Australian correspondent, killed at Rensburg.

Mr. Hellawell, *Daily Mail,* captured.

Mr. George Lynch, *Morning Herald,* captured.

Mr. Hales, Australian, captured.

Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's recently published *Personal Recollections* contains many interesting literary anecdotes and reminiscences. Mr. Edwards knew Thackeray well, and pronounces him to have been "without any affectation or false pride of any kind," and gives us the following entertaining bit of Thackerayana:

He did not mind speaking of himself; and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of *Vanity Fair* had taken him at all by surprise—"Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. "When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine,* it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one—as much as to say, 'Much good may you get out of them.' They bring me in three hundred a year now. . . ." He told me, moreover, that Turguénieff had called upon him without an introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position.

During his visits to Paris in the fifties Mr. Edwards became intimate with Gavarni, the caricaturist. Gavarni knew Balzac well.

"How is Balzac in ordinary conversation?" I once asked Gavarni.

"Il est bête," was the reply.

"But what do you mean by *'bête'?"* I inquired.

"What every one else means. He had no wit, except pen in hand, and he found it very difficult to get to work. He would cover a sheet of paper with words, and phrases, and sentences, without any particular meaning, just as you have sometimes seen me cover a wood-block with initial letters and fantastic designs of all kinds. Then, when he had once got under way, he would go on working for hours without stopping, beginning perhaps in the evening, and working throughout the night."

In our February number we published the following paragraph:

The death of Dr. McGlynn is regarded in various ways by various persons, but it is chiefly interesting to us because it recalls the very striking episode of his submission to the authorities of the Catholic Church. There is something rather impressive in the quiet, unyielding effectiveness with which Catholicism in the long run secures its own ends against

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the opposition of those who, having once accepted it, attempt to revolt from it and to cast aside its influence. Dr. McGlynn at one time cut himself wholly loose from all ecclesiastical control. He let his impulsive sentimentalism carry him away into movements that were essentially inimical to his faith and to his profession. He disobeyed his superiors; he refused a summons to present himself at Rome. He uttered some cheap gibes about the Pope, whom he imagined as walking down Broadway in a high silk hat; and finally he actually fell under the ban of excommunication. Nevertheless, he could not rid himself of the feeling and of the habits that are imposed by the remarkable training of the Church to whose priesthood he was bred, and at last he came back to its fold, submissive, silent and repentant. It was a striking proof of the tenacity of early influences, and it was brought about so quietly and so inevitably as to be all the more impressive.

A gentleman, who is an earnest advocate of the economic theories of the late Henry George, has taken serious exception to our statements, and has demanded of us (very strenuously) a correction of them. We have looked into the matter with considerable care, and find little to alter. We may say, however, that we did not mean to imply that Mr. George's theories were necessarily inimical to Dr. McGlynn's faith and his profession, though the Pope did condemn them by implication. It was the Doctor's contumacy in refusing obedience to the Church that we had in mind. With this partial and qualified exception, we have nothing to retract or to explain.

THE MEMORY OF MARTHA

Out in de night a sad bird moans,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely;
Times I kin sing, but mos' I groans,
Fu' oh, but hit's moughty lonely.
Is you sleepin' well dis evenin', Marfy dear?
W'en I calls you f'om de cabin, kin you hyeah?
'Tain't de same ol' place to me,
Nuffin's lak hit used to be,
W'en I knowed dat you was allus some'ers near.

Down by de road de shadders grows,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely;
Seems lak de ve'y moonlight knows,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely!
Does you know, I's cryin' fu' you, oh my wife?
Does you know dey ain't no joy no mo' in life?
An' my only t'ought is dis,
Dat I's honin' fu' de bliss
Fu' to quit dis groun' o' worriment an' strife.

Dah on de baid my banjo lays,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely;
Can't even sta't a chune o' praise,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely!
Oh, hit's moughty slow a-waitin' hyeah below,
Is you watchin' fu' me, Marfy, at de do'?
Ed you is, in spite o' sin,
Dey'll be sho' to let me in,
W'en dey sees yo' face a-shinin', den dey'll know.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE IN FICTION*

During the past three or four years the undergraduate, so long ignored by the spinner of tales, has been cutting a rather remarkable swath in fiction, and as nowadays it is seldom that three months pass without the appearance of a new volume of stories dealing with the life of some one American college, the number of books on this subject threatens in a very few years to assume alarming proportions. For a long time we were entirely dependent for our pictures of university life upon English books and English writers. There was *Verdant Green;* there was *Tom Brown at Oxford;* above all, there was Mr. Thackeray's *Pendennis.* But *Tom Brown at Oxford* was not nearly so good as its precursor, *Tom Brown at Rugby;* and *Pendennis,* though the greatest of all the college stories that have as yet been written, was only, one might say, a story of undergraduate life by mere chance. A few chapters dealing with the subject of the hero's adventures and misadventures, his futile achievements and his ignominious failures, his dandyisms and his reckless extravagances, his bouts at dice and his dinner-parties—and Arthur Pendennis is whisked away to London, and the "copy boy" begins coming to the rooms in Pump Court, and Warrington schemes and bullies publishers in Paternoster Row, and *Walter Lorraine* is given to an astounded and grateful England, and thereafter Boniface College, Oxbridge, is utterly and completely relegated to the irrevocable past. Then, again, the university life of Pendennis's time seems a very strange and inadequate sort of existence to one whose standards of what undergraduate life should be are represented by the American college of the present day. To the buoyant imagination of the average American undergraduate English university life is stilted enough and sedate enough and conventional enough as it is now. What must it have been before the light blue and the dark blue began to compete at oarsmanship on the Thames, when there were no inter-university cricket matches or football games and no annual meet on the field and cinder-path at Lilley Bridge? But even English university athletics are not quite comprehensible to American eyes. They lack utterly the proper proportion of exhilaration, and the spectacle of young Oxonians and young Cantabs lining the river banks and calling out in unemotional and well-modulated tones, "Well rowed!" is one to fill the soul of a properly patriotic, and in consequence idiotically enthusiastic, son of Harvard or Yale or Princeton or Columbia or Pennsylvania with astonishment and dismay. Senior Wrangler at Cambridge or Double First at Oxford was of course all very well in another age. A hundred years ago soda water had not yet been invented, and the thirst of the morning after was assuaged by small beer, and people looked upon the stage-coach as a miracle of speed, elegance and comfort. The story of the Senior Wrangler who entered a London theatre at the same time as the King, and who modestly rose and bowed in response to the applause and enthusiasm of the audience, belongs to the stage-coach days. Even in England his honours and dignity have been usurped by the undergraduate who has won his triple blue; and what we demand in American undergraduate fiction is a hero of brawn, a Bayard of the gridiron, the diamond or the track—in a word, we want the man in the 'varsity sweater.

Of the books of undergraduate life which we recall most easily there is none which casts the slightest doubt upon this conviction. One may mention, by the way, Mr. W. K. Post's *Harvard Stories,* Mr. Charles Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes,* Mr. John Seymour Wood's *Yale Yarns,* Mr. James Barnes's *A Princetonian,* Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's *Princeton Stories* and *The Adventures of a Freshman,* and Mr. Sanderson's *Cornell Stories.* These books differ, of course, one from another considerably in the matter of literary merit, but the same fundamental principles will be found in them all. The Senior Assembly, the Junior Promenade, the Sophomore Reception, the enmity which exists between the town

*Stanford Stories. By Charles K. Field and W. H. Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

Smith College Stories. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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"mucker" and the undergraduate, the annual trip of the Glee Club, the amateur theatrical performance, class feeling, fraternity wire-pulling (in those universities and colleges in which the Greek letter societies exist), "horsing" a member of the Faculty or hazing a Freshman, a good deal of far-fetched practical joking —these are the ingredients with which the foundation of a volume of college stories is laid; but for the sauce, the piquant flavour, the *bouquet,* if the expression may be permitted, we must have the demi-god of the athletic field.

The first of the two books with which the present article deals is mainly of interest as showing how thoroughly a very young co-educational institution of learning on the Pacific coast has been permeated by the same ideas and spirit which inspires the undergraduate of the time-honoured universities of the East. We quote the dedication to *Stanford Stories,* which is interesting rather than good, and which very strongly suggests Mr. Kipling's poem "The Native Born":

To the newest born of the Sisters,
  At the end of the race's march,
In her quaint, old Spanish garment,
  Pillar and tile and arch;
Awaiting the age that hallows,
  Her face to the coming morn—
Whose scholars still walk in her cloisters,
  Whose martyrs are yet unborn.

We scatter down the four wide ways,
  Clasp hands and part, but keep
The power of the golden days
  To lull our care asleep,
And dream, while our new years we fill
  With sweetness from those four,
That we are known and loved there still,
  Though we come back no more.

The thirteen stories which make up the volume are fairly entertaining. The local colour is there, but it is by no means prohibitive. A few alterations of no very great importance, and the volume might have been given us as *Williams Stories* or *Brown Stories* or *Bowdoin Stories* or *Hobart Stories* or *Tales of the Boston Institute of Technology.* We have in some way or other nearly all the conventional themes. "A Midwinter Madness" is made up of a trip of the Glee Club and the usual sort of saccharine, sophomoric sentimentality; "The Initiation of Dromio"—Greek letter society amusement and the discomfiture of the Faculty; "Pocahontas-Freshman" brings in one of the numerous complications which may arise at a co-educational university. It need hardly be said that the most dramatic story of the thirteen is that of "The Substituted Full-back," a tale in which spiritualism is made a very important factor in the annual game between Stanford and her great rival, the University of California.

On the other hand, to a consideration of Miss Daskam's *Smith College Stories* we turn weighed down by a great solemnity and sadness, and with a realisation of the fact that the college woman is not a subject that may lightly be touched upon. There is no need to dive plump into the middle of the book; there is matter enough in the very first story of the volume, "The Emotions of a Sub-Guard," to fill our soul with an awful wonder. The story describes a game of basket-ball between teams representing the Sophomore and Freshman classes. As the teams take the field one of the Freshman coaches gives the following parting advice:

Now, girls, remember not to wear yourselves out with kicking and screaming. You're right under the president, and he'll have a fit if you kick against the platform. Miss Kassan says that this *must* be a quiet game! She *will not* have that howling! It's her particular request, she says. Now, go on. And if anything happens to Grace, Julia Wilson takes her place, and *look out for Alison Greer*—she pounds awfully.

This is excellent and timely advice. It is breaking it gently, and serves to prepare the sensitive reader of the male persuasion for the riotous carnival of blood and brutality that is to come. The teams line up. The signal is given, the game begins and soon the inexperienced Freshmen are struggling about hopelessly in the face of overwhelming odds.

Right out of their hands it had slipped, and the two girls slid across the floor, fell, reached out, missed it, and gritted their teeth as the Centres, with a long-practised manœuvre, passed it rapidly from hand to hand to Martha, whose long arm slid it imperturbably into the basket. . . . They started a cheer that faded into a sigh as Alison Greer drove everything before her or Kate sent that terrible Sutton

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throw to her sister. . . . In a moment Martha had it, and as Harriet bent forward to guard, and the ball toppled unsteadily on the edge of the basket and fell off, in the midst of the hubbub and scuffle some one pushed heavily on Harriet, four hands grasped the ball firmly, somebody called "Foul, foul," and as five panting girls hurled themselves against the wall and the assistant tossed up where it fell, to make sure of fair play, Harriet dropped with her foot beneath her and did not get up. Martha put the ball in from an amazing distance, and in the storm of applause no one noticed the Freshman Guard, till the cry of "Six to nothing—play!" found her still sitting there.

The ball was dropped, and they ran up to her. Two doctors hurried out; she half rose, fell back and bit her lip.

The present writer confesses that he is quite ignorant of the finer points of the game of basket-ball, but he fears that as played by the young women of Smith College it is rather too harrowing and exhilarating a spectacle. He will in consequence confine his attention to the gentler athletic pastimes of the male undergraduate. For instance, how tame and refined in comparison seems the following purely imaginary account of a sport which, before the higher education of women became so widespread, used actually to be regarded by some as really brutal:

On the next line-up McCord went through the Yale centre for four yards, being neatly downed by Sharpe. As it was the third down, with three yards still to gain, Wheeler dropped back and booted the ball against the wind to the centre of the field. The Princeton ends were down the field like lightning, and as McBride caught he was downed without gain. The western stands were all aflame with orange. It was Yale's ball, first down. On the snap-back Fincke fumbled, but Brown saved the leather for the Blue. On the next play Sharpe was started around the left end, but the interference crumpled up, and Poe downed the runner back of the Yale line. McBride booted the leather to Hutchinson ten yards away from the Princeton goal-posts. The Tiger quarter eluded Snitjer's tackle and scurried back eight yards before being bowled over by Hale.

The gravest feature of the whole matter is, that after careful consideration it is impossible to accept the story in question as a bit of highly imaginative writing, in which Miss Daskam ironically sets forth what she thinks may be the sort of pastime in which the girl undergraduate of the twenty-second century will indulge. No. It is very much to be feared that all this actually did take place, and that Miss Daskam has not evolved it out of her own inner consciousness, but has described it just as she saw it from the gallery above, like one of the Roman women who gathered in the Colosseum to watch and to applaud the battles of the gladiators. In this conviction the present writer is strengthened by a little personal experience of his own. Some time ago he was introduced to and fell into conversation with a very charming and amiable young undergraduate of Smith. Did she discourse to him in the words of Plato or of Socrates? Did she chant to him the songs of the troubadours? Did she whisper darkly to him of the esoteric wonders of the Orient? Did she attempt to solve for him the great questions of all times—the riddle of the Sphinx, who wrote the letters of Junius, who was the Man in the Iron Mask—who hit Billy Patterson? She did not. *She promptly challenged him to run her a hundred-yard dash.*

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR

I. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens

In the year's art taken as a whole there are signs of a healthy reaction in the relations between painting and literature; and it is a matter upon which saner ideas are much needed. Much good has been done of late years by the recognition that the crafts, as crafts, are distinct; that a line from Tennyson does not make a bad landscape good, or the possession of the most subtle allegorical ideas justify the violent disarrangement of the muscles of a fellow-creature's leg. But in place of the old sentimentalism there has come upon us the tyranny of a dogma equally fantastic and illogical—the notion that the two arts may not even be allied, as poetry and music are allied in a song. Critics have arisen who bitterly accuse a picture of intelligible meaning: "literary," "symbolic," and "moral" have become vituperative epithets of great strength; and it is touching to reflect that an artist of older sympathies might read through a tirade in which his work was torn in pieces with the firm belief that it was being tenderly appreciated. Now, this attempt to isolate art in a world where all things are linked together is really a somewhat humorous thing. Every occupation, of course, can be looked at purely technically if necessary. Good shooting, for example, is good shooting, whether we shoot a target or shoot our maiden aunt. If we shoot her under circumstances (technically) difficult, as, for example, if she is running violently across a distant range of mountains, then the shot which brings her down is (technically) admirable. But to say that good shooting is good shooting whether we shoot a target or shoot our maiden aunt is one thing; to say that it does not matter which we shoot is quite another. Her death may be regarded from a moral, a legal, a financial or a poetic point of view. So it is with the higher arts; a man who objects to a thing having many aspects should rebel against the three dimensions. This singular modern desire to resolve things into their elements is surely the mortal sin against civilisation. A man who seeks to break these immemorial unions, to keep everything separate, might as well analyse the air and divide the world into Oxygenists and Hydrogenists. And of all these alliances the highest is that between painting, and literature the parent of nearly all the pictorial masterpieces on earth. But if men must protest against painting, and literature the parent of to the sister art of letters, they would be more logical if they did not, the moment they have gained their freedom, name their pictures after the sister art of music.

Probably the picture which is the most hopeful in this respect of all those exhibited this year is that Shakespearian picture of Mr. Abbey which flares like a great dawn of crimson and gold at the end of one of the chief rooms at Burlington House, "The Trial of Queen Catherine." It may well flare like a dawn, for it is the rise of historical painting once more, after its long discredit. When it fell, it had become an ignorant and bombastic thing of padded calves and Byronic whiskers, nor did it deserve much sympathy when its stagey hypocrisy went down before the fiery lances of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. But now that it returns, it comes from the land of Whistler and Pennell, with all the technical mastery and dashing realism of the young American school. But though his craftsmanship is modern, Mr. Abbey comes to deliver us from that Impressionist twilight in which there were no harmonies except between the greenest grey and the greyest green. He does not condemn the portrait painter forever to ply his trade in the darkest corner of the room, as though he were selling bad hats. He offers to the artist once more the ancient wine of colour and poetry and historic passion. The red robes of Wolsey are alone a raging fire to scare away the weak-eyed lovers of "art colours." And as the pictorial method has lost its early Victorian clumsiness, so the literary feeling has lost its early Victorian superficiality. Wolsey is not the somnolent hippopotamus we knew of old: his face, gross indeed, is able and vigilant—it has more of the character of Charles Fox. Mr. Abbey has another Shakespearian picture, "The Penance of Queen Elea-

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nor." We build some hopes upon both of them. It seems to us that a purified art has been reunited to an enlightened history.

Indeed, if there were any class of pictures in which one would look for the signs of a literary revival, it would be in the Shakespearian pictures, for in them a singular quality resides. We do not sympathise with reckless imputations of universal power to Shakespeare—to be the greatest of earthly dramatists is enough for one son of Adam. We do not hold the theory that Shakespeare could have been Lord Chancellor; nor the alternative transatlantic theory that the Lord Chancellor succeeded in being Shakespeare. But we do seriously believe he might have been a great painter. Among the mazes of psychological interest, too little notice has been taken of his unique habit of symbolising his moral crises in singularly highly coloured and arresting pictorial groups. All other poets give a general sense of decorative unity—he alone is in love with contrasts, the contrasts of figure landscape and costume which make practical pictures. Touchstone and the Shepherd, Bottom and the Fairies, Lear and the Fool, Hamlet and the Gravediggers, are all scenes in which moral irony is expressed in definite diversities of colour and form. And in this he is qualified to unite the arts. He is a symbolist: he represents the mysterious mental connection between shapes and ideas, which must finally defeat any purely technical view of painting. A man can no more see certain clouds at evening without growing thoughtful than he can see a Bengal tiger without jumping. Both feelings are equally primal, fundamental, anthropological. Of all Shakespearian characters, that which has most perplexed actresses is Ophelia—probably, we think, because she was a pictorial rather than a psychological creation—and the bodily vision of weak, wild beauty, crowned with flowers and dancing to death, meant more to him than he could express in the character. Miss Amelia Bauerle's "Ophelia" in the Society of British Artists is interesting and original in this connection. Her "Ophelia" is not especially mad—she is merely tearful. And the same peculiarity may be noted in Mr. Clifford's picture in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. We think these artists are right. Ophelia's madness was little more than a slight improvement on her previous intelligence; she was never sane enough to go vigorously mad. It was far different, for example, with Lear. Mr. Arthur Rackham, in the Society of Painters in Water Colours, has a remarkably strong and able portrait of the wandering King against which no charges of mental lucidity can be brought. Here we have the madness of a strong man and a king, the madness which, rising into the sublimity of Job, could welcome fire and hail, since they were not his daughters. In the Royal Academy (before we quit this subject) there are two pictures of Lear in his Court, by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo, in which a good black and white illustration has the appearance of being mysteriously cut in two. As a literary interpretation his picture gains most interest from his version of Cordelia, who, he is convinced, was an uncommonly ugly young woman. It is certainly a conceivable view of the story; the elaborate praise bestowed upon her voice gives it (to the artful) a certain human probability. The studies are interesting, but we do not understand the eccentric plan of them. By drawing the top line of the picture so low, Mr. Cuneo has, with a despotic caprice worthy of Lear himself, cut off the heads of two or three courtiers. But if their heads were like Cordelia's we are resigned.

Mr. Fred Shaw's picture of Ariel and Ferdinand is graceful, but we are not sure that Ariel ought ever to be painted, except perhaps by moonlight and secretly, on some strange sea-shell or stone, with the colours of moth's wings and the silver lines of the spider.

Besides the scenes from the Shakespearian dramas there are, of course, numerous pictures founded on isolated quotations. The method is, perhaps, more applicable to the great Elizabethans than to many writers, since their splendid genius for irrelevancy so often led them to squander the most gorgeous literary wealth upon a simile or a parenthesis. Among these may be especially noticed Miss Nell Tenison's "Murther most foul—as at the best it is," which depicts a priest stabbing his enemy upon the steps of the church. The study is intentionally only rough and suggestive, but the murdered man is falling vigorously and re-

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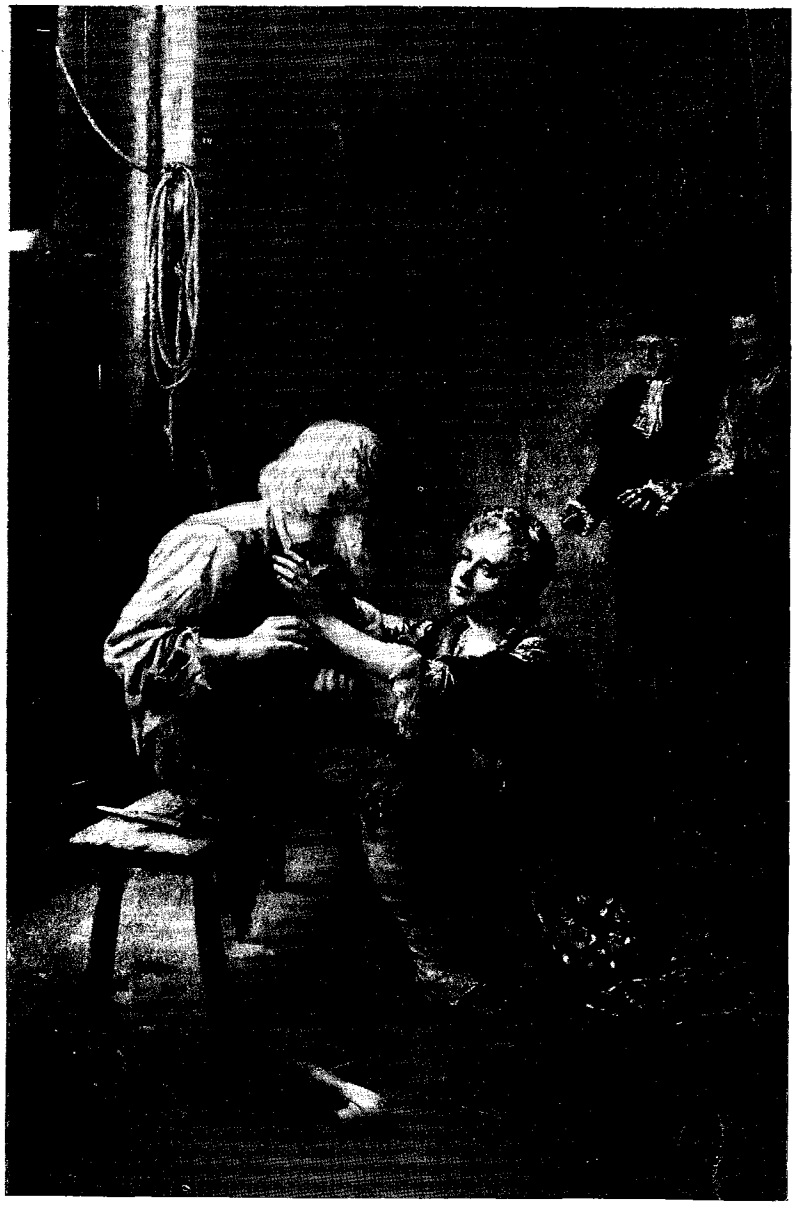

"RECALLED TO LIFE."—FROM "A TALE OF TWO CITIES." BY T. B. KENNINGTON.

freshingly flat. Curiously enough, however, the picture which is most truly Elizabethan, in a sense one might almost say Shakespearian, is not an illustration to Shakespeare. The striking fact about Mr. John da Costa's excellent picture, "Una and the Wood-Gods," is the courage with which he has combined the purely mediæval costume of Una with the classicism of the surrounding fauns. It would be impossible, perhaps, to interpret Spenser better than by this risky yet effective inconsistency. For it brings home to our minds the thought that there was a time in the world's history—the best period of the Renascence—when men saw no inconsistency between the beauty of a Bacchanal's thyrsus and that of a saint's aureole, when the lion of St. Mark lay down among the lambs of Pan. It may be that in this age of tickets and badges we cannot fight back to that om-

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"HER EYES ARE HOMES OF SILENT PRAYER." —"IN MEMORIAM." BY MRS. NORMAND.

nivorous idealism, but Mr. da Costa has struck a spirited blow. His wood is the true sylvan chaos of Shakespeare—the wood of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Bottom, Shakespeare's true hero, is the type of the art enthusiast of that time, omnivorous, inconsistent, extravagant, the man with the ass's head. The modern Ibsenite and Student of the Drama has got rid of this hybrid character, though we are not quite sure to which of the two animals he has been finally assimilated.

Spenser again, like Shakespeare, has not escaped being illustrated in detail. Mr. Frank Smedley has a stately allegorical design with the motto "The Heavens know what is best for me." Though the picture does not aim at any of the Spenserian æsthetic interpretation of Mr. da Costa's work, we are glad to have a spiritual subject from Spenser—surely the most religious of all our poets.

After moving among many pictures in which the treatment of poetic subjects, however agreeable, is necessarily traditional, one is conscious of a sudden change of feeling on coming face to face with any picture by a man of commanding intellect. "The Return of Godiva" is not one of Mr. Watts's most successful pictures, but that matters little when comparing it with the work of others. Perhaps the most really distinctive mark of the work of a great man is the mere fact that he could give a reason for painting it. It may seem a simple need, but it is absent from the works of many capable men. Painting is their trade, a picture must be painted, a graceful subject must be chosen; Ophelia, Lear, Ariel, are undoubtedly graceful subjects, and those subjects are painted. But Watts, alone among artists, has never, to our knowledge, painted a picture, however old the subject, without adding to it a definite idea, strong enough to be a motive for throwing away a cigar, or getting out of an armchair. There have been innumerable pictures of the ride of Godiva. But in the "Return of Godiva" there is a new idea—the deathlike collapse and reaction of a healthy spirit that has trampled a strong normal nature in obedience to a strong abnormal need. Godiva, no paltry beauty, but a giantess and a mother of men, falls as a tower falls, fainting among her women. It is the only faint that we have seen in art which we are certain was not due to a mouse.

Mr. Watts's picture, though its version is clearly drawn from Tennyson, is by no means Tennysonian; there are no poets outside the Bible and Æschylus whose spirit is exactly his spirit. But there are many pictures in the galleries which owe their inspiration to Tennyson, and rightly, indeed, since he is the most decorative of all poets. There are, for example, two pictures of the Lady of Shalott—one by Mr. George Robertson at the Royal Academy, which is sumptuous and robust, one by Mr. Garstin Harvey at the New Gallery, which is pal-

"THE TEMPEST." BY FREDERICK SHAW.

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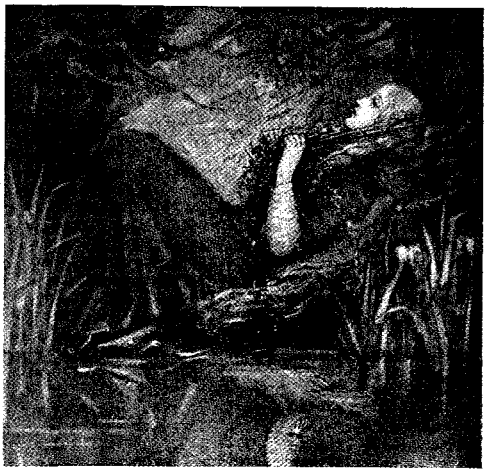
"O SWEET, PALE MARGARET."—TENNYSON. BY J. F. H. DUTTON.

lid and æsthetic. The latter traits are even more characteristic of Miss Mabel Ashby's "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere" in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. We do not know that we have ever seen a more complete embodiment of the modern Maeterlinckian view of the old stories. There were no blinding raptures, no barbaric self-abandonments in this love. With a clear-eyed prophecy more shameful than any madness they foresaw the futility of their own sin. These are the new æsthetic

"THE LADY OF SHALOTT." BY G. E. ROBERTSON.



"OPHELIA." BY AMELIA BAUERLE.

lovers; their sins are not forgiven them, for they have not loved much.

Mrs. E. Normand's dignified and beautiful rendering of the line, "Her eyes

"KING LEAR." BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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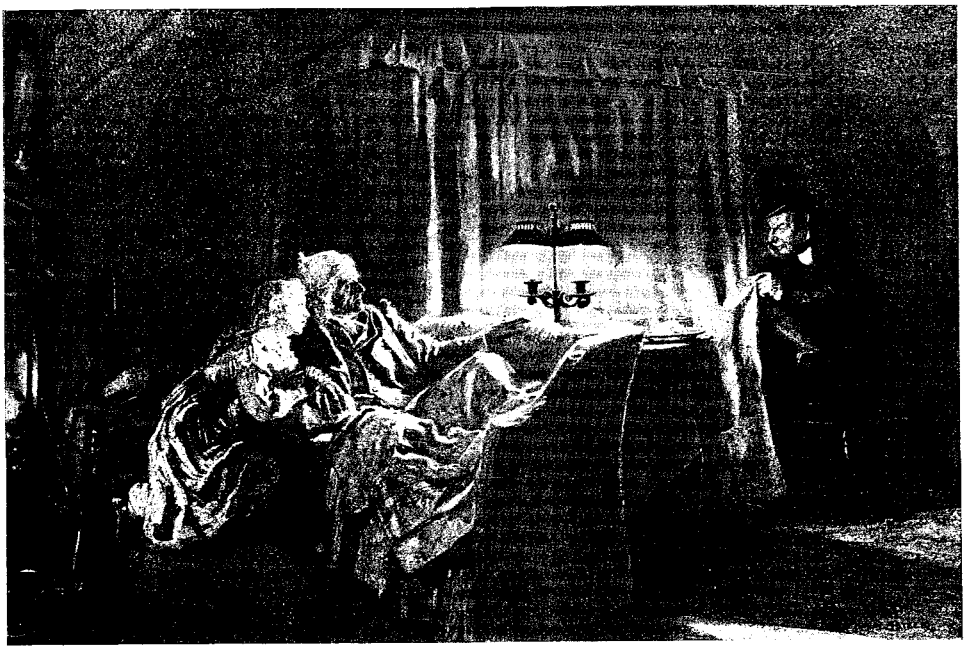

"QUILP DISCOVERED LISTENING TO LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER'S PLANS OF ESCAPE."
—"OLD CURIOSITY SHOP." BY H. R. STEER, R.I.

"LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION AT 'THE JOLLY SANDBOYS.'"
—"OLD CURIOSITY SHOP." BY H. R. STEER, R.I.

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"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE." BY TOM BROWNE, R.A.

"UNA AND THE WOOD-GODS."—FROM SPENSER'S "FAERY QUEEN." BY JOHN DA COSTA.

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are zones of silent prayer," shows that Tennyson is still a quarry for mottoes. Another pretty picture of the same style is Mr. John Dutton's "O Sweet, Pale Margaret." But the most charming and in its own absurd way the most poetical of all the pictures which owe their titles to Tennyson is a little study by Mr. Tom Browne: "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love." Its quaint delicacy is more admirable, because the artist has avoided a million pitfalls of vulgarity that beset him. There are two children, but there is no pet dog. There is a boat on the river, but there are no ladies with sunshades in it. The two are child-lovers, but not child-lovers as they are nauseously leered over by their elders, but alone and solemn and independent in their own kingdom of Elfland. In the twilight of the picture the two figures stand like goblins of Dutch extraction; the artist has clinched our sense of fairyland by giving the dark boat two eyes like a dragon. Here at least is a poetical picture; and if it treats the line with levity, how else is one to treat that Locksley Hall love which depended upon the almanac?

If we strayed, however, from the more ideal to the more grotesque literary pictures, there would be many to claim our attention. Chief among these would be Mr. H. R. Steer's illustration of Quilp, Nell and her grandfather from the *Old Curiosity Shop*. Mr. Steer has another picture from the same novel, the scene of Nell and her grandfather in the tavern, but we mention the former more especially because Quilp is an excellent example of the figure that is both pictorial and literary. It is people whose appearance is an allegory of themselves (Napoleon, Dante, Richard III.) who make effective pictures; many people appear to have run away with some one else's allegory. Quilp, with his dandified completeness of shape and dress, just stunted and pulled awry as in a distorting mirror, is certainly the finest of Dickens's studies in the horrible and repulsive—with the exception, perhaps, of Little Nell herself.

Dickens, who was so singularly picturesque in his half-fantastic treatment of the ugliness of modern costume and architecture (in this point lies, it may be said, his most enduring artistic originality), was naturally even more pictorial when he treated of the incidents of a romantic period—as in the *Tale of Two Cities*. Mr. Kennington has a great picture, "Recalled to Life," from that novel. The picture is highly characteristic of the artist, but inevitably, because of its more stately subject, less characteristic of the author than such pictures as those of Mr. Steer.

As we proceed through the galleries, pictures begin to group themselves in a manner expressive of several distinct tendencies in literary painting. The operation of these tendencies among the miscellaneous pictures we hope to treat in another article.

G. K. Chesterton and J. E. Hodder Williams.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

A genius-light, as from a beryl stone,
Dwells on thy page, and from thy canvas gleams—
Thou painter-poet of the realm of dreams,
Singer of songs so sad and strange of tone!
Thy name and art reflect the spirit lone
Of Dante and that southern race which deems
That Life and Love are genius' holiest themes.
What seeds of Thought and Truth thy hand hath sown!
With thy Christina's sad and sister song
Thine own shall live. The brotherhood of art
Shall boast of greater names than thine; but long
Before a starry soul like thine shall dart
That pure and solemn light that maketh strong
The race of man to dwell with gods apart.

Ashley Auburn Smith.

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Master of tone and rhyme and golden sound,
In fiery imagination molten clear,
Poured mightily through innumerable moulds,
And hung forever in reverberant air
For human rapture, like ethereal bells,
Hail! for thou sittest sole upon thy throne
In isolated grandeur, as a god
Reigning predominant without a peer,
Save in the glooms of Orcus, where abide
Thy lineage whom lean fate and bony time
And the includible hands of skinny death
Have dragged down into darkness unexplored,
Leaving to thee the sovereignty of song.

"Swinburne," said Tennyson, "is a reed through which all things blow into music." In a letter to Mr. Swinburne, congratulating him on the success of *Atalanta in Calydon,* he wrote: "You have a fine metrical invention which I envy you." There can be no doubt that Mr. Swinburne's metrical inventiveness is without a parallel in English and, indeed, in any poetry. The music of the choruses in *Atalanta* to this day remains unrivalled, and in every succeeding volume the poet has given us new harmonies and fresh rhythms. It would be interesting to know the precise artistic evolution through which he passed before he made the marvellous instrument of which he is the sole master. I believe that he burned all his early poems. In his first volume, *The Queen Mother and Rosamund,* there is little trace of the metrical genius which was revealed in *Atalanta.* During the interval Greek poetry had deeply influenced him. The vitality of the Greek verses to Landor is a literary miracle. It is probable, therefore, that he found the clue to the metrical music with which his name will always be associated during his adventures among Greek masterpieces. Greek poetry is more closely akin to music than any other poetry. As Mr. Watts-Dunton has pointed out in his article on poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* the Greeks studied poetry not so much in relation to painting and sculpture as in its relation to music and dancing. At the Dionysian festival it was not to the poet as such, but to the teacher of the chorus, that the prize was awarded, even though the teacher of the chorus were an Æschylus or a Sophocles. The Greeks called a poet a "musician" (μουσικός) long before they called him a "maker" (ποιητής). Mr. Swinburne grasped the fact that poetry as an artistic vehicle of emotion stands between music and prose, and he invented metrical forms in which English syllables sing as they never sang before.

He overthrew the iambic tyranny. Before he wrote, English poetry was written mainly in iambs, with their modifications, the trochee and the spondee. The dactyl and the anapæst were used chiefly to give variety to the iambic metres in which dramatic, epic and lyric poetry were composed. Tentative experiments in dactylic and anapæstic measures had been made, but the genius of the language and the temper of the race had interposed obstacles so great that there was small progress. All attempts to imitate the hexameter had failed. Coleridge, whose metrical insight was profound, made a bold attempt to solve the problem in his "Hymn to the Earth," but he did not succeed, owing to the paucity of true spondees in English. This is due to the fact that accents being always stronger than quantity, words which are spondees by quantity are trochees or iambs by accent. The result is that the terminal spondee does not satisfy the ear. When Coleridge wrote

Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness,

the ear was disappointed at the end of the line. Mr. Swinburne satisfied the ear by reinforcing the terminal spondee with rhyme:

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits.

Here if the rhyme stress did not fall on "gates" the accentual stress would fall on "sea," and the ear would be disappointed; but the struggle between rhyme and accent produces a compromise which satisfies the ear. Mr. Swinburne also reinforced the cæsural pause with rhyme. The pause in Coleridge's lines on "harp" and "mur" is too feeble to

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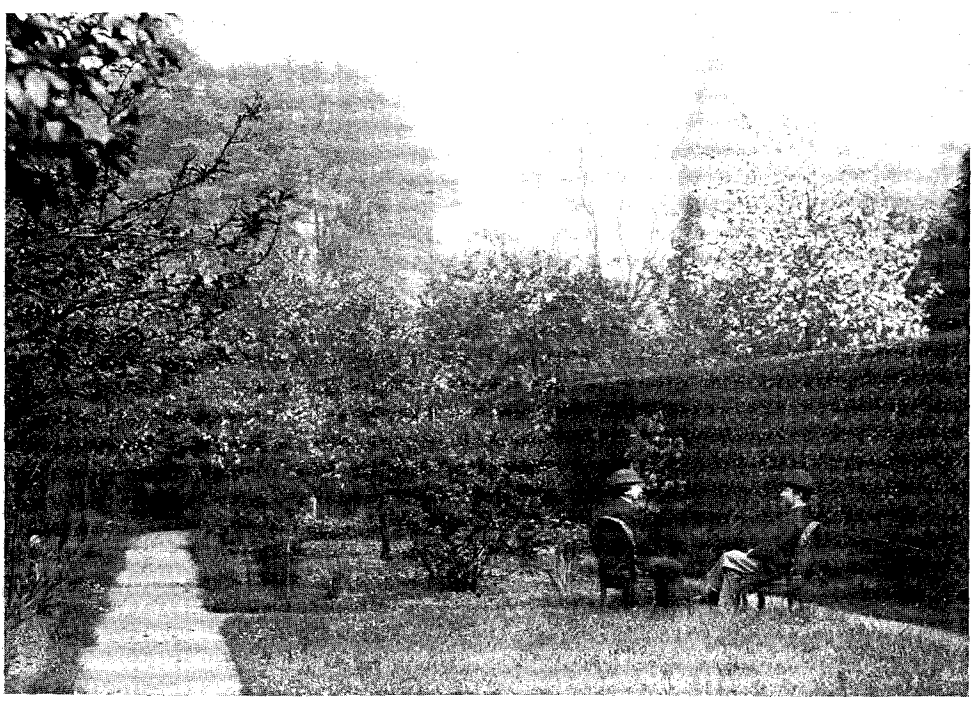
please the ear; but in Mr. Swinburne's lines the rhyme stress on "wall" and "tall" makes the pause aurally adequate.

Perhaps Mr. Swinburne's greatest discovery was the metrical and rhythmical value of alliteration. There are two great obstacles in the way of writing dactylic and anapæstic measures in English. One is the fact that in English, as in all modern languages, the basis of metre is accent, not quantity. The other is the plethora of monosyllabic and dissyllabic words. In iambic measures these difficulties can be more easily overcome, but when the poet seeks for dactyls and anapæsts he finds that the supply is limited, and he is driven to a very liberal use of adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions. The result is monotony, feebleness, diffuseness—in short, metrical debility. Mr. Swinburne used alliteration to overcome this metrical debility. He found that bold alliteration put life into the movement and lifted it over the straggling monosyllable and the clogging consonant.

This was a daring revolution in poetic methods, for it involved the overt use of artifice. In iambic, and, indeed, in all metres, the aim of art is the concealment of metrical devices. Alliteration, unlike children, should be heard, not seen. Overt alliteration destroys the illusion which produces the appearance of sincerity, or the appearance of sincerity which produces the illusion. Therefore, when Mr. Swinburne let his alliterations be seen as well as heard, he lost in illusion what he gained in metrical energy. In English as a rule poetry is addressed to the eye rather than to the ear. Seldom is poetry read aloud. Mr. Swinburne defied the modern convention, and wrote his poems for the ear rather than for the eye. He relied on the lyrical ardour of the verse to counteract the impression of insincerity produced by overt artifice. In his finest poems the lyrical ardour utterly overwhelms the overt artifice. The imaginative passion behind the harmony submerges the notation in the billowy surge of song. Moreover, the extraordinary rhythmical modulations invented by the poet also play a great part in the masking of the metrical artifice, as may be seen in those splendid sea-ballads, "In the Water" and "On the Verge." Wonderful is the rhythmical beauty of these lines from the latter poem:



THE PINES, PUTNEY. RESIDENCE OF MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. SWINBURNE. MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. SWINBURNE IN THE GARDEN.

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Here begins the sea that ends not till the world's end. Where we stand,
Could we know the next high sea-mark set beyond these waves that gleam,
We should know what never man hath known, nor eye of man hath scanned.
Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt like fume of shrines that steam
Breaks or stays the strength of waters till they pass our bounds of dream.

Where the waste Land's End leans westward, all the seas it watches roll,
Find a border fixed beyond them and a world-wide shore's control:
These whereby we stand no shore beyond us limits: these are free.
Gazing hence we see the water that grows iron round the Pole,
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. AFTER WATTS'S PAINTING.

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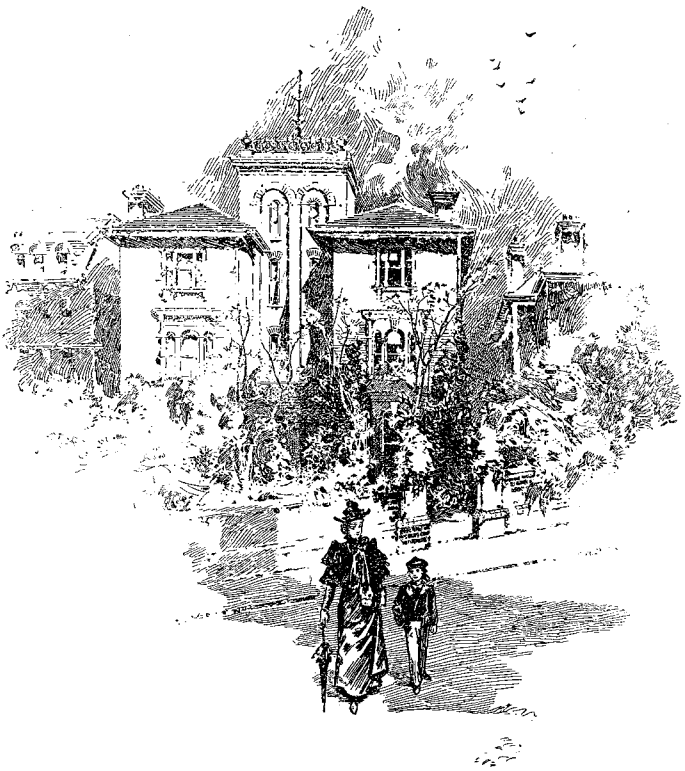

THE PINES, PUTNEY. FRONT VIEW.

From the first line to the last the other ballad undulates in the very rhythm of the ecstasy of life:

The sea is awake and the sound of the song of
the joy of her waking is rolled.

In all our literature is there a lovelier marriage of imagination and harmony than these lines from the "Hymn to Proserpine"?

Fate is a sea without shore and the soul is a
rock that abides,
But her ears are vexed with the roar, and her
face with the foam of the tides.

Where can we match the sonorous splendour of this passage in "Hesperia"?

Our wild steeds press on the night, strain
hard through pleasure and peril,
Labour and listen and pant not or pause for
the peril that nears;
And the sound of them trampling the way
cleaves night as an arrow asunder,
And slow by the sand-hill and swift by the
down with its glimpses of grass,
Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,
Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass.

Some of Mr. Swinburne's most marvellous metrical effects are found in his blank verse. Since Marlowe, Shakespeare and Milton, no poet has so royally ennobled and enriched our English heroic verse. He has made it passionately lyrical by the liberal use of anapæstic bars and vowel-elisions. His elisions are a magical blend of subtlety and smplicity. What could be more subtle and at the same time more simple than the elisions of such a verse as this?

And they shall know me as ye
who have known me here;

or this:

The immeasurable tremor of
all the sea.

In *Tristram of Lyonesse,* Mr. Swinburne revolutionised the heroic couplet, freeing it from its Popian and Drydenic fetters. In his hands it lost its arid sententiousness and epigrammatic frigidity. It became a vehicle of lyrical emotion as well as a vehicle of ethical thought. It was delivered from the detestable monotony of balanced antithesis and the cold predestination of iambic bars. In these, as in all his metrical innovations, the poet never mistakes lawlessness for liberty, anarchy for freedom. His mission as a metrist was to extend the compass, and to sweeten, deepen and broaden the tone of our lyrical poetry. For it he has done what Shakespeare did for our dramatic and Milton for our epic poetry. It is possible that at some future time a dramatic poet may arise who shall surpass Shakespeare, but it is not probable. It is possible that at some future time an epic poet may arise who shall surpass Milton, but it is not probable. It is possible that at some future time a lyric poet may arise who shall surpass Swinburne, but is it probable? Whatever may be the

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poems, whoever may be the poets of the coming age, their debt to Mr. Swinburne will be so great that, even in respect of his metrical invention alone, he is assured of immortality.

James Douglas.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

VII Scandinavian Newspapers

In spite of the marked differences between the three principal Scandinavian countries, it is possible to speak of the Scandinavian press as forming a practically uniform whole. The newspapers of Copenhagen, Christiania and Stockholm are almost as much alike as those of Berlin, Hamburg and Cologne, and even the differences of language are not sufficiently great to interfere with a mutual understanding. In journalism the new Scandinavianism appears in a very decided form. The fuller treatment of the Danish press in the following pages is due wholly to the more intimate acquaintance of the writer with that side of the subject; but as most of the general statements with regard to Danish newspaper methods may be equally applied to those of Sweden and Norway, the concentration is perhaps an advantage rather than a defect. As a result of its situation, too, on the highway to Scandinavia from Southern Europe, Copenhagen occupies a somewhat more prominent position than either of the other two capitals, and it may properly stand as a representative Northern town.

The Scandinavian press is in its traditions and methods pre-eminently Continental, showing most of the faults and virtues of that system. To an American, however, Scandinavian papers seem less dignified, not to say stupid, than German papers. They have as a rule more news, and it is presented in a more attractive form in Copenhagen and Stockholm than in Berlin. Of late years this desire to amuse as well as to instruct and inform has in some quarters assumed a decidedly yellowish tinge, but this tendency is regarded with disapproval by the majority as an American growth, though the papers are read and appear to flourish.

An invariable feature of Scandinavian newspapers is the *feuilleton,* which generally consists of an English detective or adventure story, a French novel of intrigue, or a German romance. Everybody seems to read the *feuilleton,* and its progress is followed with eagerness by all members of the family. At a particularly exciting point in the plot the daughter of the house will waylay the newspaper woman at the street door and rush through the instalment on her way upstairs to papa's study. For one of the most jealously guarded privileges of the Danish family father is that of reading his *Berlingske Tidende* or *Politiken,* as his politics may determine, before anybody else. If the daughter linger too long on the stairs to see whether the wonderful English detective has reached the end of his rope, or the German baron has at last consented to bestow his hand and heart upon the languishing Fräulein, her father's voice is sure to sound from the landing above: "But, Anna, has the *Berlingske* not come yet?" Many worthy Copenhagen burghers cut out the serial, which always appears at the bottom of the page, usually the first page, and some papers print it in sheets, which are kept and eventually bound. But we can no longer make fun of the Continental *feuilleton,* since it has found its way into many of our own dailies. I doubt, however, whether any of our business men take the time to read the two or three columns on the inside page. Occasionally the Scandinavian *feuilleton* consists of short complete papers by leading native writers, and fifty years ago this was the rule.

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Dannebrog

Nr. 2863 | Lørdag den 5. Maj 1900 | 9. Aargang

But at present the critical or descriptive *feuilleton* is generally confined to some special occasion, such as a royal or national celebration.

Scandinavians frequently complain of the fine type in which American newspapers are printed. Although in most of the Danish and Norwegian papers the Gothic type is used, the lines are so generously leaded that the page has a very open appearance and it is easy to read, while in the Swedish papers, in which the Latin type is used altogether, the typographical effect is excellent. As much cannot be said of the paper, which is invariably soft and easily rubbed. An American subscriber to a Scandinavian newspaper frequently receives his news in a very torn condition, and he may consider himself fortunate if he does not have to supply whole lines from the context. Scandinavian weeklies and monthlies, on the other hand, use a very fine quality of heavy paper, and their mechanical make-up compares favourably with the best foreign work.

Dagbladet.

Den danske Handelsbank

Sparekassen for Kjøbenhavn og Omegn.

Kjøbenhavns Laane- og Diskontobank.

Kjøbenhavns Telefon-Aktieselskab.

KRIGEN.

Trav.

Of late years the mechanical appearance of many Scandinavian newspapers has been changed, from the American point of view improved, by the introduction of head-lines. As a rule, this is a mark of progress, and it is found especially in the radical papers. But even the *Berlingske Tidende,* the most conservative paper in the North, often heads its correspondence and other news with very striking type, and many of the cheaper papers have genuine "screamers." Many of the cheaper Danish papers have during the past few years introduced illustrations, but the innovation is even less successful from an artistic point of view there than it is with us, and it seems to be passing away. Illustrated advertisements, on the other hand, are freely used, even in the *Berlingske Tidende,* and they often show great originality. Several Danish artists have devoted their attention to this branch of art.

Although in general advertising is less developed than in this country, in one respect Scandinavian advertisers have a decided advantage in being given a place on the first page, which often contains more advertising than news-matter. By a curious arrangement, one of the Danish papers, the *Berlingske Tidende,* issues a morning edition that consists exclusively of advertisements and a few stray items of news. This edition frequently reaches twelve pages, all but two of them containing nothing but advertisements. The evening issue as a rule contains only two or three pages of advertisements, and they are never admitted to the front page.

To an American reader the death notices in the Danish papers appear strange. They are always signed by the nearest relative or relatives, and the relationship of the deceased to all the signers is given. Thus a man may be described as "Our dear father, father-in-law and uncle," or "Our husband, father and brother." The exact distribution of rela-

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Carl J. Christophersen & Co.
anbefaler fra Transitlager her
Cognac | Ankere 60 Liter.
Whiskey | Kasser 12 Fl.
Genever | Meget billig.

Morgenbladet.

No. 296. 82de Aarg. Morgennumer. Søndag den 6te Mai 1900. Morgennumer. 82de Aarg. No. 296.

Carl J. Christophersen & Co.
Hj. Carl Joh. & Dronningens Gade.
VINE
SPIRITUOSA & CIGARER.

tionship is more or less indicated by the order of signatures. Substantial Copenhageners and former Copenhageners have the same feeling toward the death notices in the *Berlingske Tidende* that New Yorkers of the same class have for similar notices in two of our New York papers. The most reputable physicians advertise their absence from town, giving the name and address of the colleague to whom their practice is referred. The very best newspapers, too, frequently contain advertisements of offers of marriage. Notices of patent medicines, on the other hand, are not numerous. This does not, of course, indicate a higher standard of journalistic morality, but a less active supply and demand of quackery in Denmark than in America.

Most of the foreign telegraphic news is obtained through Reuter's or Ritzau's Bureau, but the leading papers have special correspondents at many points, who, in addition to their regular mail matter, send occasional telegrams. Special attention is paid by newspapers like the *Berlingske Tidende* to the careful and detailed reports of scientific congresses, particularly those at which Scandinavians appear. Scandinavian correspondents are as a rule much brighter than German writers, and they have the born journalist's eye for attractive news. One of the most complete series of foreign letters was that written by the special correspondent of the *Berlingske Tidende* from the Danish man-of-war the *Valkyrie*, on which Prince Valdemar made a trip to China, Japan and Siam this spring. The regular Paris correspondent is Olivier Clairefont, and this summer there is besides a special correspondent.

As a result of the close communication between Scandinavia and this country, American news fills a somewhat important place in Danish papers, and its treatment is in the main intelligent. To be sure, correspondents are sometimes misled by our humorous writers into stating that American dramatic criticisms are always written by the sporting editor, and that the New York hospitals are always closed during July and August to give the doctors and nurses relief from the extreme heat, but these are exceptional, and they are accepted in good faith because many actual American occurrences do not seem much less strange. I was once asked by one of the Danish higher clergy if it were true that the account of the miracle of the water changed into wine at Cana of Galilee had been omitted from the American New Testament out of deference to the temperance movement. He said that he had read it in a newspaper, but could hardly believe it possible, although one read so many strange things about America. It may be added that this incident occurred fourteen years ago.

A word about the Danish newspaper

Nationaltidende.

Kjøbenhavns Grundejerbank,
Kjøbenhavns Laane- og Diskontobank
Nogle fortrinl. Villa-Byggegrunde
Mine Herrer!
Kjøbenhavns Telefon-Aktieselskab
Ronneby Brunn
Scala
Cirkus Variété.
Mme. Judic.
Fra Berlin.

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polemics, as they play an important part. Danish scholars are as quarrelsome in print as German university professors, and even strictly technical discussions are conducted in the daily press. A polemic is often started by a review of some book and an answer by the incensed author. Nothing can be imagined more wearisome to an outsider than those verbal duels, the only attractive part of which is the statement by the editor, "this polemic is closed." But the writers seem to enjoy it, and as nobody makes any protest, it is safe to assume that the

Dagens Nyheder.

KRONE PILSNER

MUNDUS

readers do not actively dislike them. But as the Danish public is almost as patient as the American, it is possible that many secretly share my views.

To any one at all familiar with Danish affairs the name *Berlingske Tidende* means a great deal, as much perhaps as the name *London Times* means to an Englishman. But as a result of the smaller conditions of Denmark and its consequently limited outside influence, the name of this leading Danish newspaper is probably met with here for the first time by a majority of the readers of THE BOOKMAN. And yet the mere fact that a newspaper has been published by one family for over one hundred and fifty years has an historical interest quite apart from the authority exerted by the paper. A complete file of the *Berlingske*, as it is familiarly called, is the best possible illustration of the history of Danish journalism. The single-column, eight-page sheet, with its entire absence of what we now call news and its baker's dozen of Avertissemens, which appeared in January, 1749, is one of the most characteristic incunabula of Danish newspaper publishing, and since then the *Berlingske* has passed through all the stages of the art.

The founder of the paper, Ernst Heinrich Berling, was born in Mecklenburg in 1708. After learning the trade of printing in Germany Berling came to Copenhagen and established himself as printer and publisher. As his book-publishing business was less successful from a business than from an artistic and literary standpoint, he petitioned the Crown in 1747 for a royal privilege to publish a newspaper. The petition, the original of which has been preserved, is so characteristic of the attitude toward royalty of printers and other mortals in eighteenth-century Denmark, that its beginning and conclusion deserve to be presented here. It opens as follows:

> Most puissant, most gracious Hereditary King and Lord! While your Royal Majesty was still our most gracious Crown Prince, I made several most gracious petitions, which your Royal Majesty was so gracious as to present to your Royal Majesty's Lord Father, of sacred and blessed memory.

After a few more equally humble introductory sentences, the petition closes thus: "May the King of Kings bless your Royal Majesty, and the whole Royal Hereditary House with all temporal and eternal joys. This is the wish till my death of

> Your Royal Majesty's
> my most gracious Hereditary King and Lord!
> Most humble faithful subject,
> Ernst Heinrich Berling."

If the persons are a little mixed there is no doubt of the loyalty of the petitioner. The reward was not merely a newspaper privilege, it was the newspaper privilege, giving its holde a practical monopoly of the business in Den-

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mark so long as it pleased his sacred Majesty to keep it so. There were, however, some drawbacks connected with the royal condescension. Those were the days of absolutism, and the royal authority extended beyond granting the privilege to publish a newspaper. It dictated to the unfortunate proprietor how it should and especially how it should not be run. Even as late as the first half of the present century Danish newspapers were controlled by such rules as these: "No rumour may be published in the paper. Editors must especially refrain from presenting political events in a jesting, ridiculing or satirical manner, but these should be presented in a simple, historical style." Under these conditions Danish journalism was even less lively than it now is, an historical style of the most uncompromising kind was affected by the editors, and the press censor was treated with the respect he deserved. Since 1848 all this has been changed, although from our American point of view the Scandinavian press is still far from free.

At first the *Berlingske Tidende,* or, as it was at first called, *Kiöbenhavnske Danske Post Tidender,* was published twice a week, in 1836 three times a week, and since 1849 twice a day, with the exception of Sundays and holidays. In 1833 the paper received its present name, the complete translation of which is "The Berlingske Political and Advertisement News, Privileged to transmission by the Royal letter-posts." In 1838 the editorship of the *Berlingske* passed into the hands of the distinguished economist and philanthropist, M. I. Nathanson, who for twenty-one years did more than any one else before or since to give to the *Berlingske* its present character and colouring. Under his control the paper introduced the *feuilleton* and developed the scientific discussion of economic questions. Nathanson was a really great journalist. He possessed not only the second-rate journalistic instinct of knowing what the people of his time wanted, but also the first-rate journalistic genius to distinguish what his readers did not care for, but could be educated into liking. Under his leadership the paper became a great Danish educator, always respecting the national spirit, but never stooping to flatter national weaknesses. Nathanson stands for the best type of the Danish national character, a combination of conservatism and enterprise, of French *esprit* with German good sense. By its opponents the *Berlingske Tidende* is often called Tante Berling, and its language is condemned as chancery style. It is true that the criminal news is printed in small type on the inside page, and that initials are used to designate the victims of justice. It is also true that the old restriction about rumours is still observed fifty years after it had ceased to be valid. There is a curious absence of society news and gossip, and even the doings of the royal family seldom receive notice in its columns. These omissions make the *Berling* quiet, of course, but to most readers they are not a fault. Of the *Berlingske Tidende* it can be literally said: "If you see it in the *Berling* it's so." After a regular reading of the paper for over ten years I cannot recall having noted a single misstatement in it. Its book reviews are invariably good, often written by leading Danish specialists, and its art and dramatic notes are of the same high order.

The editorials on foreign political events are an admirable feature of the *Berling.* They always appear on the first page and include from two to three columns. They consist either of résumés of leaders from the leading foreign papers or discussions of news received through the telegraphic bureaus. During the past two years, as a result of circumstances, special attention has been paid to American political affairs. Home politics, on the other hand, are never discussed editorially in the columns of the *Berlingske.* Articles by outsiders commenting on the political situation from a conservative standpoint are frequently published, and sometimes unsigned ar-

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ticles, possibly by the editors, appear; but the editorial department proper is entirely confined to foreign affairs. This arrangement is perhaps in part a survival of the old law forbidding any newspaper comment on the all-wise and humane Danish Government. The effect is to give to the *Berlingske* a certain nonpartisan appearance in striking contrast to its well-known conservative views. It gives it in journalism the position of the king in public life, who is not supposed to be of any party, but to represent the country as a whole.

Den 17de Mai.
Norskt Folkeblad.
Nr 95 | Onsdag 25. april 1900. | 7. aarg.
Doktor Strenen,
Doktor A. Hoeg,
P. L. K.
Til utfandet
Advokat Joh. Remcke
Torskefiskja.
Eit vaade-skôt.
Fraa Telemork.

The leading radical paper in Copenhagen is *Politiken*, established in 1884. Its editor-in-chief is V. Hörup, a well-known liberalist, and its literary editor is the dramatist and novelist Edvard Brandes. *Politiken* is the representative brilliant newspaper of Scandinavia. Its opponents, who include all the conservatives, will tell you that its brilliancy is often gained at the expense of truth and accuracy, and it must be confessed that its writers do not always examine into the facts of a rumour with the care used by the *Berlingske Tidende*. From the purely literary standpoint *Politiken* is easily first. Its brilliancy is not the superficial cleverness of ordinary newspaper writers, but it reflects often the work of such men as Björnson, Georg Brandes, Drachmann and Schandorph. *Politiken* is frankly modern. It supports the extreme wing of the opposition, it is opposed not only to the state church but to the church itself, it favours the most advanced school of fiction, it is extremely personal in its treatment of news. *Politiken* is particularly fond of poking fun at its chief rival, the *Berlingske Tidende*. In a recent account of a criticism of a picture which had appeared in the *Berlingske* occurs this *bon mot*: "*Berlingske's* eyes can also be seen from different angles, but they usually appear closed." Writers for *Politiken* seem to take a pride in trying to come as near as possible to personal libel without incurring the risk of an actual suit. During the fierce political struggle between the Danish premier Estrup and the lower house, a writer in *Politiken* asked if he would expose himself to prosecution for libel if he called his pig Estrup.

Apparently the *Politiken* writers divide all Danes into two classes, radicals and fools. Of the radicals, the most intelligent are the contributors to *Politiken*, then come its readers; the rest are not specially classified. The most hopelessly foolish of the other side are similarly associated with the *Berlingske Tidende*. In the eyes of *Politiken*, religious convictions are incompatible with ordinary intelligence, and a love for any but extremely naturalistic fiction is a sure sign of a depraved literary taste. Last summer *Politiken* appeared as the special champion of the labouring class in connection with the great lockout in the building trades. As the editor at that time was a representative decadent in art and life, there could, of course, be no doubt of the perfect sincerity of *Politiken's* social convictions. *Politiken* loves the people with an ardour that is truly affecting. It would apparently be willing to sacrifice any amount of mere personal prejudice in order to gain their hearts and their subscriptions. The yellowest of our own dailies is not more ready to voice the sentiments of *das liebe Volk*. All honour to the unselfish efforts of this noble band of social reformers.

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But many persons who are bitterly opposed to the principles of *Politiken* read it regularly because of its amusing articles. In Copenhagen the power to amuse will cover a multitude of sins. At every café *Politiken* is sure to be in constant demand, and on street cars and railroad trains a large proportion of the passengers read the same sheet. It is suggestive of the low average newspaper circulation in Copenhagen that this most popular organ of the radical party can boast of no more than twenty thousand subscribers, and most of the Copenhagen dailies have a much smaller circulation.

The four conservative newspapers, *Nationaltidende, Dagbladet, Aftenposten* and *Dagens Nyheder,* are controlled by the same publisher, Ferslew, and on that account they are often referred to collectively as the Ferslew paper factory. In its day the *Dagbladet* pressed even the *Berlingske* close, and it occupies an honourable place in the history of Danish journalism. One of its earliest editors, Bille, later Danish Minister to Washington, belonged in the same class as Nathanson as a creative journalist. The chief function of Ferslew's journals is to furnish reading matter to conservatives who cannot afford to subscribe to the more expensive government organ.

Of the more recent Copenhagen papers may be mentioned *Dannebrog,* which was established nine years ago, and *Samfundet,* an apparent imitation of *Dannebrog* started a few months ago. Of a distinctly lower order is *Köbenhavn,* the low price of which, combined with its sensationalism, gives it a larger circulation than *Politiken.* The Socialists' organ in Copenhagen is *Social-Demokraten,* a low-priced paper with a large subscription list. Socialism shows a steady growth in Denmark, as is clearly shown by the success of this paper.

The leading conservative paper in Sweden is *Stockholms Dagblad.* In its general tone it suggests the *Berlingske Tidende,* and, like the Danish paper, it appears twice a day. One of its leading features is the Sunday morning issue, which contains many excellent articles on current art and literature. The opposite of *Dagblad* is *Dagens Nyheder,* which is not only radical in its political views, but also decidedly American in its treatment of news. Its columns are filled with what the country editor likes to call crisp personalities. *Stockholms Nyheder* is also radical and personal. It makes a liberal use of headlines, especially in connection with local sensations. The radical paper, *Svenska Dagbladet,* goes in more for parliamentary discussions of a serious character. One of the strongest of the Stockholm dailies is *Aftenbladet.* Its editorials are forcible and bear especially on reform, which is often a very different matter from the partisan criticism of govern-

ment in which all the radical journals so freely indulge.

The Socialists, who are even stronger in Sweden than in Denmark, have two apparently prosperous organs at the capital, *Social-Demokraten* and *Brandfacklan.* There are also several Socialist papers in the provinces.

One of the Swedish provincial dailies deserves special mention, as it rivals the metropolitan journals in national influence. This is the *Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning.* In politics it is liberal, and it has always paid special attention to the union with Norway. From the Nor-

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wegian point of view at least its treatment of this important question is perfectly reasonable, and it has undoubtedly exerted an immense influence in keeping the two countries together. This Swedish provincial with the long name has always succeeded in attracting to its staff very able writers. The influence of the other provincial papers is strictly local, but the Gothenburg *Journal* is said to have a considerable circulation in the capital.

Room should be found for the one Swedish newspaper published by royal authority, the *Post och Inrikes Tidning*. This government organ contains only the lists of appointments to the civil service, but it is probably read by many persons with as profound interest as the most sensational sheet. Its subscription list is said to reach only one hundred, but if that be true there must be a large number of free copies. There is a similar publication in Norway.

And finally we have to consider the Christiania papers. The oldest of these is *Morgenbladet*, which is now in its eighty-second year. In many respects it resembles the *Berlingske Tidende*. For many years *Morgenbladet* was a liberal organ, and by some its editorial colouring was regarded as rather red. But when, about the middle of the century, the Norwegian liberals began to grow radical and appeared to threaten existing institutions, the liberal paper became more and more conservative, and it is now the representative of conservatism in Norway. As such it takes a decided stand against the spread of the new national language, which the extreme Norwegians are trying to substitute for the Dano-Norwegian. At present there is only one daily newspaper published in this extraordinary tongue, *Den 17de Mai*, and it is a very small sheet. Curiously enough, the largest single advertisement in one of the recent numbers is an announcement of the new edition of Björnstjerne Björnson's works, which may be regarded as standing for the very cause that the paper is opposing.

The principal radical papers in the normal tongue are *Aftenbladet* and *Verdens Gang*. Apart from their politics they do not differ especially from the paper first mentioned.

Daniel Kilham Dodge.

SURVIVALS IN AMERICAN EDUCATED SPEECH

The Virginia Dialect.

The student of English who is at all familiar with the history of the language during the last two centuries naturally would look for archaic forms of expression in the United States. But many do not recognise that survivals in American educated speech are more strikingly illustrated in Virginia and Massachusetts than in other sections of the Union. In cosmopolitan centres, such as New York and Philadelphia, and throughout the great central West, individual peculiarities appear, and here and there affect isolated communities; but, as a rule, dialectal peculiarities have been rubbed out, and both educated and folk-speech conform to a national standard. It is true that this standard, established by convention, is crude and imperfect, and that many inelegances are painfully apparent; but, at all events, expression has the advantage of being uniform, and has blended into a vernacular without marked differentiation between the literary and folk-speech.

The reverse is true in Virginia and, to a less notable extent, in Massachusetts. Richmond and Boston—long the recognised centres of culture of the two antagonistic civilisations on the Western Continent—are each characterised by somewhat radical departures from accepted canons where English is spoken. In other words, each is the repository and exponent of curious anomalies and of seventeenth and eighteenth-century fads—survivals which mark educated speech.

But more especially it must be admitted that a virile dialect exists in Virginia; that it distinguishes the F. F. V.'s (first families of Virginia); that it con-

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stitutes a test, and is a recognised shibboleth of culture, and that the Virginians view with compassionate regard any educated person who after a brief residence among them does not conform thereto. This dialect is of a twofold nature; and as it represents two distinct epochs in English literary history, separated by more than a century in time, to avoid confusion, its dual character will be treated separately.

I. What is the Virginia dialect? This, perhaps, may best be illustrated from a personal experience. Having been educated in Virginia, twenty years later, in the city of Richmond, I called upon a fellow university man, who subsequently had achieved distinction in letters. Not finding him in the office, and seeing the not unusual name of Carter on the door, in the free, conventional style of a Kentuckian I asked the occupant of the room if he were Mr. Carter. Imagine the surprise when in a patronising tone and with a look of mingled pity and scorn there came the reproving answer, "My name, sir, is Kearter," with a special stress upon an imaginary "e." Restraining a rising indignation, I next ventured to ask how I might find the residence of Mr. ——? I was directed to take a certain *kear,* and at a designated street to transfer to another *kear,* and at —— Street to leave the *kears* for the residence —again with a very noticeable and special emphasis on the sound of "e" in another word, where a somewhat liberal culture informed me that no such sound existed at all. In two minutes I had my directions; but, as seen, not until my backwoods rusticity had been rebuked and my provincialism duly impressed upon me by the first Virginian I had met, the rebuke being administered with an inimitable grace and the indescribable charm inherent in a courtly civilisation.

But the initial reproof conveyed in *Kearter* and so accentuated in *kear* was a mere incident of a sojourn in the Virginian capital. In social calls, at the door the servant receives your *kyard.* Inside the hospitable home you often meet veritable *gearnitures* of art; that charming wreath of flowers on the centre table is a *gearland;* hidden away among the leaves of anthology, perhaps (for Virginians never parade their armorial bearings, nor anything English, except their speech), that lion rampant looking at you from the field is a rampant-*geardant;* that handsome volume at hand is by Thomas *Kearlyle;* those mendicant Friars looking at you so soulfully from the wall are *Kearmelites,* of the Order of Mt. *Kearmal;* the undraped portion of that figure underneath is in *kearnation;* on the wall opposite is *Keardinal* Richelieu; in the corner is a *keartoon;* on the mantelpiece those handsome *keandle*-sticks remind us that, although the candle is archaic for illuminating purposes, *keandle* is a survival in Virginia dialect; and suddenly you become aware that the very tapestries under your feet are *kearpets,* their usual designation having long ago been ostracised from educated speech.

The south window view commands the *gearden,* where the *geardener* seems industrially wrestling with *gearlic.* The lady of the house receives you in a tasteful *gearb*—in fact, any article of wearing apparel in Virginia is a *gearment;* its rich colouring is *kearmine;* and it is said (but tell it not in Gath) that even the hose of a Virginia lady scorns other support than a *gearter.*

In this musical idiom forgetful debtors are sometimes politely reminded of their carelessness in matters of contract by a judicial process known as *gearnishment,* such euphemism in speech being an index of the general refinement and delicacy in manners; the base of charcoal, known elsewhere as common carbon, is liquefied into *kearbon;* the sore afflictions which God sent upon poor Job are softened into *kearbuncles,* as it were, to lessen the unpleasant memory to modern ears; all fleshly lusts are *kearnal;* a dead animal, however offensive to the olfactories, Virginians try to make less malodorous under the euphonic nomenclature of *kearcass,* while the very offal in the streets is dignified by the aristocratic name of *gearbage,* and is *kearted* off.

But why continue illustration in this graphic dialect, where every sound in which the hard "c" and "g" followed by the cavalier "a" must be toned into harmonious symphony to the musical and liquid utterance of Virginians, where the lading of a ship is a *keargo;* where anxiety is *kearking* care; where a statement is *gearbled,* a throat-wash a

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geargle; the male goose a *geander;* where *gearrison* and *keamp* and *keanister* and *keartel* and *keartridge* and *kearbine* suggest historic battle-fields marked by *kearnage* and imperishable glory; and, in short, where *kear*-driver, *kearpenter* and *geardener* are held in equal philological regard with aristocratic patronymics, as *Kearter* and *Gearland* and *Gearnet?*

Now no one need marvel if a people so scrupulous in softening the harsh but natural sounds of "a" should bestow some due attention to the vowel sounds of "i," "u" and "y," their partiality for the vowel "e" everywhere appearing. It may excite the reader's interest, for example, to learn that the blue *keanopy* of heaven,

The witchery of the soft blue sky

as Wordsworth sang, is unheard of among Virginians, except as mellowed into *skey;* that though the skylark is a stranger to its fields, the *skey*-scraper has invaded its cities; and that there, although kindness is unknown, *keindness* is proverbial, and boys in play fly paper *kyites;* but, alas, when men, like New Yorkers, they sometimes fly commercial *kyites.* It is also a significant fact that there are no girls among the "F. F. V.'s," these charming adjuncts in social life being only known as *geirls,* while your guide about classic Richmond is styled a *gyide.* The stranger within its gates can never *disgyise* himself, for he is everywhere *begeirt* by dialectal shibboleths, which stand *gyard* and *gyardian* over the hospitality of the capital. The *gyirder* of a house, the *gyirth* of his horse, the *gyirdle* at his waist, his *gyile* or *gyilelessness*—in short, under whatever *gyise* he appears brave troopers who charged under the *gyidons* (guidons) of a Stuart or a Lee will recognise him and, if worthy, will love him. Such, in brief, are the character and the speech of this chivalrous people.

But it would be a rank injustice to Great Britain to conclude that this mellifluous speech had its origin or development beneath Virginia *skyies;* and surely no American would willingly see Britain robbed of a well-earned philological glory in this particular. That this speech was the prevailing literary vogue in England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth century is shown by the concurrent testimony of Sheridan, Walker and Smart, the leading English lexicographers who succeeded Dr. Johnson, and whose dictionaries appeared, respectively, in 1784, 1791 and 1836. These witnesses attest how thoroughly this speech had been naturalised and how completely it dominated the polite circles in English life. Smart was a Londoner, a teacher of the English language and literature, a public reader and lecturer, who said that he was forced to conform his pronunciation to the taste of the day, although under protest. It is therefore a mistake, sometimes repeated in American literary circles, that the Virginia dialect rests upon the dictum of Walker; rather does it reflect the aristocratic and literary speech of Great Britain as it existed when transplanted to Virginia, and of which Sheridan and Walker were its chief chroniclers. Contrary to the usual course of dialectal speech, these peculiarities have never entered into folk-speech; and why it has survived in educated speech is due to the explanation that Virginians, owing to climatic or racial influence or to early culture or to some congenital trait, are endowed with a most musical intonation, so that this dialect when once acquired is rarely abandoned. Any one who has heard Thomas Nelson Page read will recall the magnetic charm of voice and tone, which is no whit an exaggerated form of Virginia cultivated speech. Of course, the reference is to Mr. Page where his readings are dissociated from negro dialect.

The Virginia "ä" a Survival.

II. That the Virginia dialect did not rest servilely upon the dictum of Walker, but was the American expression of the rooted literary speech of England during the last century, is attested by another philological fact, to wit, that the English or Cavalier "a" was retained by Virginians in the entire class of words now represented by medial "a" in American educated speech, nearly all of which Walker marked to the short sound of "a." For example: among the aristocratic sounds in English and American speech there are few which approach in elegance the sound of the Virginia "a"

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in words as grass, ask, task; advance, chance, dance; clasp, grasp, hasp; after, answer, command, demand, and formatives in this class of words. This broad sound of "a," which may not inaptly be styled the *Cavalier* "a," in contradistinction to the Puritan "a," is unquestionably the most distinguishing feature of the Virginia dialect. It is a mode of refined expression which immediately becomes the broadest Cockney when it passes into folk-speech, the truth of which is so strikingly illustrated in the Cockney speech of London and among Americans who in a feverish Anglomania attempt to enter the temples of culture by the back door.

But in Virginia, purer even than in the intellectual zone of the English metropolis, the sound of the English or Cavalier "a" is preserved. It was Cockney contamination a hundred years ago which led Walker to mark nearly all these words with the short sound of "a," as in man, can, etc.; but in Virginia the dictum of a lexicographer was powerless, because it attacked the speech of the aristocratic element, and this, as in England, had its roots in historical prejudice. To understand why these reforms were rejected, it should be remembered that it was during the epoch of Puritan England that all differentiations in speech, as all refinements in manners and dress, were attacked, and the levelling principles of religious enthusiasm brought to bear as a remedy against every existing social and political evil. This levelling principle when applied to English expression resulted in the Puritan "a," now best represented in American national speech—that is, by the elimination of all distinction in the sounds of this vowel. With the restoration under Charles II. and the courtly influences of the next century and a half, the revolt against the Puritan "a" in England assumed extreme form; nearly all words now represented in medial "a" and many in the short sound of "a" taking the broad sound of the Cavalier "a." It was this abuse of the metropolitan and court speech—this exuberance in expression, as when the uneducated essay to ape educated speech—which made London the very babel of Cockneyism, and which led to the sensible protest of Walker.

But while Virginia shared in the literary reaction against Puritanism, it should be borne in mind that its educated speech had never responded to Puritan influence, and that it always remained unaffected by Cockney extravagance, as in England. It must, therefore, be excepted; and as Virginia was Cavalier at heart during the English revolution, during the reaction which followed the Restoration the Virginia colony retained the speech of the English aristocracy. As the colony was constantly reinforced by English emigration, and its sons largely educated in English universities, the colonial speech was modelled and firmly based upon English precedents. This continued without interruption until the Puritan element established itself in the valley and the Scotch-Irish became a recognised force a short time prior to the Revolution.

Here may be traced, in epitome, the history of the vowel "a" in American educated speech until the appearance of Worcester's dictionary and the Eastern recognition of medial "a," which has so enriched American expression. But by this time political complications had arisen in the United States. Virginia as the centre of culture of the Southern civilisation refused to acknowledge the influence of the Concord school; her libraries remained English; her literature, periodical and standard, remained English, and her speech remained essentially English.

On the other hand, the North being Puritan at heart, accepted the speech of their ancestors as it existed during the epoch of Puritan England and as reenforced by Puritan immigration; and to-day, especally in the Great Northwest, exists a more representative speech of Puritan England than in Southampton, whence the *Mayflower* sailed in 1621. In other words, in the sounds of the vowel "a" Virginia as the representative of the Cavalier "a," and in Indiana and Iowa as representatives of the Puritan "a," may be found the purest respective types of the speech of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which exist in any sections of the world where the British Empire has planted a colonial system.

At a future day some interesting literary history may be written tracing the struggle between the Cavalier principle

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and the Puritan influence, with its levelling tendencies, in English speech; how the latter shared the political fortunes of its sponsors, the Puritans, in English history; how, banished from the aristocratic and polite circles of English life, it took refuge in the provinces and in English colonisation, and finally reappeared in giant force on the Western continent, where to-day it is established and thoroughly intrenched in both the educated and folk-speech of the United States.

On the other hand, it is equally interesting to follow the literary history of the Cavalier influence, especially in the sounds of the vowel "a"; how in Virginia, during the period of the efflorescence of English speech, it maintained its graceful elegance and native purity; how in England it became contaminated through a careless aristocracy giving it extravagant recognition in whole classes of words where the broad sound of "a" was an intruder and an alien; and finally, when taken up by the London populace, it ran riot into Cockney excess, until English and American scholarship compromised the struggle along lines of an upward literary development and in harmony with the forward movement of educated English speech as indicated through three centuries.

S. D. McCormick.

TWO VOLUMES OF VERSE *

Here are two little books of verse, both good, though very widely different. Nature and love are the themes that Mr. Woodberry celebrates—a nature and a love so delicate, so shy, so untouched by the artificialities and the problems of civilisation, that one might almost fancy him a dweller in some primeval garden, where the echoes of the world are never heard. Perhaps the chief charm of these lyrics is their dainty reticence. Yet in spite of this apparent reticence they reveal much. Often when you try to analyse a poem that has won you and held you captive, you find that the secret lies, not in what it says, but in what it suggests. Some poems are like flowers in this. A wee, small violet, brought from some hidden nook, roots and all, with the damp earth clinging about it and the dew upon its leaves, has power to bring before you not only the blossomy field where it grew, but the whole world of beauty, of which flowers are only one form of expression. And many a haunting bit of verse has this magic quality. It is because of this that Mr. Woodberry's lyrics will attract the beauty-lover, slight things though his lyrics are in comparison with much of the work that has been done in verse, even of late.

His expression is certainly exquisite. Listen to this. Is not the very breath of the spring in the long sweep of the lines?

Flower before the leaf, boy-loved Rhodosa,
Morning-pink along the valley of the birch and maple;
Now the green begins to cling about the silver birches,
Burst the maple buds and ruddy yonder hillside;
Sudden as the babbling brook or robin's whistle,
Spring-swift, thou art come in the old places,
In the hollow swamp-land, bloom or brake!

Flower before the leaf!
Ah, once here in the sweet season—
Flash of blue wings, birds in chorus,
Ere the violet, ere the wild-rose,
While the linden lingered and the elm-tree—
Years ago a boy's heart broke in blossom,
Flower before the leaf,
While he wandered down the valley loving you;
And above him, and around him,
Beam and gleam and distant colour,
Waiting, waiting, hung the spirit
To rush forth upon the world.

Nothing in nature is too slight to be of

*Wild Eden. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Greystone and Porphyry. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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interest to Mr. Woodberry. He even sings of the bat:

Something to me the black bat brings
I should miss were he never to come again,
The prisoner of this nighted frame;
Nor now were life without death dear,
Earth without sorrow, love without pain,
And scarce this human heart the same,
Unvisited by fear.

In contrast to this is "The Humming Bird," with its short, swift lines, daintily fashioned in imitation of the quick dartings here and there, from flower to flower, of the "blossom-spirit" of which it sings.

"Seaward," the last poem in the book, is the strongest. It is of a different fibre, and there is a hint of power in it. But in all these poems there is a certain lack of originality. You get reminiscences, now of Tennyson, now of Wordsworth, now of Shelley. Sometimes you are made to think, for the moment, even of Bliss Carman; and again there are turns of expression that remind one inevitably of Kipling's well-known ways in the building of verse. Mr. Woodberry is no imitator, but it is as if he loved these various poets, and had somehow unconsciously drawn their blood into his veins, and distilled drops of it into his verse. It is a pity. For Mr. Woodberry has a vivid yet delicate imagination, and a share of that God-given sense of the melody of language which enables the poet to say things as a poet should. It is too bad that he cannot strike out boldly and be original, entirely himself.

Greystone and Porphyry, the title Dr. Peck has chosen for his book, is a pretty device for indicating the varied colouring of his verse. It is not often, indeed, that in one thin little volume you find poems differing so completely in motive and in theme. But they will, one and all, appeal to the general reader as *Wild Eden* never can. Dr. Peck is more—what shall I say?—robust. There is no subtlety in his methods. He knows what he means, and says it. His poems are very human, very modern, athrob with the problems and the uncertainties of to-day. Not the work of a man who acknowledges Poetry his mistress; just the from-time-to-time expression of a busy life—of one who thinks and feels much, and who finds in verse a most natural occasional outlet. Most of them are written in simple, familiar rhythms, with a good swing to them. And of course the author quite understands the technique of his art.

Two of the strongest poems in the book—aside from the study in hexameters at the end—are "Unter den Linden" (1890) and "Otto von Bismarck." In the former you get a vivid picture of the thronged street in the history-making German city, where, under the hum of traffic, you hear always the tramp of gathering armies. Then the loiterer in front of the café marks a sudden hush, and there rings the cry—

"The Kaiser comes! The Kaiser comes!"
Cold eyes, set lips, a restless glance
That wanders in uneasy quest,
With looks that like a living lance
Blaze from beneath the helmet-crest;
Upon that face as on a page
Has nature stamped with cruel truth
The heartlessness of cynic age,
The reckless insolence of youth.

And this is he whose sword and pen
All Europe eyes with bated breath,
Whose word can arm a million men,
Whose nod can hurl them on to death.
A nation's life, a nation's ease,
The honour of a nation's name,
The awful fates of war and peace,
All centred in a single frame!

In contrast with this is the study of the mighty, self-poised Bismarck, that

Hero soul, from mortal sight now flown.

"Roma Recentiorum" is good, too—especially such an anti-climax as this:

Where once, before the naked Gaul,
Rome's infant power swayed and shook,
Here, in the stately Capitol,
Now swarm the hordes of Mr. Cook.

Most of the poems are of simpler themes, instinct with such joys and sorrows as are common to all humanity. The love-poems are disappointing. They are pretty; but somehow one expects from this author something more vivid, more intense, more out of the commonplace. "Heliotrope" is perhaps the prettiest—a sad little love story, gracefully told. Indeed, most of these poems are sad. Sadness is a canker that seems to

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have eaten into the heart of most of the verse of to-day—the love-verse especially. One longs sometimes for an assured strain of joy, for a song of the love that outlives death, that laughs at doubt; for a song of faith triumphant. Surely Dr. Peck could give us this, if he chose; for "Victor and Vanquished," the initial poem in the book, is wholesome and sane, and is written in a stirring way that carries you along bravely.

"Money" is the title of the last and longest poem. It is a study in hexameters, more interesting than beautiful, perhaps, but strong. Dr. Peck is, of course, at home in this form of verse. The long, rolling sweep of the hexameter makes an admirable vehicle for the thought with which the thing is pregnant. It is a forceful presentation of the power of money—

Money the bane and the blessing, money the god and the demon.

We see the "smooth-faced priest" standing in his pulpit, the message of wrath arrested, frozen upon his lips at sight of one who sits in the midst of the people—

Squat like a venomous toad, alert like a hideous spider,
One of a fearful fame, who, armed with invincible millions,
Wrings from the hand of toil the fruit of its burdensome labour.

We see how money rules everywhere—

Masters the honour of man and the vaunted virtue of woman.

And we see it, too, as a blessing, a "wand of gold," borne by the hand of Mercy into the hovels of the poor, changing hunger and despair into peace and plenty and sweet content. This part is genuinely beautiful. The poem as a whole has a hopeless ring; it is a glimpse into the very springs of modern life—and of ancient life, too, for that matter, for human nature does not change much—and it is disquieting. It is cast in the form of an exhortation to the poet who wishes to throw aside the old, out-of-date ideals, and to write of things as they are. This would-be practical poet is treated to a most entertaining moving panorama of the modern objects awaiting his consideration, and then is warned that if he would write of that which is at the root of all things, the seed of all action, he must choose money for his theme,—Money, which has magic to seal the eloquence of the public teacher, which can corrupt virtue, change the fate of nations—aye, in the hand of its possessor can force the king of a great country, on the very brink of battle, to call back his fleets and his armies, be his cause never so just—if that cause happens to be in opposition to the desires of the money power. It is a disquieting picture, and—it is unfortunately true. The sombreness of this "study" is, however, relieved by plenty of little humorous descriptive touches. How is this for a snap-shot of a certain type of bicycle girl?—

. . . The bold-faced jig, who, cased in follicular bloomers,
Straddles the wind-puffed wheel.

"Follicular bloomers" is good.

Eleonore Booth Simmons.

THE FOREIGN STAGE IN NEW YORK

II The German Theatre

In seeking the distinctive feature of the leading German playhouse in New York, one ought not to fix upon anything picturesque. Yiddish, Italian or Chinese theatres are full of oddities to our eyes, and that might be the point of view if the secondary German theatre, the Germania, were under consideration, but what makes the little house on Irving Place so notable is something thoroughly familiar and intimate to the minds of cultivated Americans. It is merely that the drama, as we know it, is on a higher plane than it is in any other theatre in this city—on a very much higher plane than it was at Daly's during the lifetime

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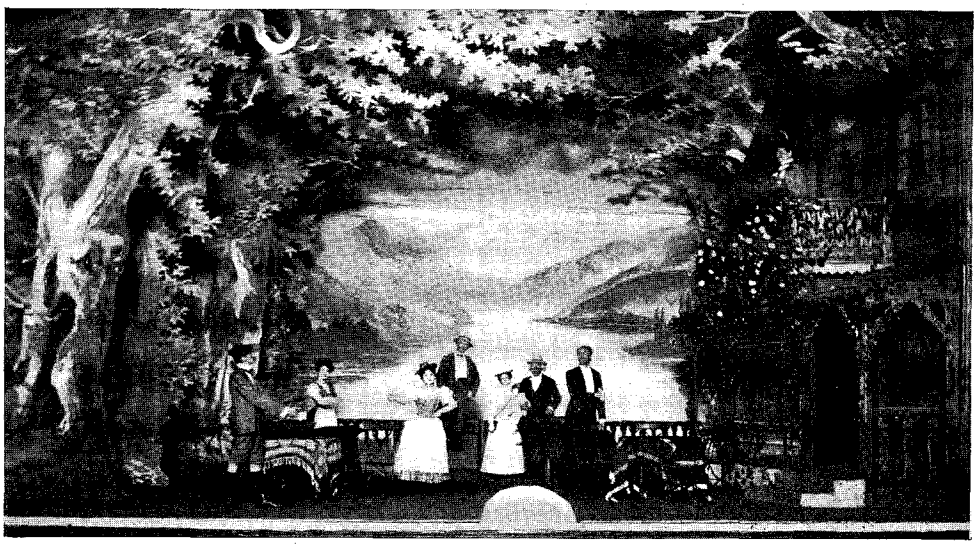
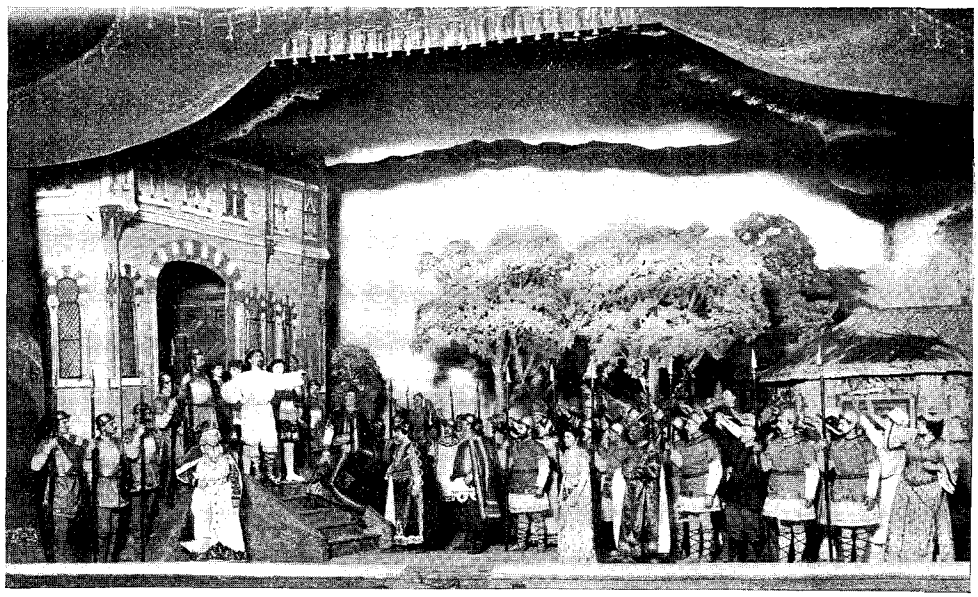


IM WEISSEN RÖSS'L. ACT II.

of Mr. Daly. There is always more or less talk about the possibility of making the stage in England and the United States more satisfactory to educated people, but seldom has there been such a crop of articles on this subject as there has been during the last few months. Many of them were started by the unexpected success of Mr. Benson and his experiment of giving a number of Shakespeare's plays throughout the present season. The leading, although not the most popular, dramatic critic in England told me at a rehearsal at the Irving Place Theatre that if there were one man like Mr. Conried in England, the task of making a change for the better would be infinitely more hopeful. It was his opinion that our German theatre stood above everything in London as distinctly as it does above everything else in New York.

For this superiority two causes are



TALISMAN. ACT III.

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Irving Place Theater.

Deutsches Theater.

IRVING PLACE and 15th STREET, NEW YORK.

HEINRICH CONRIED, - - - - Lessee and Manager

Week commencing Monday Evening, April 2, 1900.

Dienstag, den 3. April 1900:

50jähriges Künstler-Jubiläum und Benefiz des Herrn

FRANZ KIERSCHNER.

Die Journalisten.

Lustspiel in 4 Akten von Gustav Freytag.

In Scene gesetzt von Herrn Rudolph Senius.

PERSONEN.

Oberst a. D. Berg	Franz Kierschner
Ida, seine Tochter	Elly Collmer
Adelheid Runeck	Ada Merlo
Senden, Gutsbesitzer	Jacques Horwitz
Prof. Oldendorf, Redakteur	Gustav Olmar
Conrad Bolz, Redakteur	Julius Strobl
Belimaus, Mitarbeiter	Georg Basil
Kämpe, Mitarbeiter	Heinrich Heber
Körner, Mitarbeiter	Willy Frey
Buchdrucker Henning, Eigenthümer	Julius Ascher
Müller, Factotum	Jacques Lurlan
Blumenberg, Redakteur der Zeitung "Coriolan"	Fritz Hitzigrath
Schmock, Mitarbeiter	* * *
Piepenbrink, Weinhändler und Wahlmann	Max Hänseler
Lotte, seine Frau	Wilhelmine Schlüter
Bertha, ihre Tochter	Anna Sander
Kleinmichel, Bürger und Wahlmann	Edmund Hanno
Fritz, sein Sohn	Eugen Hohenwarth
Justizrath Schwarz	George Le Bret
Eine fremde Tänzerin	Auguste Burmester
Korb, Schreiber vom Gute Adelheid's	Semmy Herzmann
Karl, Bedienter des Obersten	Carl Frischer
Ein Kellner	Carl Friedenberg

* * * **Schmock, - - - Direktor Heinrich Conried**

Ressourcengäste, Deputation der Bürgerschaft.

Ort der Handlung: Die Hauptstadt einer Provinz.

Die P. T. Damen werden höflichst ersucht, solche Hüte, welche den Dahintersitzenden die Aussicht auf die Bühne vereiteln, gefälligst abnehmen zu wollen. Achtungsvoll, DIE DIREKTION.

easily discovered. One is in the audience. Germans come to this country with traditions connecting the playhouse with education and the life of the intelligence. They were accustomed in the Fatherland to seek in the theatre something to talk about and think about after they got home. Coming to New York, and not being at once Americanised, they do not think of their theatre as a place where they can have a little thoughtless distraction after the strain of the day's work; indeed, their day's work is not conducted at the American pace which leaves them too tired to think or feel in the evening. Their sons and daughters, however, mingle more with the inhabitants of the new country, and carry a more American atmosphere into the theatre. As there is only one notable German theatre in the city, and as the director of it is compelled to do what in Germany is divided among several houses, he gives up a good many weeks to meaningless farces of a kind which run a year even in Germany. He manages, however, even during the weeks when these runs are on, and his treasury is being filled, to set aside almost every Friday for some classic; and before the farce season begins, and after it ends, he puts on the very best to be found either on the library shelves or in the serious productions of the day. When the theatre was begun it needed some help, but it now supports itself. Of course, it does not make as much money as a good many houses on Broadway. Mr. Conried remarked a while ago in conversation that if he were simply looking for a business, he could find a better business than running a theatre. He thinks (and it is what distinguishes him from his American contemporaries) that running a theatre ought to be taken more as an art than as a trade. Of course, he wishes to make money, as all of us do, but there is every difference in the world in the degree to which that one object is allowed to control all the other aims of a rational man's existence. The director of a theatre is, perhaps, an even more important element than the audience, because he can make his audience. Mr. Conried is now busy in various ways endeavouring to extend his influence among the kind of people who will wish the best that can be put upon the stage.

Irving Place Theater.

Deutsches Theater.

IRVING PLACE and 15th STREET, NEW YORK.

HEINRICH CONRIED, - - - - Lessee and Manager

Week commencing Monday Evening, March 5, 1900.

Beginn des Gastspiels

CARL WAGNER,

Sociatär des Schauspielhauses in Hamburg

Montag, den 5. März 1900.

Jeden Abend dieser Woche und Samstag Matinee,

(Matinee zu ermäßigten Preisen).

Die versunkene Glocke.

Deutsches Märchendrama in 5 Aufzügen von Gerhart Hauptmann.

In Scene gesetzt von Direktor Heinrich Conried.

PERSONEN.

Heinrich, Glockengiesser	* * *
Magda, sein Weib	Martha Schiffel
Beider Kinder	Elly Collmer
	Kleine Frischer
Der Pfarrer	George Le Bret
Der Schulmeister	Semmy Herzmann
Der Barbier	Heinrich Heber
Die alte Wittichen	Wilhelmine Schlüter
Rautendelein, ein elbisches Wesen	Emmy Schroth
Der Nickelmann, Elementargeist	Carl Bender
Ein Waldschrat, faunischer Waldgeist	A. Meyer-Eigen
Die Nachbarin	Helene Collmer
Elfen	Frida Brandt
	E genie Lehmann
	Marie Corti
	Anna Sander

* * * **Heinrich, Glockengiesser, - CARL WAGNER als Gast**

Ort der Handlung: Im Gebirge und am Fusse desselben.

Zwischen dem 1. und 2. Akt, sowie zwischen dem 4. und 5. Akt erfordert der Dekorationswechsel eine längere Pause.

Die P. T. Damen werden höflichst ersucht, solche Hüte, welche den Dahintersitzenden die Aussicht auf die Bühne vereiteln, gefälligst abnehmen zu wollen. Achtungsvoll. DIE DIREKTION.

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From the colleges especially he hopes much. He gives lectures at some of the leading universities, and this year he gave at his own expense a performance of Goethe's *Iphigenie,* which aroused enthusiasm at Harvard to a degree which could hardly be believed here in New York. It is certainly very probable that young men who learn German at college, and have had their attention thus early called to this opportunity of adding year by year essentially to their knowledge of high dramatic literature, will be guided by it in their own habits and those of their children. The increase cannot be fast. Such solidly founded things seldom are. It takes some experience for an ordinary American, even with a good education and a knowledge of German, to feel the full superiority of the Irving Place Theatre over its American contemporaries. The more thoroughly one has risen to the best uses of the dramatic art, the more he learns to prefer correct intention to any special excellence or charm. Such a person will very often prefer a performance by the Murray Hill Stock Company to anything then going on Broadway; whereas the first visit to that theatre is likely to prove tiresome, because there is no very marked ability in any one of the actors. If, however, real feeling for the acted drama, and intimacy with it, can lead one to prefer, on the whole, the Murray Hill to the Empire, how much more will one prefer a theatre which has not only the correct point of view, but superior talent also, more enlightenment and executive ability in the management, and more training and histrionic ability in the actors, than are to be found at the English theatres? A short time ago I was watching Max Halbe's famous play, *Jugend,* at the Irving Place, enjoying it thoroughly, and thinking over questions which some American actors had asked about the possibility of putting on an English translation. It seemed to me likely to fail, whoever might attempt it; yet it ran so well in Germany that it at once made for the author a reputation. Only part of the difference is in the audience. Another point is that it is almost impossible to think of a cast that would play it as well as did the members of Mr. Conried's company. The only weak point was the visiting star. The idiot was played by

Irving Place Theater.

Deutsches Theater.

IRVING PLACE and 15th STREET, NEW YORK.

HEINRICH CONRIED, ... Lessee and Manager

Week commencing Monday Evening, April 9, 1900.

Samstag, den 14. April 1900:

Benefiz fuer Herrn EDMUND HANNO,

unter gefälliger Mitwirkung der Frau SCHUMANN-HEINK, mit freundlicher Bewilligung von Herrn Maurice Grau.

DER ZIGEUNER.

Genrebild in 1 Act von Alois Berla

In Scene gesetzt von Herrn Edmund Hanno.

PERSONEN.

Herr von Egri, ungarischer Gutsbesitzer und Landwirth..... Carl Bender
Rosa, seine Nichte und Mündel..... Elly Collmer
Herr von Sandery, ein Edelmann..... Rudolph Klein-Rhoden
Lajos, Egri's erster Halduck..... Willy Frey
Peti, ein Zigeuner..... Edmund Hanno

Dienerschaft des Herrn von Egri.

Ort der Handlung: Auf der Besitzung des Herrn von Egri, einem Gute in der Nähe der Stadt Szegedin.

HIERAUF:

Kurmaerker und Picarde.

Genrebild mit Gesang in 1 Act von Lou's Schneider.

In Scene gesetzt von Herrn Rudolph Senius.

PERSONEN.

Marie, Pächterin in einem Dorfe der Picardie..... Anna Leonardi
Friedrich Wilhelm Schulze, Landwehrmann..... Rudolph Senius

Ort der Handlung: Frankreich. Zeit: 1870.

ZUM SCHLUSS:

Das Versprechen hinter'm Herd.

Liederspiel in 2 Acten von Alexander Baumann.

In Scene gesetzt von Herrn Rudolph Senius.

PERSONEN.

Michel Quandtner, Wirth in der Artenau..... Gustav von Seyffertitz
Loisl, sein Sohn..... Edmund Hanno
v. Strizow..... Rudolph Senius
NANDL, Almerin im Dienst bei Quandtner ..... FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINK

Die P. T. Damen werden höflichst ersucht, solche Hüte, welche den Dahintersitzenden die Aussicht auf die Bühne vereiteln, gefälligst abnehmen zu wollen. Achtungsvoll, DIE DIREKTION.

Irving Place Theater.

Deutsches Theater.

IRVING PLACE and 15th STREET, NEW YORK.

HEINRICH CONRIED, ... Lessee and Manager

Week commencing Monday Evening, April 16, 1900.

Oster-Montag, den 16. April, und jeden folgenden Abend der Osterwoche, sowie Samstag Matinee:

(Matinee zu ermäßigten Preisen.

Mlle. Nitouche.

Operette in 4 Acten von Meilhac und Millaud Musik von Hervé.

In Scene gesetzt von Herrn Gustav von Seyffertitz.

PERSONEN.

Major Graf von Chateau Gibus ..... Edmund Hanno
Celestin ..... Rudolph Senius
Fernand de Champlatreux. ..... Jacques Horwitz
Denise de Flavigny ..... Anna Leonardi
Die Oberin..... Meta Buenger
Loriot ..... Gustav von Seyffertitz
Gustave, Officiere. ..... Rudolph Klein-Rhoden
Robert, Officiere. ..... Eugen Hohenwarth
Der Director..... Willy Frey
Der Regisseur ..... Jacques Lurian
Corinne, Schauspielerinnen, ... Marie Reichardt
Grimlette, Schauspielerinnen, ... Anna Sander
Lydia, Schauspielerinnen, ... Gussie Fraenkel
Sylvia, Schauspielerinnen, ... Eugenie Lehmann
Pförtnerin..... Auguste Burmester
Ein Soldat..... Carl Frischer

Pensionärinnen, Soldaten.

Die P. T. Damen werden höflichst ersucht, solche Hüte, welche den Dahintersitzenden die Aussicht auf die Bühne vereiteln, gefälligst abnehmen zu wollen. Achtungsvoll, DIE DIREKTION.

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ANNA BRAGA.

EMMY SCHROTH.

Julius Strobl, a man who appears often as the leading young gentleman in farces, or a young swell in society plays; who is Doctor Rank in *A Doll's House*, some nameless soldier in *Wilhelm Tell*, de Guiche in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and so on through a long list, and his performance was simply perfect. The girl was played by Emmy Schroth, whose versatile talent ranged from Rantendelein in *Die versunkene Glocke* to ordinary soubrette rôles and the pathos of *Jugend*.

CONRIED AS GRINGOIRE.

Anna Braga, the best known of the young leading women, did some of her best work in stern character parts, as in *Führmann Henschl*. No more varied and objective actress than Wilhelmine Schleuter could be found in America, and these are but illustrations of a general principle. This is one of the important conditions of the Irving Place Theatre. When an actor is engaged there he shows his repertory, which sometimes

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includes several hundred parts. Starting with such an equipment, it is comparatively certain that he will put more or less intelligence into his view of a new character even before rehearsal, and these parts have been played in a land where he cannot walk around on his personality, but must interpret the character which he is representing.

One or two details in which the methods of the Irving Place differ from those on Broadway may be worth mentioning. Nowadays a play is seldom read aloud in an English company. The actors simply have their parts assigned them, and they frequently never see or read the whole play. Some of them defend this practice on the ground that when you meet other people in real life you do not know what they have been saying or doing, or may say or do hereafter—an absurd argument, of course, as art cannot be accidental. At the Irving Place Mr. Conried always reads the plays to the company before assigning the parts. When rehearsals begin there is another difference between his method and that of the English companies. He rehearses one act at a time, not taking the second up until the first is perfect.

FELIX SCHWEIGHOFER.

In trying to tell how the actors at this theatre are superior to our American players one is met with the difficulties which always exist in describing solid, mature excellence. Let one quality stick out, and it is rather easy to give an eloquent picture of it; but the superiority of Mr. Conried's company consists in objectivity, in harmonious work together, and in versatility. The actors play farce, on the whole, perhaps, neither better nor worse (although somewhat different) than our own superior farce companies, but these same actors can play the highest poetic dramas; they know how to recite verse, and they know the meaning of poetry. This is a prime requisite, if we are ever to have in English anything corresponding in quality to what we have in German. It is even more necessary, because almost the whole of the English drama which holds any place in the general literary heritage of our race is in verse. One of the most encouraging things about Mr. Conried's theatre is that it shows beyond a doubt that an equally competent man who should, with very moderate backing, establish a theatre in the American district and run it

CONRIED'S
IRVING PLACE THEATER
Irving Place und 15. Strasse.

LETZTE WOCHE!

Montag, den 23. April. — Mlle. NITOUCHE

Dienstag, den 24. April, (Benefiz-Abend) Mittwoch, den 25. April, — Benefiz der Kassirer G. HERRNSTADT und G. BISCHEL, DER MANN IM MONDE. Posse mit Gesang in 3 Akten, von E. JACOBSON.

Donnerstag, DEN 26. April, — Benefiz für Frl. ADA MERITO. EGMONT. Trauerspiel in 5 Akten, von W. von GOETHE. Clärchen, Frl. ADA MERITO. Egmont, CARL WAGNER als Gast.

Freitag, den 27. April, (zu ermässigten Preisen) Anfang 8 Uhr, — Grosse Doppel-Vorstellung. BLUMENTHAL und KADELBURG'S grösste Lustspiel-Erfolge. Im weissen Rössl. UND AUSSERDEM. Als ich wiederkam.

Letzte Samstag Matinee, (Populäre Preise) — EGMONT

Samstag Abend, den 28. April, Benefiz für Herrn Julius Strobl und Abschieds-Vorstellung des Gastes Herrn Carl Wagner und Frl. Emmy Schroth, "Auf dem Garnisonsball," Lustspiel in 1 Akt von CARL von ZEDLA. und "Jugend," Liebesdrama in 3 Akten, von MAX HALBE. Hans, Carl Wagner als Gast. Montag, den 30. April, SCHLUSS DER SAISON und Abschiedsvorstellung von Anna Braga, Elly Collmer, Rudolf Denius und Julius Strobl, "Comtesse Guckl," Lustspiel in 3 Akten, von FR. von SCHLEPPEGRELL und H. KOPPEL-ELFELD.

I. GOLDMANN Steam Printer Corner New Chambers & William Streets, N. Y.

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on the lines followed at the Irving Place would succeed, if by success he meant something besides wealth. For the public this would mean that we might see in our own language every year not only all the plays of the great national dramatist, but selections from the other Elizabethans, and from Dryden, Sheridan, Goldsmith, from the best dramas of our contemporaries, which might not be fit for long runs or performance by ill-balanced companies, and translations from foreign dramatic literature; and that we should see these plays acted as well as *Die versunkene Glocke, Iphigenie auf Tauris* and *Die Journalisten* have recently been acted at the Irving Place. From September 30 last, sixty-five dramas were played in Irving Place, and this number is smaller than it should have been; as Carl Wagner's failure led to an early closing of the theatre and the abandonment of several productions. On the list are plays by Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Freytag, and Shakespeare. Such names appear every year interspersed with those that stand for earlier stages of fame or for lighter work. This is the kind of theatre that we need in English. I once suggested to Mr. Conried that all good American actors expected higher salaries than could be paid in such a company, which must be so large that many members are idle on any given night. "Nonsense," said he. "We do not need reputation. I could pick up the actors I needed in Terre Haute." That is one quality necessary for the man without whom such a theatre cannot exist. He must be able to discover actors for himself, not pay the prices of those whom the world has already made expensive. He ought to be a retired actor, as Mr. Conried is; for if he is still seeking histrionic honours, he will be an ordinary actor-manager, practically a star. Where is the man? Perhaps, in spite of his being a German, Mr. Conried will be the first manager to establish a high-class English stock company in New York. Who knows? His German theatre has pointed the way.

Norman Hapgood.

JAMES LYNE'S SURVEY;

OR, AS IT IS BETTER KNOWN,

THE BRADFORD MAP

A Plan of the City of New York at the time of the Granting of the Montgomerie Charter in 1731.

When a full-fledged and lusty error sets forth upon its journey through the world, some malevolent fairy appears to bestow upon it the seven-leagued boots of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, equipped with which it makes such rapid strides that sober-minded and slower paced truth is seldom, if ever, able to overtake it. This deplorable fact is well exemplified by the singularly persistent repetition of erroneous statements in regard to the first map of this city printed in New York which is known to exist.

This map, the historical and topographical importance of which is shown by the fact that scarcely any account of our city has ever been written that does not refer to or reproduce it, was published probably in 1731 by New York's first established printer, William Bradford, from a survey made by James Lyne. Only two impressions from the original copperplate of this engraving are known —one in the possession of the writer, and the other in the New York Historical Society, presented to it in 1807 by John Pintard, an eminent merchant and public-spirited citizen of New York, who died in 1844 at the advanced age of eighty-five.

The following note, endorsed upon the copy in the New York Historical Society, is signed by Mr. Pintard:

> Col. Lurting (whose name appears in the shield in the upper right-hand corner of the map) was appointed Mayor, Sept. 29, 1726, O. S. (old style). He died July 23, 1735, O. S. This plan therefore was taken between these periods—*presumed from tradition in 1730.*

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Govr Montgomerie arrived April 15, 1728. Died July 1, 1731.

Now, with this statement made in 1807 by John Pintard before their eyes, why should the copyists guess at the date of 1728? At the same time (1807) Mr. Pintard presented to the society, of which he was the originator and founder, a copy of "A Plan of the City of New York from an actual Survey Anno Domini MDCCLV. By F. Maerschalk, City Surveyr"—Printed, Engraved and Sold by G. Duyckinck and dedicated by him to the "Honourable James De Lancey, Esqr, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-In-Chief. In and over the Province of New York and Territories Depending thereon in America."

This map is of even greater rarity than the Bradford map, as one of the two copies known is in a very imperfect condition. The left-hand portion of the Duyckinck resembles the Bradford map so closely in size and in the style of the engraving that it is not a wild conjecture that Gerardus Duyckinck, limner and picture dealer at the sign of the Two Cupids, near the Old Slip Market, may have obtained possession of Bradford's copper-plate, pieced it out, and thus on the ruins of the Bradford map constructed his own. This appears to have been a favourite contrivance of these early engravers, for the Burgis copper-plates of New York City and Harvard College were, we know, thus manipulated.

In 1834, twenty-seven years after the gift of Mr. Pintard to the Historical Society was made, the Bradford map was, apparently for the first time, reproduced by lithography, but not with exactness, and a date, 1728, for which there is no authority whatever, was added. The sins of both omission and commission are to be laid at the door of the draughtsman of the tracing by means of which the first copy was necessarily made, as photography was not then in use. The words "Ledge of Rocks" which appear in the original are omitted in the copies. The fifteen boats and ships displayed in the original are reduced to ten, and the height of the copies is about five-eighths of an inch less than the original. There are other characteristics—the eighteenth-century paper and the delicate copper-plate effects—which mark the original map, and some minor points besides those mentioned, in which it differs from the copies—for instance, some of the letters in the inscription on the scroll below the City Arms, all of which are sharp and clear in the original, are in many of the copies obliterated by the shading to such an extent that the words cannot be deciphered; but the simple statement that a so-called Bradford map bears a date is sufficient to condemn it at once as an original impression and brand it as a copy.

Following with a blind and simple faith this reproduction of 1834, various other copies of this noted survey of James Lyne have been made from time to time, and nearly every writer upon our local history who has pictorially embellished his work has inserted in it a facsimile of a lithographic map, purporting to have been made in 1728 (regardless of the fact that the art of lithography was not invented by Alois Senefelder of Munich until 1792, and not introduced into this country until about the year 1819), and presented it to his readers as a true and faithful reproduction of William Bradford's copper-plate. It has remained, however, for Mr. John Fiske to go farther and fare worse in this matter than his predecessors, inasmuch as he essays to be more explanatory of the situation by suggesting that there may have been different states of the original map.

Referring in his table of contents to the map, which appears in Vol. II., p. 258 of his work, Mr. Fiske writes:

> James Lyne's map of New York in 1728—From an original kindly lent by General James Grant Wilson. I am informed by Mr. Wilberforce Eames that Mr. W. L. Andrews has an original without the date, which corroborates a suspicion that the date 1728 may have been absent from the map as first issued. Montgomeries Ward, which appears on the map, was not created until 1731.*

Turning to the map on page 258 of Vol. II. of Mr. Fiske's book, I found a reduced copy of the lithograph with the date 1728, which has masqueraded on so many previous occasions as the original

*A fact to which the writer of this article believes he was the first to draw attention as one evidence of the incorrectness of the date of 1728 attached to the copies of the map.

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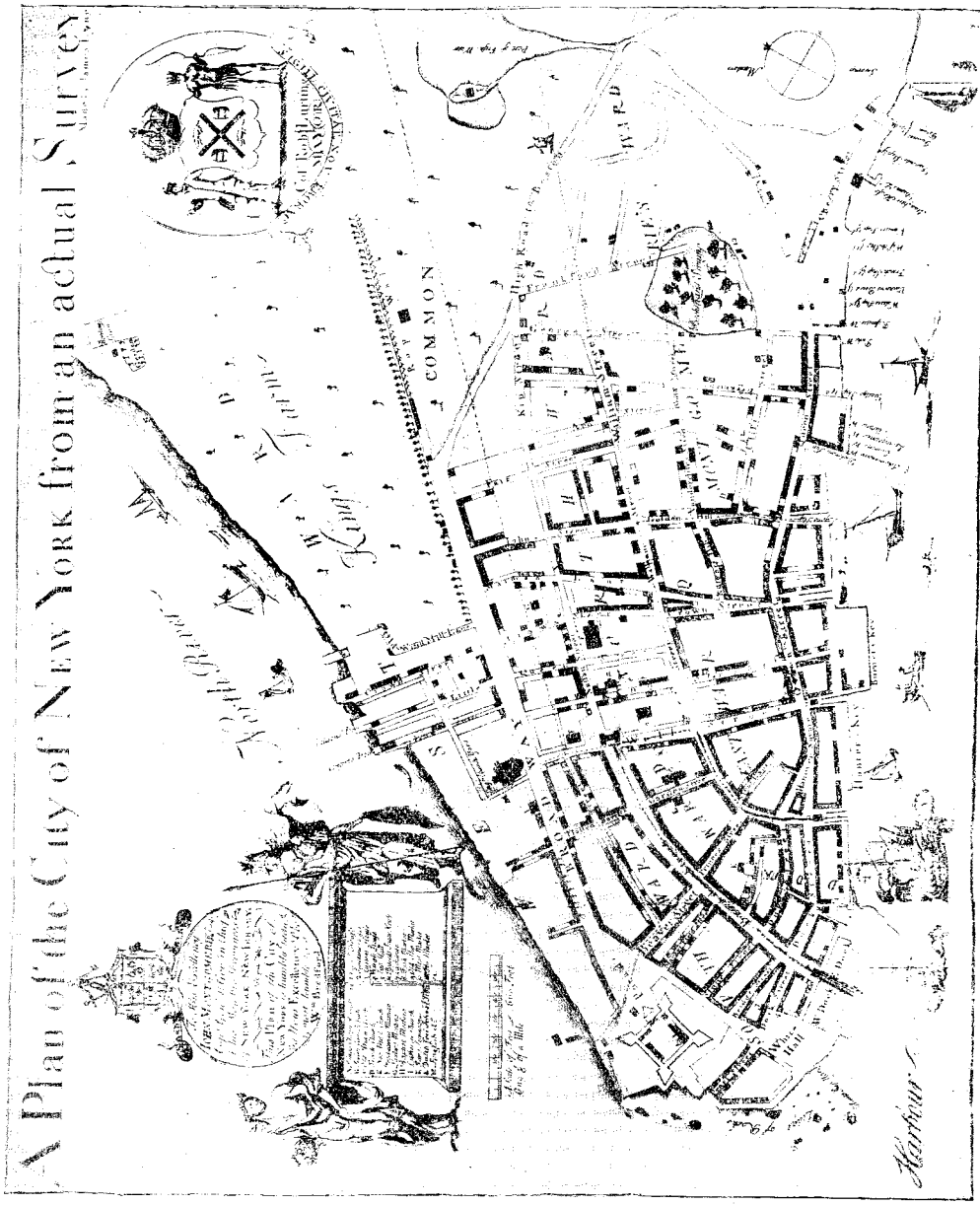

A REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MAP.
Measurement of the original in possession of W. L. Andrews, 22 x 17½ inches. The original in N. Y. Historical Society may vary slightly.

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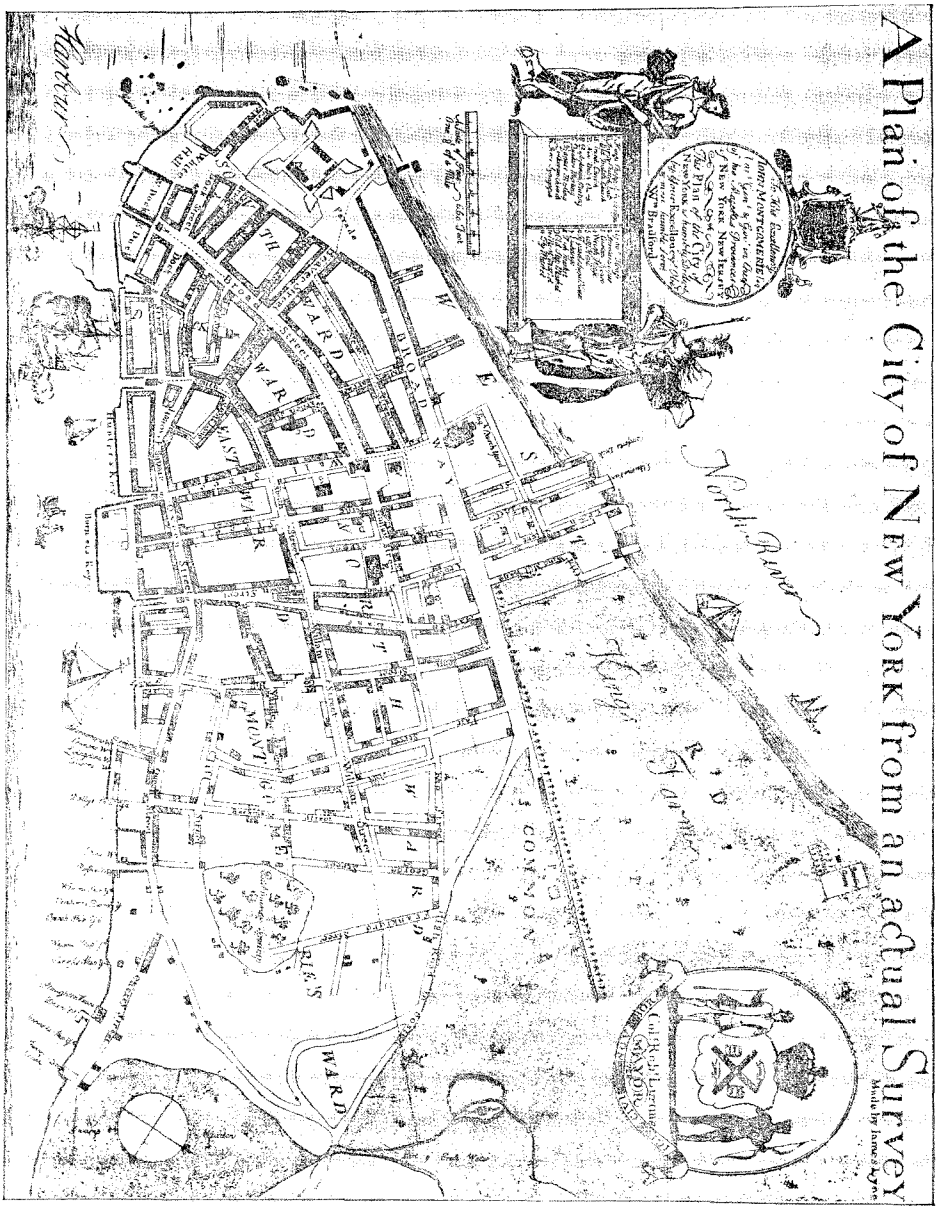

A REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL MAP.

Measurement of the copy in Valentine's "History of New York, 1853," scant 22 x 17 inches.

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Bradford map. This was as I expected, as I knew that General Wilson did not have, and I did not believe he would claim to have (which he writes me he does not), an impression of the map from the original copper-plate of William Bradford. I thereupon wrote to Mr. Fiske the following note:

DEAR SIR: In the Table of Contents of your book, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America,* you state that the map which appears at p. 258 of Vol. II. is a copy of an "original" loaned you by General Wilson, and you refer to one which you were informed by Mr. Eames of the Lenox Library was in my possession, which bore no date, from which circumstance you surmise that there may have been two states of the original James Lyne or (as it is better known) the Bradford map. You apparently were not aware that there are other considerable differences between the map in my possession and the copy you reproduce besides the absence of a date. I have found by experience that copies never follow faithfully the originals, and there is always a "tell-tale" somewhere.

This statement over your name, if erroneous, as I think you will find upon investigation that it is, is calculated to do much harm, as it will aid book and print dealers either to wittingly or ignorantly deceive their customers with the numerous copies of the Bradford map that are in circulation from the lithograph made by George Hayward in 1834, down to the reproductions of recent times, printed and published by the hundred for advertisement and other purposes. These have little value, but they are being continually palmed off upon the public as genuine impressions from the original copper-plate of William Bradford, at all sorts of prices. This statement in your book will be a service to print sellers which I am sure that, aware of its incorrectness, you would not desire to render.

I would have been glad to show you the original Bradford map, one of the two copies known to exist, and you would not then have been led astray by this old deception which has been again and again exposed, but which writers upon our local history cling to so tenaciously, as though they loved and could not bear to part with the pleasing delusion.

To this note, written several weeks ago, Mr. Fiske has so far made me no reply. If it did not miscarry in the mails, and Mr. Fiske received my communication, he has seen fit to answer it only by a silence which we are told is sometimes more eloquent than words.

A reduced fac-simile of one of these copies of the Bradford map, similar to the one in Mr. Fiske's book, appears in General Wilson's *Memorial History of the City of New York,* Vol. II., p. 185, and is described in a footnote as a *complete* copy of the map as it was printed by Bradford in 1728. I trust that for the sake of historical truth and accuracy General Wilson will correct this footnote in future editions of his *Memorial History,* and replace his reproduction of the copy with the imaginary date of 1728 with a fac-simile of the *original* Bradford map, a copy of which has lain open to inspection in the New York Historical Society for nearly a century, and made it all these long years as easy to be right as wrong in the matter.

The reports which come at intervals from North, South, East and West of the finding of original Bradford maps have in them an element of ludicrousness to any one familiar with the excessive rarity of engravings executed in this country at the period to which the map belongs, and the poverty of the arts in that distant time. I have been searching diligently for early American prints for more than thirty years, and I venture to make the assertion that not more than three or four impressions exist of *any* American engraving executed prior to the middle of the last century. Of the "Prospect of the Colledges in Cambridge in New England," produced by William Burgis in 1726, only one copy, fairly perfect, now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society (discovered accidentally), is known to exist. Of the re-impression of this plate, issued in 1739 or 1740, I have a perfect impression, with the exception of the title, and I know of no other in equally satisfactory state. The copy in Harvard College is in a very damaged condition (unless they have found another within the last few years), and the one in the Massachusetts Historical Society is thus described by the authorities of that institution: "So discoloured by time that portions of it are almost indistinguishable, and the panel upon which it was pasted had also become much warped and cracked."

Of the "View of the City of New York

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in 1717," by William Burgis (the most important and interesting of the early pictures of our city), there is but the one solitary copy owned by the New York Historical Society, and but two of the impressions from the same plate issued in 1746 are known—one in the above named institution, and one in the New York Society Library.

Of the "Northwest Prospect of Nassau Hall in New Jersey" (Princeton College), engraved by H. Dawkins, 1764 (?), the college itself has only, I am told, an imperfect copy, and I can learn of but two others, as to the state of preservation of which I am not clearly informed.

Of the Burgis engraving of the "New Dutch Church" (corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets), dedicated to the Honourable Rip Van Dam, Esq., which was executed probably about the year 1732, only one copy is positively* known to exist, and the same may be said of "A View of Castle William by Boston in New England," which was probably engraved by William Burgis at about the same period. It is natural to presume that these artists executed other engravings besides those we know which I have enumerated, not a vestige of which, apparently, remains.

We are not confronted with the same conditions with the engravings above named as those which exist in the case of the Bradford map, owing to the fortunate circumstance that no copies of the same size, or even approximately so, as far as I am aware, were ever made, otherwise we should be bothered in just the same way.

To point out to others their mistakes is not an agreeable task, but I could not see this erroneous statement in regard to the Bradford map receive a new endorsement and be given a fresh impulse and a still wider currency than it now enjoys without uttering a word of protest. A well-sponsored error possesses the gift of continuance in a superlative degree, and should be refuted at every opportunity. Once planted, either by accident or design, it propagates itself, and is more difficult to eradicate from the minds of men than is that pest, the Canadian thistle, from the field of the husbandman.

William Loring Andrews.

*There is a legend that another copy exists somewhere down in the wilds of Long Island, and will some day come to the New York Historical Society; but for at least twenty-five years to my own knowledge it has been a case of the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

UNLEAVENED BREAD*

As confession is good for the soul, it is, perhaps, just as well to state with perfect frankness that we began the reading of *Unleavened Bread* with a strong prejudice against it. The literary career of Mr. Robert Grant, as we had followed it from his undergraduate days at Harvard and from *The Little Tin Gods* down to the recent appearance of his *Search-Light Letters*, did not seem to mark him out as the sort of person who would write a well-sustained and satisfactory novel. In whatever he had written heretofore there had been no lack at times of a certain kind of cleverness and at other times of a certain shrewd and vigorous common sense, and sometimes there was found a happy combination of both these very admirable qualities. Yet, nevertheless, on laying down a book of Mr. Grant's we have always had the feeling that somehow or other he had just managed to miss success, to "muff" it, so to speak, and therefore in a way to belong to the category of entertaining amateurs. Moreover (to indulge in an extreme of esoteric frankness), we had of late been praising, almost without any qualification, several very admirable books; and lest our weapons of offense should grow rusty through disuse, we had cast about for the kind of book that should be to us a literary Agag, one that should permit us with a perfectly clear conscience to hew it to pieces. *Unleavened Bread* seemed likely to be just this sort of book. In the first place, there was our preconceived opinion of Mr. Grant. In the second place, there

*Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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was the preliminary booming of the book, expressed in terms that always rouse the honest critic's ire. Therefore, as has been already said, we perused the opening pages in the spirit of a conscientious Bludyer.

The book, however, has completely conquered us. It has triumphed both over our prejudices and over our purpose. Not only that, but a very careful reading of it compels us at the outset to say that no American writer for many years has wrought out a work of fiction so full of meaning, so admirable in its literary quality, and so large and comprehensive in its scope as this book of Mr. Grant's. We came to scoff, but we have remained to praise; and *Unleavened Bread* deserves not only all the praise that we shall give it, but a much more exhaustive and critical consideration than any that is possible to us in these pages at the present time.

Mr. Grant's novel has certain qualities about it which are rarely found in anything that resembles an harmonious combination. In the first place, it is a most accurate and adequate study of character. In the second place, it is a most interesting story, one which compels you to read it to the end and then to read it once again, in order to revert to certain passages and episodes of which the full significance is not clearly understood at the time of the first reading. Again, it is almost the only novel that we know of which can be called American in the true sense of that word. Some years ago, we had our say in the pages of this magazine regarding the oft-expected novel of American life that shall give something more than an impression of stray nooks and corners of our national domain and of our national life upon its social side; and we came then to the conclusion that no book had yet appeared which could rightly be regarded as being anything more than a Novel of Locality. We have had the New England novel from the hand of Mr. Howells; we have had the novel of New York from the hand of Mr. Matthews; we have had the novel from the Northwest from the hand of Mr. Garland; we have had novels of the South from the hand of Mr. Cable and others; and we have had imperfect novels of the Far West from the hand of Mr. Harte; but the American Novel we have never had. In *Unleavened Bread,* however, there is really something new—a recurrent perception of certain things which are not localised in our life, but which are as true of one section of our country as of another, and which are, therefore, broadly and significantly American. To this extent Mr. Grant may be said to have produced, if not the representative American novel which the world is waiting for, at least the nearest approximation to it that has yet been written.

Primarily, *Unleavened Bread* is the story of a woman, one Selma White, in whom we have the replica of a portrait which every one of us has seen a hundred times. It is a portrait of the woman bred up in some small American village and imbued, because of her environment and of her own temperament, with certain qualities that no experience can afterward eradicate. She is pretty and perhaps more than pretty, with a face thin, nervous and intense, and capable as well of expressing exaltation and emotion. "Her profile in her exalted mood suggested a beautiful but worried archangel;" her full face, which showed less clearly the thinness of her lips, suggested more of the attractiveness of sex. With an active brain, an unlimited ambition, a firm conviction of her own superiority to nearly every one she met, and with a real crudity and ignorance and inexperience of life, she represents not only a type of woman, but also the type of native American who renders the genuine civilisation and gradual enlightenment of our country so difficult a task. She represents, indeed, the sort of false Americanism that battens on its own ignorance and narrowness, that is petty, suspicious, small-minded and self-conscious, and yet that arrogates to itself all knowledge and boasts of its capacity for doing everything, without long training or real knowledge or true cultivation.

Selma White is also one of those exasperating human beings who are absolutely void of any basic principles, yet who at the same time are entirely and intensely conscientious. No matter what she does or what she urges others to attempt, she is convinced beyond any possibility of doubt that she is not only right, but that she is setting up a sort of standard of righteousness for all about her; that she is the embodiment of high-mindedness

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and truth, and above all, of the genuine American spirit. She feels herself almost divinely consecrated to some special mission, although the mission even to herself is wholly vague and undefined. Domestic life can never satisfy her; she is full of the strange restlessness that has got possession of so many women at the present time; she yearns to do something grand and epoch-making, and she feels that she has every gift and every faculty for its accomplishment. Yet withal, she is mean and jealous and unscrupulous and insincere, and at every turn of her existence she reveals her hopeless limitations, even though she wins at last what she esteems concrete success.

Selma's ambition, as her career develops, gradually crystallises into an intense longing for social recognition. When the story opens, we find her in a country village where anything like class distinction is unknown; and she gets her first understanding of such a distinction when she marries a "hustling" varnish manufacturer and makes her home with him in the small Western city of Benham, where she has a little house on the edge of the town, a house embellished with innumerable scrolls and flourishes and fancy glass, and with a stag of metal decorating the grass-plot in front of it. In this home, as Mrs. Lewis J. Babcock, she makes the discovery that there are persons who feel themselves to be of a different order from that to which she herself belongs. She is grieved to find that those who live to the west of Central Avenue are not given to associating with those who live upon the eastern side; and she resents the distinction as something outrageous, as something that ought not to be possible in a republic. As she gains more and more experience with time, she grows more and more conscious that this subtle, almost imperceptible dividing line is everywhere to be discovered. She professes to denounce it upon purely impersonal and democratic grounds. She will not acknowledge even to herself that it is in reality her own particular grievance, her own individual exclusion from certain sets and coteries, that are wormwood to her soul. Later, after divorcing her husband (the story of which affair is in itself a curious and interesting bit of realism) she marries a professional man of a very different type—a man of breeding and refinement and one who thinks that he has found in her a woman with whom he can share all his ideals. But in New York, where her husband takes a house for her, her social disappointment is intensified a thousandfold, until it becomes almost an agony. At this point, Mr. Grant introduces us to one Flossy Williams and her husband, two social climbers, who are exquisitely drawn. Flossy Williams is as much of a creation as is Selma herself, and Mr. Grant has wonderfully caught and vivified for us the curious combination of cleverness, audacity, good-nature and *verve* that carry Flossy up the heights. But Flossy's success is the one thing that most enrages Selma, until she exposes to her quasi-friend the ache from which she herself is suffering and draws out of her the following very frank little speech, which sets forth Selma as she is with a delicious fidelity to truth.

"I was saying that you were not fit to be a social success, and I'm going to tell you why. No one else is likely to, and I'm just mischievous and frank enough. You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate house-wives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage, and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you ever will understand, that a true lady—a genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready-made. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred women whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going."

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Perhaps of the justice of this estimate of Selma one may judge from the reply which Selma made, and which reminds us irresistibly of Mrs. Proudie's immortal exclamation, "Unhand me, sir!"

"Go!" cried Selma, with a wave of her arm. "Yes, I am one of those women. I am proud to be, and you have insulted by your aspersions not only me, but the spirit of independent and aspiring American womanhood. You don't understand us; you have nothing in common with us. You think to keep us down by your barriers of caste borrowed from effete European courts, but we—I—the American people defy you. The time will come when we shall rise in our might and teach you your place. Go! Envy you? I would not become one of your frivolous and purposeless set if you were all on your bended knees before me."

Selma, in her ambition to have everything and to be everything that her ambition suggests, hounds on her husband to extravagance, to speculation and to overwork. The one thing to which she cannot hound him is a violation of his professional ideals. He is an architect, and he will not accept commissions from those who treat him as they would treat a carpenter or a plumber, and who expect him to put his name to architectural monstrosities which they have themselves devised. In the end, and after he and Selma have lost all sympathy and all affection for each other, he dies an overwrought and disappointed man. Selma presently makes a third marriage with the lawyer who had been instrumental in securing a divorce for her from her first husband. This lawyer is on the eve of embarking upon the sea of politics, and here Selma finds another opening that seems to lead on to distinction, or, at any rate, to notoriety, which is to most Americans identical with fame. This husband is another clearly conceived and truthfully portrayed creation. It has been suggested to us often in private conversation that Mr. Grant had set before himself as a model a very distinguished living politician, when drawing the character of James O. Lyons, and that the unctuousness, the shrewdness, the touch of hypocrisy, and, for that matter, much of the ability of Selma's third husband are to be detected in the individual at whom we have just hinted. However this may be, Selma again begins her social climb once more, this time upon the political ladder. Her husband is elected Congressman, and she is for the moment supremely happy in the brass-bands and torchlight processions and oratory of the campaign, and happier still when with her husband she visits Washington and fondly imagines that now at last in a purely American way she has taken a short cut to social eminence. Garbed in her wedding gown, she attends a reception at the White House, her hair dressed as elaborately as possible, her person adorned with such jewelry as she possessed, and a bouquet of costly roses in her hand.

Her wish was to regard the function as the height of social demonstration, and she had spared no pains to make herself effective. She had esteemed it her duty to do so both as a Congressman's wife and as a champion of moral and democratic ideas.

Unfortunately, Flossy Williams also happens to be there, looking on with an amused curiosity. When Flossy discovers that Selma is taking the whole thing in a very serious way, she rather maliciously and with apparent artlessness pricks the bubble of Selma's vanity.

"To-night is the opportunity to see the queer people in all their glory—the woolly curiosities, as Gregory calls them. . . . Of course, every one connected with the government who desires to frequent Washington society and is socially available is received with open arms; but if people are not socially available, it by no means follows that they are able to command social recognition merely because they hold political office—except, perhaps, in the case of wives of the Cabinet, of the justices of the Supreme Court, or of rich and influential Senators, where a woman is absolutely bent on success and takes pains. I refer particularly to the wives, because a single man, if he is reasonably presentable and ambitious, can go about more or less, even if he is a little rough; for men are apt to be scarce. But the line is drawn on the women unless they are—er—really important, and have to be tolerated for official reasons. Now, every woman who is not *persona grata,* as the diplomats say, anywhere else, is apt to attend the President's reception in all her finery, and that's why I suggested that this sort of thing isn't exactly an edifying social event. It's amusing to come

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here now and then, just as it's amusing to go to a menagerie. You see what I mean, don't you?"

Selma, in fact, discovers that as the wife of a mere Congressman she is of little more importance in the particular way wherein she wishes to be of importance, than she was when she lived in the house that had the metal stag before it or than when she was the wife of the young and still obscure young architect. Yet she has learned that there are political heights which rise to social altitudes as well, and she sets her heart upon becoming the wife of a Senator of the United States. Her husband, as the result of a private transaction with a representative of a great corporate interest, is elected Governor; and when one of the Senators from the State dies suddenly, the way to the Senate is open to him, save for one embarrassing fact. To carry out the bargain by which he was elected, Governor Lyons must sign a certain bill. He had given his word to do so, and it was that promise which had secured not only his election, but his relief from threatening pecuniary ruin. Nevertheless, if he signed the bill, which was unpopular, he could not hope to be elected Senator. Here Selma comes forward and convinces him that he is under no obligation to keep his word; that in the interest of American ideals and as a matter of conscience, he must forget his obligation and must secure the Senatorship. She and Lyons play the hypocrite together, and in the name of virtuous Americanism the bill is vetoed and the Governor becomes a Senator.

Unleavened Bread has the rare merit of growing more and more absorbingly interesting as it nears the end. No casual review can do justice to the admirable skill which Mr. Grant has shown in the development and conduct of the story, nor can we give an adequate idea of the point, the keenness and the pungency with which he has hit off a thousand little things, each of which, in itself, is of no particular importance, but all of which when taken together make the book a marvellous picture of American life today. The social part of it and the political part of it deserve equal praise; and while the local colour—whether the scene be Benham or New York or Washington—is perfect, the story as a whole is free from localism and is absolutely national.

A word of criticism is inevitable, yet it relates only to minute details. We think that Mr. Grant has almost reached the verge of caricature when he represents Selma on her arrival in New York as wondering whether at some social function she may not have an opportunity to declaim "Curfew Must Not Toll Tonight" or "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" That is just a little too much for our credulity. Again, Mr. Grant has inadvertently and, we think, quite unnecessarily, mentioned that the action of his story takes place in the early seventies. He did not need to fix the chronology at all; and this particular chronology is obviously quite untrue, for the time of the story is really the time in which we are now living; and when he reaches New York he proves our case by mentioning the fact of Selma's going to the Empire Theatre. The whole atmosphere, moreover, is that of the late nineties, which greatly adds to the interest of the book; and why on earth Mr. Grant wanted to worry us and give us the shock of his numerous anachronisms we cannot possibly imagine. For these anachronisms *were* a shock, and they led to a certain feeling of apprehension lest after Selma had visited the Empire Theatre she should partake of a midnight supper at Rector's and then go home in an automobile.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XXVII.—*Continued.*

The ground was slowly covered, fields of corn, open pasture, waste briar patches and woodlands. The Stringtown pike was crossed below the village, and on the return circuit crossed again above it, near the home of the old Kentucky gentleman; the Mt. Carmel pike was also crossed and the heavy beechwood at the junction was passed, and yet no evidence of the movements of the dog and master could be heard other than the sound made by an occasional broken stick or rustling of the bushes. Then, at last, the discouraged negro realised that he had completed the circuit of the village, for he stood near the spot where the circle began. The old man called his dog, and when he approached spoke to him as only a deeply earnest negro of the olden time can speak to a dumb brute. "De sign wah bad, fo' et wah de lef' toe, but didn't Cupe go back an' start ag'in? De ebil ob de sign wah cha'med away suah. De fault am not wid de nigger, but wid de dawg. Yo' am not wo'kin', Gawge, yo' hab been foolin' yoah time away." The harangue ended with a threat and the information that the village must again be tramped about and that the next circle must be larger. Again the two companions started around the village, but before doing so receded from the previous circle, so that this circuit would be much greater than the other. Patiently they passed over the land as they had done before, until the Stringtown pike below the village was reached. At this point, just as the negro prepared to climb the rail fence, he stopped, and then sank upon the ground. "Stan' still, Gawge," he slowly muttered; "dah am danger in de ole pike; stan' still."

Peering through the rails, the kneeling negro saw, first, two silent horsemen approach; following which came a troop of about a hundred men, riding two abreast. When opposite the negro the troop halted, and then from beneath an adjacent tree a slight figure slipped to the side of the leader of the band, spoke a few words and disappeared toward the village. The troop resumed its way, and at last, about as far behind the cavalrymen as the advance guard had preceded them, came the rear-guard, a pair of horsemen.

The tramp of the horses' feet, the occasional rattling of a sabre against a wooden stirrup, the smothered cough of an afflicted horseman and the cavalcade that had been pictured against the starry skies disappeared in the gloom.

"Dah am sow'er comin' ter some one ternight; de cav'lry don't trabel at midnight fo' fun. Some rebel boy'll be to'n from de muddah what he come home ter see befo' dis raid am obah. Ef I knowed who dem blue coats wah ahftah! Damn dat young cuss, dah am mischief in de air, but dah am uddah wo'k fo' Cupe ter-night. Dah am trouble fo' uddahs es well es de rebel boy."

He moved on; the two pikes were crossed, the shadows of the beechwood were traversed and the second circuit of the village nearly completed when a cry from the dog broke upon the air, a cry that brought old Cupe to a stop so sudden that the foot was arrested in the air, slowly lowered, and then the negro fell upon his knees. No whistle broke from his lips this time, no scolding of George Washington, but in its stead the murmured words: "De Lawd be praised! stan' still, Gawge Washington. De track ob de chile am foun'. Steady, Gawge, stan' steady, Gawge Washington." Rising, he advanced to the spot from whence the cry had arisen, and kneeling again beside the dog, the thankful negro burst into tears and threw his arms about the dumb brute's neck. As he knelt thus, the full moon slowly arose, for the night had half wasted away, and yet not until it threw a broad glare did patient Cupe give the command to move onward. Then he said: "Slow, Gawge. Go ter Susie, Gawge. Steady, ole man," and the dog leaped into the darkness.

The slow, creeping motion that had characterised the movements of Cupe during the night now changed to a trot; the steps were long, and the eager negro rapidly covered the ground. A melodious howl came regularly from the throat of his unseen leader, a howl that to Cupe's practised ear was sufficient to keep him fast in the trail. He used his eyes to avoid obstructions, but relied

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solely on his ears to keep track of the dog. The moon rose high into the heavens; woodland, meadow and thicket were trodden with no change in the cry of the dog, no sound from the lips of his master. The child had wandered in zigzag lines, had struggled through briars and bushes, over hills and through valleys—if, indeed, the dog were trailing the child. At last even Cupe grew doubtful, and whistled, which signal was understood as a command to stop. On reaching the brute, who in obedience rested in his tracks, the negro spoke as follows:

"Am yo' lyin', Gawge, am yo' lyin' er tellin' de truff? Ef de chile hab been wha' yo' hab trabeled, de yinnercent hab walked her legs off. Am yo' lyin', Gawge?" Stopping in the middle of the sentence, the speaker reached out his hand and picked from a briar a small piece of cloth, which he held before his eyes.* The light of the moon fell full upon the fragment, and then Cupe completed the broken sentence—"An' heah am de ansah—yo' am tellin' de truff. Go ter Susie, Gawge, go ter Susie."

Back and forth, in and out, the man followed the cry of his dog that night, ever intent on the object of his search, hoping each moment to hear the bay announcing that the child had been found at last. But there came no change of note; the monotonous howl that first struck the ear was maintained, until at last a great loop had been made, and the step of the master, following the cry of the dog, turned toward a spot well known to the superstitious negro. Nearer and yet nearer they drew to the point that disturbed the mind of the slave, until at last he could no longer control his fear, but whistled to his companion, and together they came to a stand on the top of a grassy ridge.

"Yo' bettah go slow, Gawge. Dah am danger in de air ef yo' go inter de ha'nted hollah widout de cha'm. God bress de rabbet what cross de paff an' send us back fo' de cha'm. Hole still, Gawge;" and taking from his pocket a rabbit foot attached to a string, the negro hung it around the neck of his dumb friend. He drew another rabbit-foot charm from the same pocket and threw it around his own neck. "Go slow, Gawge, de debbil am in Bloody Hollah. God help de chile ef de debbil fin' her dah." The rabbit-foot charm even seemed not altogether to remove the distrust of the old man, who glanced uneasily about as he moved slowly into the valley. He mumbled to himself, possibly reciting a word charm, but still he kept bravely after the yelping hound.

At this point, when the dog had reached the base of the hill, he gave a yelp so different from the monotonous cry that had preceded it that even an inexperienced person would have noticed the change of tone. It was a single, sharp yelp, followed by a loud, long cry that made the valley echo. The negro rushed forward, careless alike of ghost or goblin; and there, reclining on the grass, her head pillowed on a hillock that the slave knew only too well, rested the object of the search.

The dog stretched himself upon the earth, licking the hand of his young mistress, and the moonlight threw its mellow rays over the spot where, as the reader may recall, transpired the weird moonlight scene in which I was once concerned.

The awestruck negro wasted no time; he raised the girl in his arms and rapidly left the valley of evil omens. His faithful dog, his night work over, weary and exhausted, with hanging head, followed at his heels. The grey of morning mingled itself with the silver light of the moon as Cupe opened the door of his cabin, where old Dinah, ready dressed, sat waiting for her husband. She gave a cry of joy as she recognised her young mistress; but Cupe, with the proverbial gruffness of such as he, said:

"Shet yoah mouf, yo' fool nigger, an' don't yo' wake de honey chile. Give Gawge Washington his suppah, fo' he hab done his wo'k."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We of Stringtown slept during the passing of the squad of cavalry which Cupe saw tramping up the pike, and we also slept while the same raiding troop returned from a saddened household with a single prisoner, the rebel son of Mr. Nordman. And if Stringtown knew nothing of this tramp of a hundred horses, how could she have been aware of the stealthy footsteps of the old slave who that night had twice encircled her outskirts? Why should she awaken, when from a distance the old hound raised his voice beside the negro who searched for the lost footsteps of the wandering child?

Sleep wrapped the residents of this village during Cupe's tramp, but when morning came her people with unabating energy renewed their search. Aid was solicited from

*With apologies to the author of *Leather-Stocking.*

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the country about, dogs were employed, but either the trail had cooled or the strange dogs were not gifted as was George Washington, for they found no trace of the wanderer's track. A party of seekers straggled to the cabin of Cupe, who sat as usual beside the cabin door, his old dog asleep at his side.

"Yo' don't pertend ter say dat yo' hain't foun' de chile yit?"

"No signs of her. Lend us George; perhaps he can strike the trail."

"Yo' am welcum ter de dog, but he am no 'count. He am like his ma'se. He don't trail de 'possum an' de coon now, he hain't got sense nuff in his ole head fo' huntin'. Go wid de gem'n, Gawge; git up, yo' lazy houn', an' go wid de gem'n!"

The visitors whistled to the dog, which listlessly and with drooping head followed them from the door.

"Ya, ya," said Cupe, when the men had disappeared, yo' am bu'n' yoah candle at de wrong end when yo' walk 'way from dis cabin. Yo' might es well look fo' an eah ob co'n wid thirteen rows es ter look fo' de gearl wha' yo' am gwine."

In a short time old George slunk back and resumed his former location. Cupe still rested beside the door, Dinah sat in the back doorway; no other person was to be seen.

Stringtown's search continued until, after several days had passed, hope departed from every breast. The child was given up as lost. Rumours arose that could not be traced to any authentic source, and yet were passed from mouth to mouth, to the effect that Susie had straggled to the pike and was found by a band of Northern soldiers marching south, who carried the homeless waif away. This rumour grew into accepted fact when a soldier on furlough, returning from the front, stopped at one of the Stringtown taverns and told of a child who, petted by her new-found friends, was now in the Army of the Cumberland.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Took yoah las' look at de ole plantation, Dinah, res' yoah eyes fo' de las' time on de lan' wha' yo' wah bo'n. De fragrance ob de co'n when et am in silk, de bread what yo' make wid de frosted 'simmon an' de cracklin', de sweet-'tater an' 'possum am no mo'ah fo' yo'. De lan' ob yoah fahdah am no mo'ah yoah home; trial an' sow'er am ter come fo' de two ole niggers in de cole Canerdy country."

Dinah, sitting in the doorway, made no reply.

"When Cupe go las' night ter wha' de ole house wah, he feel de touch ob de sperrit ob de dead. He look at de spot wha' de bed ob de missus stan' de night de blos'm wah bo'n, an' he speak ter de missus like es ef she wah by his side, an' den he lis'n fo' de ansah. Dah wa'n't no soun' ob voice, but de ansah come out ob de air an' out ob de moonlight."

Dinah remained silent, and for a long time Cupe sat mute, lost in meditation.

"De ansah say dat de grabe hab cubahed de body ob de missus an' de body ob de ma'se, an' dat de blos'm chile am dead an' buried an' dat Cupe hab done de long-made promise out. Et say dat when de dead am satisfied de backward wo'k ob man am done."

Dinah looked into the face of her husband and asked: "Am yo' suah de dead am satisfied?"

"Suah. Dinah, I is suah. De switch ob de weepin' willer tree droop down an' hang long obah de spot wha' Cupe stick de twig obah sweet missus' grabe; de cedah bough cubahs de grabe ob de chile she call her blos'm. Dah am no yaller clay ter be seen, but dah am trouble yit. Dah am trouble comin'."

"What yo' see ter pint ter new trouble?"

"When I s'arch in de bed ob de sage, dah wah many young sage plants growin'; dey am mo'ah dan a ninch high. Et wah not a week sense Cupe scratch dat bed obah, an' now de seed am up. Dah am trouble fo' de man what plant de seed ob sage an' trouble fo' him who let de sage seed sprout."*

"De sage am a suah sign. But am de sperrit ob ole ma'se satisfied?"

Low and husky was the reply. "He am walkin' yit, but dat don't consarn us niggers. He swar' at de unbo'n babe, he cuss de new-made muddah, an' he mus' walk fo' his own sins."

"An' Susie?"

"Et am fo' de good ob dat chile dat de change mus' come ter yo' an' me. Kin we keep her cubahed ferebah? She am sittin' in de cabin in de mahn'n an' in de cabin in de ebenin'. She am in de cabin all day long. She go out wid Cupe in de night fog fo' a breff ob air, but de eyes am heavy an' de mist hang low. She mus' hab sunshine, an' dah ain't no chance heah."

"An' yo'll lebe de home wha' yo' wah bo'n, de lan' wha' yo' always lib, de grabe ob de

*To plant sage seed is a sign of death or severe sickness to one of the family.

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ole fo'ks an' de chillun fo' de sake ob de strange chile?"

"Doan I tole yo' so?"

"But yo' am not yoah own ma'se, an' I am not yoah nigger? *Yo'* can't lebe an' I can't go."

"De papahs of freedom wah drawn up by de missus befo' she go ter glory, de papahs am ready fo' de Cou't."

"Fo' bof ob us?"

"Fo' Cupe."

"An' yo' 'ud hab Dinah run 'way like de fiel' nigger do."

"Dah ain't no youse in yargyin' wid a woman," indignantly replied Cupe. "Shet up yoah brack mouf, Dinah, git yoah duds ready fo' de long journey."

At this point a slight change in the intensity of the light in the room caught the eye of the alert old man. *"Tsich,"* he whispered, "dah am a shadder on de flo'; tu'n yoah eyeball back, Dinah, an' tole me what yo' see befo' de back winder."

Cautiously the old woman raised her head so that a side glance could be taken of the window back of Cupe.

"Et am a boy."

"An' de head ob de boy am red, Dinah?"

"Suah."

"Wha' am Susie?"

"Playin' wid de gourd doll."

"An' de boy kin see de chile?"

"He am lookin' at de chile."

"De deed mus' be done; de Red-Head Boy hab seed de gearl, de spell am wo'kin'. Gawge"—and Cupe addressed his sleeping dog—"Gawge, *tsich!* tree 'em, Gawge! tree 'em quick!"

Bounding through the open door, the dog made a circuit around the house, and at once a cry of distress came from the window where the head of the boy had appeared. Shuffling through the door and around the cabin, Cupe found his dog standing over the prostrate but unhurt form of the "Red-Head" Boy, him we have met before and of whom we have heard more than once.

"An' yo' hab come at las', yo' ebil-spell chile!" Cupe gave this welcome and glared down into the face of the defiant boy, who scowled back at the old slave. "An' so de debbil hab sent yo' es de spell p'dicted, yo' red-head cuss. De spell what say dat Cupe an' Dinah an' de chile mus' lebe dere home, an' dat when de doah am closed at las' yo' will sit alone in de cabin."

Taking the prostrate boy by the ear, Cupe raised him to his feet, and face to face the two scowled a moment in silence. Then, still holding the ear firmly, the negro led the boy to the door of the cabin. "Brung my hat, Dinah, an' brung de bot'l' what stan' on de shelf."

"De bot'l' am empty."

"Did I ax yo' fo' a full bot'l', yo' fool nigger? What fo' yo' talk back? Brung me de bot'l' on de shelf like I says."

This order brought the desired bottle, a pint flask. Putting it into his pocket, old Cupe spoke to the boy:

"Ef yo' fool wid Cupe, yo' am foolin' wid yoah life, yo' east Kaintuck scrub stock. What fo' yo' stop in God's country. Why doan yo' go on ter Posey County, Engiany, wha' de likes ob yo' b'long?"

The boy made no reply.

"I was stan'n' by de Stringtown pike when de wagon what held yoah debbilish carcass come down from de Kaintuck mount'ns, an' jes den de ho'ses stop fo' res'. Dah wah two scrawny ho'ses, foah dawgs, a coop ob chickens, a man an' woman, a lot ob dirty chillun an' yoah Red Head."

No reply from the boy.

"An' when de quistion wah axed, 'Wha' yo' come from?' de ansah ob de man what dribe wah, 'East Kaintuck Mount'ns.' An' when de quistion wah axed, 'Wha' yo' gwine ter?' de ansah wah, 'Posey County, Engiany.'"

No answer.

"Why yo' stop in Kaintuck, yo' red-head cuss? Why yo' not go on ter Posey County, Engiany, wid de tribe what brung yo'?"

"Old Nordman is my uncle; I came to live with him."

"An' yo' brung shame on yoah uncle fo' habin' sech kin. Yo' come from East Kaintuck ter lib wid yoah Uncle Nordman, but de man who dribe dat wagon didn't go on; he stop in de city an' jine in de blue-coat army. De moonlight am not bright, but Cupe am a nigger—he kin see in de night. Dat feller wah de man who cap'ned de cavalry on de Stringtown pike de uddah night, when yo' slip from undah de tree an whispah in his eah. He wah de man."

"I'll get even with yo', yo' black nigger, fer I've seen the girl, an' I'll tell where she is."

"Yo' will?"

"Yes, an' I'll get the fifty dollars too. Mr. Wagner hes offered fifty dollars fer news of her."

"Pint yoah nose fo' home an' walk slo', yo' debblish imp; ef yo' run, de teef ob de dawg'll make yo' wish yo' had gone on wid de East Kaintuck litter an' crost de ribbah, wha de likes ob yo' b'long."

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The boy did not move nor say a word.

"Tu'n yoah face to'ard de pike like I tole yo'! Move, yo' sorrel top, er I'll pull dis eah out by de root."

The boy sullenly obeyed, but it was evident that Cupe designed to accompany him. With the old dog in front and the negro close behind, the unlucky youth set out toward the village. Before reaching it, however, under command of Cupe, his course was changed, and passing through the fields along the village outskirts the group struck the pike near the house of Mr. Nordman, who, as usual on summer afternoons, was sitting on the front porch of the old colonial mansion.

On entering the yard Cupe took off his hat, and with true Southern darkey manner made low obeisance to the owner of the house. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, he said: "Dah am sadness obah yoah face, Ma'se Nordman, an' I 'spec' dah am sow'er obah de hea't ob de missus ter-day."

"Yes, Cupe, we are in trouble."

"An' well yo' may sow'er, fo' dah am trouble in de house an' dah am trouble out ob de house. Yo' will 'scuse de nigger fo' sayin' et?"

"Say on."

"Yo' am sow'erin' fo' de chile, de rebel boy, what come ter see his muddah?"

"Yes."

"How come de Yankee sojers ter fin' out he wah home?"

"God only knows, Uncle Cupe. I did not think that I had an enemy in the world capable of stooping to such an act."

At this juncture the Red-Head Boy attempted to walk away. Cupe eyed him as he turned toward the corner of the house and mildly observed:

"Chile, yo' needn't go; bettah yo' stay an' heah de conbersashun out, case Cupe hab sump'n' ter show yo' in de pike when he go back." The boy took the seemingly artless words as a command; he returned reluctantly and sat down on the edge of the porch.

"De Stringtown fo'ks doan know de rebel boy wah home?"

"Yes; many of them called to see him, but no man in Stringtown would inform on him."

"His bruddah, Ma'se Jim, de Yankee cap'n, had be'n home too."

"Yes; they met by appointment."

"Yo' hain't no cause ter 'spichen none ob de niggers?"

"No, Cupid; not one but would have made any sacrifice for that boy. His old auntie is crying now in the cabin."

"Yo' hain't no cause ter 'spichen no one on de place an' no cause ter 'spichen no one in de town? Monstrous strange! I 'spec' de Yankees jes happen ter come in de night an' dey jes happen ter stop befo' yoah house. Pow'ful cur'us. Dey station dere men at de back an' at de front ob de house—jes happen ter do it; dey make a ring ob muskets in de moonlight all 'roun' de mansion. Den dat loud knock come on de doah, de sleepin' chile wah pulled out ob bed, de han'cuffs slip obah his wrists, an' he wah put on de back ob one ho'se what jes happen ter hab an empty saddle."

"Yes, so it seems," answered Nordman meditatively.

"De sojers come wid only one empty saddle?"

No response.

"Dey go no farder up de pike, but tu'n back ag'in?"

No reply.

"De niggers wah cryin', de muddah wah cryin', de ole man wah swarin' in hims hea't an' keepin' up a monstrous t'inkin', he am t'inkin' an' swarin' yit. But yoah t'inkin' doan do no good, de feller what tole on de boy am not foun'."

"No."

"Do yo' know who cap'ned de blue coats?"

"He did not come into the house. However, he only did his duty unless—" the old man paused.

Suddenly changing the subject, the negro said: "Yo' mus' 'scuse de pertness ob de quistions, but yo' know dat Cupe hab be'n in trouble too;" he held up his branded hand and displayed the livid mark in its palm, "an' dis am de fust chance he hab had ter git de inwardness ob dis painful yocasion. Cupe didn't come ter see yo' ter be 'quisitive, he come ter ax ef yo' 'ud do him de kindness yo' hab done so offen?"

A smile came over the face of the old Kentucky gentleman, and he thumped with his cane on the floor of the porch. A negro lad, dressed in a single garment that was sleeveless, beltless, legless (a Lindsey shift), in obedience to the call soon stood before him.

"Pig, take Cupe's bottle."

Cupe took the empty flask from his pocket and handed it to the lad.

"Fill it out of the second barrel in the far cellar."

Cupe made his best courtesy and the boy disappeared, to return shortly, holding the bottle filled with the amber liquid.

"T'ank yo', Ma'se Nordman, yo' liben de sperrit an' gladden de hea't ob de nigger. Ef yo' wan' Cupe ter sarve yo', a word am all yo' need say." He turned to go, then sud-

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denly resumed the thread of his former conversation.

"Ef yo' fin' dat de feller what cap'ned de sojers know de chile wah home an' set de trap ter cotch him?"

"If I could find the scoundrel I'd shoot him on sight."

"An' ef yo' fin' de feller what tole de sojers on de honey?"

"I'll shoot him like a dog."

The old darkey chuckled, courtesied low and turned again to depart. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said: "May de chile sittin' at yoah feet, de boy yo' am so kind ter, come ter de pike wid Cupe? Dah am a cur'us track in de dust dat might yinterest de boy."

"Go," said Mr. Nordman.

Passing together to the edge of the pike, as if they were the best of friends, Cupe leaned over and pointed toward the smooth furrows in the dust; but this was merely a blind, for no track was to be seen. Then, head to head, he addressed the boy as follows:

"An' yo' come from East Kaintuck wid yoah mount'n manners. Yo' eat yoah own kinfo'ks dah, yo' 'possum, an' yo' b'gin yoah debbilment heah by bitin' de han' ob de man what feed yo', an' who ain't no 'spichen ob de sin in yoah hea't. De wicked deed am done an' can't be undone, er Cupe 'ud squeeze yoah neck like es de pahson did de colonel." Pointing into the dust, the earnest negro continued: "Yo' saw Susie in de cabin?"

The boy did not reply.

"Ansah de quistion; yo' saw Susie in de cabin?"

"Yes."

"Ef yo' say one word ter man er chile 'bout de gearl, Cupe'll tole Ma'se Nordman 'bout what *he* saw when yo' meet de sojers on de Stringtown pike de night de raid wah made. Ef yo' whispah de fac' to any man Cupe'll choke yoah life out fust, an' tell Ma'se Nordman 'bout who cap'ned de raiders second. So suah es God made Adam, yo' debbil from East Kaintuck, ef ha'm come ter de Susie chile, yoah Red Head'll stop hatchin' debbilment in de lan' wha' yo' hab no bis'ness ter be. Min' yoah mouf now, keep yoah han' off dat fifty dollahs and sabe yoah neck."

Straightening up, old Cupe courtesied once more to the gentleman on the distant porch, and, together with his dog, passed from sight.

CHAPTER XXX.

Returning to the cabin, the negro resumed his usual position in the chair beside the door, first, however, handing Dinah the bottle, which, in consequence of having been sampled on his return trip, was not now entirely filled. But before it reached her hand the wary old man put his finger on the vial, close to the upper surface of the liquid, and remarked: "De lickah am heah, yo' kin see de top mark; don't yo' let none ob et sweat fru de glass while Cupe am gone."

Long he sat in meditation, chewing wisps of tobacco which from time to time he stripped from the ever-present hand of the leaf above his head. Finally he arose, took a spade, and strode into the garden, back to the lone graveyard. Digging next to the foot-stone that marked the resting-place of his mistress of other years he unearthed a large closed stone jar. Removing the cover, he took therefrom an oblong tin box, again covered the jar, returned the soil and carefully sodded the disturbed earth's surface. Taking the box in his arms, he carried it to the stable, and there thrust it into an empty meal sack, which he then threw over his shoulder. Returning to the house, he spoke to Dinah as follows: "Yo' know de papah what de muddah ob Susie wrote an' lebe in yoah charge?"

"Yes."

"She say ter yo' dat ef de painfulness ob her life ebah had ter be known, dat de papahs wah ter be used fo' de sake ob de chile."

"Dat am what she say."

"Brung me de papahs, Dinah; dat time am come."

Dinah hesitated.

"Doan yo' heah? Am yo' gittin' deaf er losin' yoah senses? Yo bettah be keerful, yo' hain't got much sense ter lose."

Moving to a cupboard, Dinah dived her hand into its corner and produced a package neatly tied up in newspaper. This she handed to Cupe, who, having deposited it in the sack, which he then threw across his shoulder, shuffled toward the village of Stringtown, the old dog with nose against the ground trotting lazily at his heels. Dinah in the doorway watched the retreating figure. Mumbling to herself, and accompanying her voice with an occasional shake of the head, she stood long after the form disappeared; then returning into the cabin, she glanced at the little bed where Susie, tired of play, had carelessly thrown herself and fallen asleep. She hesitated a moment lingeringly, and then went straight to the mantelpiece, taking therefrom the bottle Cupe had brought from Mr. Nordman's. Carefully tying a thread around the bottle, exactly on the top line of the liquid, she uncorked the vial, raised

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it to her lips and drank a deep draught, half emptying it; then, smacking her lips, she stepped to the water bucket, and poured water into the bottle until the liquid's surface struck the thread again, which latter she then removed. Finally she replaced the bottle on the shelf.

"Yo' am a sly old fox, Cupe Hardman, yo' am a sly ole coon, but Dinah—" Whatever she might have intended saying as a continuation of her soliloquy was lost, for, glancing at the little bed, she again caught sight of the sleeping face of Susie.

Dropping on her knees, the old negress clapped her lips upon the delicate hand that lay upon the white coverlet, and murmured:

"De win' blow cole an' de snow am deep in de Canerdy country; de nigger lub de Kaintuck sunshine, de sweet-'tater an' de 'possum; de grabe ob de ole fo'ks an' de chillun am bery deah ter de brack fo'ks' hea't, an' de cabin an' de fr'en's what lib in ole Kaintuck am prec'us. But when Cupe say ter Dinah, fo' de good ob de chile, de deed mus' be done, Dinah'll let de fiah go out on de cabin harf, an'll close de cabin doah; she'll took a las' look at de ole home, an' wid Cupe an' de honey chile'll slip away in de night."

The head of the negress fell upon the coverlet, her eyes sought the bottle on the mantlepiece. Long she rested in this position, then attempted to rise, but irresistible languor held her in place. She reached up her hand, pointed to the vial, and wanderingly spoke: "Yo' wah sweet ter de taste, yo' honey bot'l', but yo' can't tole Cupe nuffin, fo' de line am on de mark." Her eyes closed dreamily and she mumbled: "De Canerdy lan' am cole an' de grabes ob de missus an' de chillun am deah, but fo' de good ob de chile an' de lub ob ole Cupe, Dinah'll close de cabin doah ferebah."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Trudging through the gathering dusk of that same evening, Cupe, with sack over his back and four-footed comrade at his heels, reached the outskirts of Stringtown. Climbing the fence about one of the back lots, near one of the frame houses, he struck an alleyway, that led to the pike. Walking then along the sidewalk, he reached the door of Mr. Wagner. Once before, with heavy heart, bearing the clothing of Susie, he had stood before that door, and having delivered his bundle had retreated with heavy heart. Now again with another bundle he stood on the same spot, hat in hand, his white head conspicuous in the gloom. Mr. Wagner opened the door, and recognising Cupe, invited him in.

"You may drop your sack by the side of the door; it will be perfectly safe."

"Ef et am de same ter yo', Ma'se Wagnah, I'll sot et inside de room."

"Certainly, do as you choose."

Cupe not only "sot et inside de room," but he deposited it at his very feet, standing bareheaded beside the odd-looking package.

Mr. Wagner made no attempt to induce the visitor to be seated, knowing that Cupe's negro training would not allow him to sit in the parlour of a white man. Looking about the room, Cupe spied upon the wall a trinket that once belonged to Susie. Opening the conversation after the manner of the negro, he addressed the trinket instead of Mr. Wagner.

"An' wha' es de Susie gearl what carry yo' in her han'? Am yo' lonesome in de silence, do yo' lis'n fo' de tongue ob de pert chile dat am gone?"

Mr. Wagner could but feel a pang of remorse. He discerned instantly that Cupe was speaking to him, though addressing the senseless trinket.

Turning from that Cupe directly asked: "An' hab yo' hea'd any news from de honey gearl?"

"None, excepting the statement of the furloughed soldier, who saw a child in camp before Murfreesboro."

"An' did yo' send a man ter see ef et wah Susie?"

"Yes; but he could find no trace of her. The Army of the Cumberland is constantly changing its location, and there has been heavy fighting. Cupe, God knows that I thought I was doing my duty to the child. Would that she were in her old home with you again!"

"Yoah yintention wah good, Ma'se Wagnah, an' Cupe don't bear no blame ter yo'. De trouble wah dat yo' tried ter cross Prov'dence an' ter bre'k de wo'kin' ob de sign. Cupe hab ter say es how *he* am ter blame fo' de crime, an' not yo'."

"You, Cupid! Why, you begged for possession of your charge. Your pleadings brought tears to my eyes, your voice has never left my ears. Had I listened to your supplication, Susie would have been a happy child in your cabin now."

"Et wah de Cou't an' not yo', Ma'se Wagnah. Yo' did de bidein' ob de law, but de law am not es strong es de sign, fo' de sign am de bidein' ob God. Et wah Cupe who es ter blame, doan I tole yo', fo' he lose his head when de day ob trouble hove in sight."

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"How were you to blame?"

"Ef Cupe had had his wits, he 'ud hab brought de sack yo' see on de flo'. De fool nigger lose his sense."

Mr. Wagner looked inquiringly toward the sack.

"Ef yo'll lis'n ter Cupe he'll tole yo' what he should hab said de day yo' come fo' Susie."

"Go on."

Standing on the floor, the old man told a story the pathos of which lifeless print cannot reproduce. He forgot himself, he lost sight of his hearer, his tongue, keeping time with his vivid memory, became eloquent, as the words fell from his lips.

"De day what perish long ago wah gone. Et went inter de da'kness when ole Ma'se Hardman wah foun' dead in Bloody Hollah. De niggers shet demselbs in de cabin, skeahed nigh ter deff. De witches wah plattin' de ho'ses' tail in de bahn, de owl wah sittin' in de top ob de hick'ry tree lookin' mighty wise, but sayin' not a word. De sign wah in de air, an' Cupe go out in de night an' look in de watah ob de spring an' read de word. Et say dat young ma'se 'ud die on de New Yeah night es yo' know he did die, an' dat Susie chile 'ud come es she did come, an' et say mo'ah dan dat; but yo' am consarned only wid what et say 'bout de chile. An' den de long yeahs pass, an' one mahn'n Cupe say: 'Ma'se, ter-morrer Bloody Hollah'll mix etself ag'in in yoah affairs."

"'Damn Bloody Hollah!' say de ma'se.

"'A chile'll be foun' by de lone grabe.'

"'Shet up yoah nigger signs!' say de ma'se.

"'An' de chile'll come an' stay in dis cabin.'

"'Close yoah lips, I tole yo'!' an', saying dat, ma'se walk off.

"But when de grey ob de mahn'n come, Cupe wah stan'n' by de doah ob de cabin, an' ma'se he op'n de doah an' walk out, es Cupe 'spected him ter do. He look kinder queer when he see Cupe stan'n' dah, an' den he say: 'Cupe, yo' kin come wid me; I'm gwine ter show yo' dat nigger signs am fool signs.' But Cupe, he know dat de omen wah wo'kin' on de ma'se, an' he keep his mouf shet, an' follud de ma'se, who go straight for Bloody Hollah. An' when ma'se an' Cupe stan' on de hill an' look fru de fog, sump'n' wah to be seed in de hollah, sump'n' dat in de grey ob mahn'n wah monstrous queer lookin'. Et wah on de Bloody Hollah grabe. An' ma'se he stop a minit kinder s'prised like, an' Cupe raise his han' an' pint down inter de Hollah obah de shouldah ob de ma'se, an' say:

"'De signs am comin' true.'

"'Et am a cow,' say ma'se, an' turn back.

"'Et am not a cow, et am de chile pinted ter by de sign,' say Cupe. An' jes den de critter rise up an' stan' on de grabe. Et wah tall an' slim an' red an' white, but de fog wah t'ick, an' only de color an' de size could be seed. Et wah an awful sight, a skeery ting.

"'Et am not a chile,' say ma'se, an' he kinder shiver.

"'An' suah et am not a cow. Ef de sign am wrong et am monstrous queer,' say Cupe.

"An' so ma'se stan' skeered like, an' Cupe wah kinder solum', case de sign wah wrong. De critter wah not a chile an' not a cow an' not like any uddah critter. Jes den de breeze raise de fog, an' et show a lone woman holdin' sump'n' in her arms. De woman wah in a white dress, an' de bundle she hole wah red es blood. An' ma'se he look kinder cur'us like at Cupe, an' den he swo' a cuss word, an' down inter de Hollah he go, Cupe by his side. Befo' God, Ma'se Wagnah, et wah a lone woman, an' in her arms she hole Susie wrapped in a red shawl.

"An' ma'se he say kinder cross-like: 'Wha' yo' come from? An' de woman pinted to'ard de Norf. An' ma'se, he ax: 'Wha' yo' gwine ter?' An' she look down at de grabe. An' ma'se, he stop a minit an' den say: 'Yo' am not alone, dah am uddahs gwine along on de same road, an' de soonah some ob dem gits ter de end de bettah fo' de worl',' say ma'se.

"Den ma'se look at de chile, an' kinder see sump'n' in ets eye ter make him t'ink a minit. He tu'ns on de woman sudden like an' say: 'What fo' yo' brung dat chile heah?'

"An' de woman say: 'Yo' know de look ob de eye ob de chile? Wha' else kin de chile go?'

"'To de debbil, wha' ets fahdah gwine, de coward.'

"An' den ma'se look ag'in at de chile, an' say: 'De eyes ob de chile go back ter de day ets fahdah wah young. I see de sweet boy a-sittin' by my side ag'in. De dimple' cheek, de white skin. De eye ob de chile befo' me call back de day ob long ago.' Den he tu'n on de woman savage-like: 'Woman, I swo' once by all de gods an' debbils dat ef ebah de fahdah ob dat chile, er kin ob de fahdah, sot foot on de ole farm, ets life 'udn't be wuff de coppahs on a dead nigger's eyes. An' now yo' brung de ole times back, de times when de'—den he bre'k off—'damn de ole times!' he say.

"De woman look down at de grabe an' cry. De chile look up into ma'se's face an' laugh, an' hole out ets little arms, an' den Cupe

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spoke, fo' he see wickedness risin' in ma'se's eye.

" 'Ma'se, yo' swo' ef ebah de fahdah ob dat chile, er kin ob de fahdah, sot foot on de ole place yo'ud do mu'd'h.'

" 'Yes,' say ma'se; 'an' one ob de varmints am heah now, an' I 'tend ter choke de life out ob de brat.' He reach out his han', es ef ter grab de chile, an' den Cupe step betwixt de two. 'Hole yoah han!' Cupe say, an' strike et down. 'De fahdah am not heah an' de chile am not *stan'n' on de groun'*. Yo' hab mu'd'h in yoah hea't, an' hab no right ter act out de oath les'n de chile am stan'n' on de earf.'

"Ma'se stop a minit, an' den he say: 'Come ter de cabin!'

"An' de woman come. Dah wa'n't nuffin mo'ah said, she jes come an' stay. De woman sleep wid de chile in de lof', an' Dinah sleep on de flo' ob de lof', an' Cupe sleep on de flo' ob de cabin room beside de bed ob ma'se. But de sign wah come true!

"Ma'se he keep away from de woman an' nebbah speak ter de chile fo' a long time. But he keep a monstrous lookin' at ets big, roun' eyes, an' mo'ah dan once Cupe cotch de tear drops stealin' down his rough cheek. But Cupe doan say nuffin fo' feah et 'ud cross de sign.

"One day de muddah ob Susie say ter Cupe: 'Git me some writin' papah.' An' Cupe when he go ter Stringtown git a sheet. An' when he han' et ter her, she look at et kinder cur'us like, an' say: 'Et am not nuff. I wan' ter write de story ob de chile.' An' Cupe nex' day git a whole pack ob big-size papah an' a dozen bright pencils. An' de muddah ob Susie take de papah an' write an' write. De days come an' go, an' she write an' write. Ma'se he don't say nuffin an' don't ax no quistions. He hadn't any writin' sense. An' at las' de woman wrap de papah up an' write sump'n' on de outside ob de pack.

"Den nex' mahn'n she say ter ma'se: 'Dah am nusses wanted down in Tennessy.'

"An' ma'se he say: 'A nambulance train fo' de Souf am campin' in de field by de pond ob Mr. Nordman now.'

"An' de woman say nuffin fo' a time, an' den she go ter de cupboard an' take from et de red shawl what Susie wah wrapped in de mahn'n she wah found in Bloody Hollah."

At this point Cupe turned his eyes upon a tiny, well-worn shawl hanging from a peg in the wall, and in a solemn tone remarked, pointing with his finger as he did so: "Dah am de bressed gahment now."

Then he continued: "An' den de muddah took de chile in her arms an' cry. Ma'se he kinder feel that sump'n' wah comin', an' he say: 'De war am not fo' chillun.'

"De woman stop a minit, an' den she say: 'May de chile stay?'

" 'Yes,' say ma'se; 'but ef de fahdah put foot on de place, dah'll be a grabe dug; et'll be fo' him er me.'

"Den she sot Susie in de little hick'ry cheer what Cupe done made fo' her, an' climb ter de lof' an' come down wid de bundle ob papah an' lay et on de table.

" 'What am in de bundle?' ax ma'se.

" 'A load ob sin.'

"She took from her pocket a little purse (Cupe held up a silk purse) an' she lay et on de papah an' say: 'Et am all I hab.' Den she pick Susie up an' kiss an' hug her an' cry obah her, an' Dinah cry an' ma'se an' Cupe kinder feel bery solum' like. Doan none ob yo' foller me,' she say. 'De wages ob sin am deff,' she mutter to herselb, an' tu'n from de doah. But ma'se an' Cupe go out too, an' es de doah shet stan' by her side. 'What 'bout de papah yo' write?' ma'se ax.

"She stop an' look at ma'se an' Cupe, an' den she say: 'Ef ebah ha'm pint ter Susie yo' kin youse de papah. Et'll tole yo' wha' Susie hab de right ter lib an' et'll gib de chile de libin' she am 'titled ter' er et'll brung shame ter de home ob a man who doan wan' no shame.'

" 'What am in de papah?'

" 'De story ob a life ob sin.'

" 'An' de chile am mixed in de crime, de yinnercent chile?' Cupe ax.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Yo' lie, yo' lie, yo' muddah ob de chile,' ma'se say; 'dah nebbah wah sin on an unbo'n babe, an' no sin hab come ter Susie sense she wah bo'n.'

" 'Et wah case ob de muddah's sin.'

" 'Yo' lie ag'in! De muddah what bear de chile, de muddah what hole de chile ter her bos'm when de cussed man hide hims head, de muddah what face de shame an' face de worl' wid de chile in her arms am pure—by all de gods she am pure! Et am de man who sin', an' yo' know et, de coward who sneak off an' lebe yo' ter bear de chile alone, de cur who sit smilin' now. Et am nebbah de muddah wid de chile on her bos'm, but always de man who am de sneakin' dog, de sinnin' brute, de coward!'

"Den de muddah ob Susie say: 'Ef yo' am right de worl' am wrong, fo' de worl' say de chile an' de muddah am de sinners. An' et wah case ob de sin dat I take my chile an'

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go 'way fo' de good ob de fahdah, who am safe.

" 'But,' she go on, 'ef trouble rise up an' yo' wan' Susie ter stay in de cabin, let de story be read. De man who de papah pints to'll send money.'

" 'Damn de man an' damn his money!' say ma'se. 'Nebbah yo' min' de money; when yo' am back from de war yo'll fin' de chile in de cabin, an' dah'll be a place fo' yo'; but no place fo' his dirty money.'

"She tu'n ter go, den she stop ag'in. 'Be keerful who reads de story; et am not fo' scandal tongue,' she say. An' den she walk 'way. She go alone ter de yambulance train!" Cupe stopped.

"And did you hear nothing from her afterward?"

Cupe took from his pocket-book the clipping of a newspaper, and Mr. Wagner read aloud as follows:

A NURSE KILLED.

A shell from a rebel battery near Dallas, Georgia, Tuesday morning struck and instantly killed a nurse. She came in an ambulance train from Kentucky, but nothing is known of her history. Heedless of her own safety, she moved about the field, succouring the wounded of both armies. Careless of herself, in the thick of battle, while holding a canteen of water to the mouth of a dying soldier, her life was suddenly destroyed. Nothing that could give a clue to her identity was found among her meagre effects, nothing but an addressed, stamped envelope, in which was a request that in case of her death a simple statement of the fact be mailed in the same envelope, and that no effort be made to find her friends. Only this and the following request added as a postscript: "Please lay me out in white."

Mr. Wagner ceased reading, and Cupe spoke.

"She say, 'De wages ob sin am deff,' an' she am dead, but befo' God, de sin wah not hern."

"A sad story, Cupid, but it is told too late. The mother is dead, the child is lost."

"Ef de chile could be foun', Ma'se Wagnah?"

"Impossible!"

" 'Ud yo' gib de keepin' ob de chile ter de brack fo'ks?"

"The child is *gone.*"

Cupe leaned over, opened the sack at his feet, took from it the oblong package of manuscript handed him by Dinah, and said: "When de candle am lighted ter-morrer ebenin' in de grocery Cupe'll come ter de grocery-store meetin'. Yo' hab de papah written by de woman lyin' in de battle groun' ob Georgia. Ef yo'll read de lines p'raps yo' would raddah de chile stay wid de nigger."

Cupe turned to the door: "De writin' am only fo' yo'; et am none ob Stringtown's consarn." The door closed and Mr. Wagner retired to his room.

When morning broke, the village clerk sat in his chair; the manuscript before him had been read a second time; his head rested on his hand, the lamp still burned, for Mr. Wagner, in deep reflection, gave no thought to the passage of time.

"Yes," he said, speaking aloud, "Cupe is right; this child is sinless. The man is the craven. But who would have supposed these things to be true? This paper reads like a romance, and yet, as I look back over other events that have passed, I see plainly that what the woman has said is beyond controversy. And to think that nigger Cupe, the dead Corn Bug and that hypocrite have alone known the story of this crime against morality. That wretch moves openly among the best families in this county. Perhaps he will sit in the Circle to-morrow evening, for he has been known to honour us with his presence. But if he does, he shall hear the story of Susie, or—no," he continued, " I have promised not to give it to others; that story rests safe in charge of Cupe and myself. True, the father would give much money, but the mother spurned his gold; and could Susie be found, it would be better to cover the past and lose his gold. The child is innocent, and yet on my sister's account, could Susie be found, I would not like again to bring her to my home. How could I apprise Judge Elford of that fact? But, ah, the child is surely dead."

(To be continued.)

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LITERARY LONDON

The literary interest of the month has been divided between war books and holiday fiction. The number of books about the war is positively alarming, but there are already signs that the supply considerably surpasses the demand. With the exception of G. W. Steevens's and Bennett Burleigh's books, and in a lesser degree of Winston Churchill's series of letters, the volumes by special correspondents have not achieved any notable success. Of course, there are innumerable small volumes on the popular soldiers of the day, and these have on the whole sold well. The war book *par excellence* will undoubtedly be General Baden-Powell's experiences, and I hear that more than one correspondent with the relieving force took with him some extraordinary offers from enterprising London publishers for that work.

The spring publishing is now a thing of the past, but a summer season is taking its place. A few years ago no English publisher thought of issuing a new book after the end of May, but since the enormous success of *The Christian,* which was published in the middle of August, things have greatly changed; indeed, it is becoming quite the fashion for popular authors to issue their new novels in the height of the summer season. This course has several advantages, one of which is that there is much more chance for a lengthy review than in the winter months, when it is difficult for the newspapers even to mention a tithe of the new publications.

What with the enormous expense of war correspondents and the rise in the price of paper, the proprietors of the great dailies have every reason to wish for a speedy end to the war. I was talking the other day with the editor of a famous newspaper, and from what he told me it is evident that the public has no idea of the fabulous expense entailed upon newspapers by the present war. Of course the war correspondents have to be heavily paid—and I suppose never before have they been so heavily paid—but that is, after all, a comparatively small matter. The great expense of the war is the cost of transmitting news from the scene of battle to the nearest telegraph station. My informant told me that in some instances considerably over £200 was spent in this way for one message, and this does not include the cost of telegraphing.

The rise in paper is likely to have serious consequences for newspaper proprietors and, although it has not at present affected to any extent the book publisher, there is considerable fear lest the price of book paper may be raised considerably in the autumn. The reasons given for this rise are, first, the enormous demand consequent upon the increased circulations of the daily papers and the number of new periodicals dealing more or less exclusively with the war, and secondly, the rise in the price of coal. There is, however, a very shrewd suspicion among those who are behind the scenes that these do not account entirely for the increase of at least fifty per cent.; and much interest is taken in the experiment which is about to be made by one of the largest newspaper proprietors in this country. The gentleman has bought up some large tracts of land in Spain, and will grow his own Esparto grass. In all probability he will also make arrangements for his own wood pulp, and as he will not be able to use all his supply, it is likely enough that the price of paper may be considerably reduced in the near future.

I hear that Major Pond has arranged a series of lectures in the United States for Mr. Richard Kearton, the well-known naturalist. Mr. Kearton was for many years a member of the staff of Messrs. Cassell and Company; but his books on natural history, illustrated by remarkable photographs taken by his brother, have proved such a success and his time has been so fully taken up with lecturing that he has recently resigned his position. I am sure he will make a distinct hit in your country.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has now completed his new novel, which will probably be issued in the autumn. Nothing definite has, however, been arranged, as Mr. Watts-Dunton is exceedingly particular with regard to the revision of his books. Like *Aylwin,* much of the new novel was written many years ago, but Mr. Watts-Dunton will not allow the manuscript to reach the publisher until he has subjected it to the most careful

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and thorough revision. It is quite possible that the selection of his critical essays will appear before the novel. Meanwhile, fifty thousand copies of a sixpenny edition of *Aylwin* are to be produced for the holiday season.

Mr. Stephen Crane has been very ill indeed, but I am glad to hear that he is now much better and on his way to the Black Forest for a prolonged rest. He had nearly finished his Irish romance at the time of his breakdown, but the publication will now have to be postponed for some time.

There is considerable speculation in literary circles as to the mode of publication of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel. As every one knows, Mr. Hall Caine has very strong views on the question of publishing, and a short time ago he almost decided to make the experiment of issuing the book in parts, after the style of Dickens. This idea has been abandoned, and it is quite probable that the novel may appear first serially in the *Windsor Magazine*. Sir Walter Besant's experiment of issuing his novel, *The Alabaster Box*, at a cheap price instead of at the usual six shillings, has proved a distinct success, and it is very likely that Mr. Hall Caine may follow his example.

Mr. William le Queux, who is going to Siberia as special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, has had to postpone his journey owing to a somewhat severe illness. I am glad to hear he is now much better and intends to start in the near future.

Several new dramatisations of novels are talked about for the autumn season. Among these the most important are Mr. Stanley Weyman's *Sophia*, which I understand is to be produced first of all in America, and Mr. Max Pemberton's *The Garden of Swords*. The irrepressible Gyp has evidently dramatised Mr. Pemberton's last novel, *Féo*, on her own account, for her escapade, which has kept Paris amused for the last few weeks, has been taken bodily from that novel. I am afraid the International Copyright Act does not make arrangements for such contingencies; otherwise, we might look forward to a delightful *cause célèbre*.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has lately been very far from well. I am glad to say he has now resumed work and is writing a book on *Grey Galloway*, which will be illustrated by a number of drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

The English libel law has always been a source of amazement to every bookman, but certainly the recent decision of Vizetelly *versus* Mudie's Library beats everything I have heard of. The judgment might indeed be taken bodily from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. By it the great libraries are made responsible for every line in the books they circulate, and if one of these books contain a libellous sentence, the libelled one can obtain damages from the library. I suppose in the season Messrs. Mudie must place orders for at least fifty new books every day, and if they are to escape the penalties of the law they will have to arrange for a huge staff of readers who must be walking encyclopædias of the laws of libel.

I suppose Mr. James Lane Allen will change the title of his new book before it is issued in this country, for it will be remembered that *The Reign of Law* is the title of the late Duke of Argyll's best-known work. It is questionable whether there be any definite copyright in titles in this country, but to save confusion many titles are changed when they cross the Atlantic. For instance, Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* is known here as *By Order of the Company*, while Mr. Jerome's *Three Men on Wheels*, an ideal title, has been changed here to *Three Men on the Bummel*.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement made in last month's BOOKMAN that a gentleman in Sheffield had made a most important discovery of manuscripts connected with Lord Tennyson, including correspondence between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, as well as drafts of some of Tennyson's early poems. The letters were discovered in a solicitor's office, and were addressed to the Rev. W. Brookfield, who married a niece of Hallam, the historian. Mr. Brookfield had a number of friends among the best known literary men of the day. Thackeray and he were constant correspondents, and the author of *Vanity Fair* described Brookfield as Frank Whitestock in *The Curate's Walk*. It is hardly likely that this new correspondence, much of which is of a most private character, will be published.

Although Mr. Barrie did not stand for

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the recent parliamentary vacancy of Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities, he was disposed to consider the invitation. What attracted him was the circumstance that it is not necessary to make speeches on contesting a university constituency. He was advised, however, that there was small prospect of success for a Liberal candidate. Besides, medical men form a very large section of the electorate, and they prefer to be represented by one of themselves. Mr. Barrie has had invitations to contest seats practically safe for a Liberal, but I doubt whether he will care to undertake a campaign. It is a pity—for the Liberal party. They need men who have the ear of the country more than ever they did. Mr. Barrie though a Liberal is not a Little Englander, and he does not consider any scheme of Home Rule possible at present. It is worth noting that Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy are also Liberals.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

No country, I think, pays so much respect as France to its dead men of letters. Two more have been honoured with public monuments in their native places during the last few weeks, and of those two, one, Guy de Maupassant, already had his monument in one of the most charming spots in Paris, in the Parc Monceaux, almost under the windows of the apartment formerly occupied by Gustave Flaubert. Now his bust will be visible also in the Jardin de Solférino, in Rouen, where he has been eulogised by a good half-dozen of speech-makers, headed by José Maria de Hérédia.

The other monument recently inaugurated is situated in a small town to the south of Paris, Villeneuve Saint-Georges. It represents seated, in a meditative attitude, a man whose action and influence have been second to none, perhaps, in shaping the minds of Frenchmen during the last forty years, Victor Duruy. From about 1860 it is in Duruy's books that French college boys have studied history; not the history of their country alone, but the history of Greece and Rome, and of the ancient Eastern civilisations, and also the history of Europe from the breaking up of the Roman Empire. But Duruy's influence was not due simply to his books. From 1863 to 1869 he was Minister of Public Instruction, and as such inaugurated a number of reforms of the highest importance in the development of French education. The celebrated École des Hautes Etudes is only one of the many creations of this truly great educator.

I met Duruy three times, and every one of those meetings has remained very clear in my memory. The first time is already far distant, however; I was a very young college boy, and he already almost a great man. We read his books, and for us then a man who wrote books was a very impressive creature. He was one of the Inspecteurs Généraux de l'Université, and as such visited our classes and examined us, in order to ascertain whether our teachers did their duty. I do not know whether I ever was so flurried in after life as I was in answering his questions then.

The second time I saw him I did not like him, I must own, although I now know that he was then doing very great work for France. But appearances were against him. I saw him as a courtier, and it pains me even now to think that a man who was so austere at heart could ever deserve such a name. It was in 1867. I was not yet out of college, and attended the great university celebration of the year, the Distribution des Prix du Concours Général," at the Sorbonne, which he presided over in his character of Minister of Public Instruction. The minister was in full uniform, covered with gold lace; around him a crowd of uniformed educational, civil and military officers. But what exasperated us young republicans was to see on the platform, seated in an arm-chair next to the minister's, a young boy of eleven, the heir-apparent to the throne, the ill-fated Prince Imperial; and each time the minister bowed a low courtesy to our junior, our blood boiled in our veins.

Nearly twenty-five years later I was

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again attending the Distribution des Prix in the Sorbonne. The presiding officer then was my old friend, Léon Bourgeois, whom I saw introduce to each other two of his predecessors in office, Eugène Spuller, Gambetta's lifelong friend, and Victor Duruy, then old, withdrawn from nearly every form of activity, and present on that day solely in order to witness the first youthful triumphs of a very young son, born to him of a second marriage contracted late in life with a former reader of Empress Eugénie. Republican simplicity showed itself in the evening dress of the minister, substituted for the gorgeous uniform of the Imperial era. How well I remember the long ovation given by the scholarly assemblage to the old man when we heard his son's name proclaimed among those of the prize winners! The friend of Napoleon III., the courtier, was forgotten. We remembered only the teacher of stoicism, the reformer of public education in France; and the Republic paid the debt incurred by the Imperial Government. It was all a surprise to Duruy, and his lips quivered when he bowed his acknowledgments. He survived the day by only a few years, but the speech of Georges Leygues, the Poet-Minister of Public Instruction of to-day, showed before the monument at Villeneuve Saint-Georges that his memory is still a living force among the educators of French youth.

From the dead, let us pass to the living, among whom I am still happy to number Edmond Rostand, who seems to have come victorious out of his struggle with the disease by which he was attacked on the very day of his latest triumph, and who is now quietly recovering his strength in one of the suburbs of Paris.

Among the living, too, the old great man Berthelot, who is striving to be one of the Immortals, and who has announced his candidacy to the French Academy, to succeed the mathematician Joseph Bertrand. The present tendencies of the Academy, as I said before, are not in the direction of the strongly positivistic views of the illustrious chemist, and yet I do not see how the Academicians can fail to elect him, as it is understood that the seat must go to a scientist, and no other scientist of renown is likely to be willing to antagonise him.

Another living character is Madame la Comtesse de Martel, alias Gyp, who has just published one of her amusing little books, *Trop de Chic,* and about whom Paris discusses whether she was the heroine of a romantic adventure, or the pseudo-heroine of an imaginary tale of abduction and escape.

Literary production has been very active of late in France, especially on the serious side. The holiday season has not quite set in, and authors are taking advantage of the last weeks given to thinking before every one escapes to the seashore or the mountains.

A number of newly published works on political and literary history deserve to be mentioned. Most interesting, by the freshness of its information, is K. Walizewski's *L'Héritage de Pierre le Grand.* The book deals in an entertaining manner with an almost unknown period of Russian history, when the newly but only half civilised Empire was ruled successively by three empresses, Catherine I., Anne and Elizabeth, as a prelude for the great reign of a fourth empress, Catherine II.

Another work that also deals with comparatively unknown facts is Frédéric Damé's *Histoire de la Roumanie Contemporaine.* The author was already known through an excellent dictionary of the Rumanian language, published by him a few years ago.

M. Albert Néton chose his subject a little nearer to us; he devotes a very complete monograph to one of the most enigmatic characters of the revolutionary period, the celebrated Abbé Sieyès, whose curious and predominant part in bringing about the fall of the Directorial Government in 1799 is just now set forth in a series of fascinating articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* by Albert Vandal. The title of M. Néton's book has something sadly suggestive in its simplicity: *Sieyès (1748-1836).* What was Sieyès before 1789? What was he after 1799? He lived eighty-eight years, and of these eighty-eight years ten hardly possess for us any importance!

Almost the same might be said of another monograph, *La Duchesse de Berry,* by H. Thirria. The subject of the book is the erratic mother of the late Comte de Chambord. Who when reading of her adventures in the early years of the reign

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of Louis Philippe realises that as Marchesa di Lucchesi-Palli she survived until France was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Germany?

A former cabinet minister, who also passed from brilliancy to obscurity, and who to-day, though still a life senator, is almost entirely forgotten, M. de Marcère, writes about events with which he was somewhat mixed, the last crisis of Marshal MacMahon's Presidency. The title of this interesting contribution to recent history is *Le Seize Mai et la Fin du Septennat.*

We are carried farther back by two other works of larger dimensions. M. Barthélemy Pocquet has undertaken in his work, *Le Duc d'Aiguillon et la Chalotais*, of which the first volume is just out, to relate the stirring struggle of the Parliament of Brittany against the government of Louis XV., a struggle which may be considered a forerunner of the French Revolution.

With M. Raoul Chélard we go as far back as the Middle Ages. The work just begun by him has an exceedingly long title: *La Civilisation Française dans le Développement de l'Allemagne.* His contention is that Germany owes to France a great deal more than is generally known, and he makes several strong points in speaking of the monastic orders, the universities, and what is known as Gothic architecture.

I shall finally, among writers of history properly so called, mention M. Albert Lemoine, who, after years marked by an uninterrupted flow of Napoleonic literature, has managed in his book, *Napoléon et les Juifs*, to tell us something new about Napoleon!

We have no less than three interesting contributions to literary history. The Abbé L. Pauthe gives us a very thorough study of Bourdaloue, the great seventeenth-century preacher, who was for a while considered a not unsuccessful rival of Bossuet. M. J. de la Servière publishes a no less complete book on another Catholic priest, less celebrated than Bourdaloue, to be sure, but still worthy to be remembered as the chief literary teacher of France's chief literary man, Father Porée, S.J., the professor of rhetoric under whom Voltaire studied, and whom he often consulted after leaving college.

M. Georges d'Heilly in his little volume, *La Fille de Georges Sand,* notably increases the number of published letters of the greatest woman French novelist.

I shall have to mention that Petit de Julleville's great co-operative *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Françaises* is now completed.

M. Edouard Quet writes briefly about *La Puissance du Théâtre en France,* and M. Edouard Driault exhaustively about *Les Problèmes Politiques et Sociaux à la Fin du dix-neuvième Siècle.* A disciple of Taine, M. Antoine Baumann, gives us, like most writers of that school, an exasperatingly pessimistic and self-conceited volume on *La Vie Sociale de Notre Temps.* Two interesting studies of foreign countries, *L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme, Java et ses Habitants,* are due, the former to M. Victor Bérard and the latter to M. J. Chailley-Bert.

Poets and their admirers have not been quite inactive. In *Choix de Poésies* M. Charles Grandmongin presents to the public what he considers best in his former publications. Edouard Schuré, under a somewhat mystic title, *Le Théâtre de l'Ame,* publishes two curious dramas, which he has not succeeded in having accepted by any theatrical manager.

But the most welcome of the last poetical publications is a complete edition of Félix Arvers's poems, due to M. Abel d'Avrecourt. With the exception of his famous sonnet, Arvers's poems were all but forgotten. The small collection, *Mes Heures Perdues,* which he published, has been a long time out of print. The present volume, which contains a good deal of hitherto unpublished material, especially a drama and a comedy, is exceedingly interesting. A curious thing is that, while Arvers's chief fault is his almost servile imitation of Musset's mannerisms, the best piece he wrote, after his sonnet, of course, is a violent attack on Musset.

Je ne suis pas de ceux qui vont dans les orgies,
S'enivrer aux lueurs des blafardes bougies, etc.

It was addressed to Alfred Tattet, who was somewhat forsaking Arvers for the greater poet. Later, though, a reconciliation took place, and the three men were warm friends.

The other books I have to mention may be classed under the head of sum-

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mer reading, with the exception, perhaps, of *Chez nos Petits-fils,* a novel of the *Looking Backward* type, by Eugène Fournière, one of the most brilliant Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies.

François de Nyon's *Les Histoires Risquées des Dames de Moncontour* is a very amusing volume. It is not intended "pour les jeunes filles."

Alphonse Allais has a volume of delightfully droll stories, *Ne Nous Frappons Pas.* Lovers of puns cannot fail to enjoy the story of such business firms as "Lepère et Ternel" or "Vatfair, Fish and Co."

Jacques Normand's *Du Triste au Gai* reminds one a little of Guy de Maupassant, with whom at a time Normand collaborated. Hugues Rebell's *La Camorra,* and Abel Hermant's *Confidences d'une aieule* are perhaps the best purely narrative novels of the month.

I must not forget *Les Sévriennes,* an amusing book on the young ladies who get their pedagogical training in the normal school at Sèvres. The name on the title-page is G. Réval. It simply hides the author, who is a graduate of the school.

France is going to have a complete and excellent translation of Ruskin's works. It is due to Professor Georges Elwall. Its first volume is out and contains *La Couronne d'Oliviers Sauvages* and *Les Sept Lampes de l'Architecture.*

Adolphe Cohn.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

The Letter-Box has been closed for several months, as some of our readers have possibly observed; and no doubt this fact has given pleasure to those persons who think that the Letter-Box should be permanently suppressed. We have always hoped that its opponents would write and explain just what we ought to do with the hundreds of letters which come to us from other readers who request a published answer. Why we should disoblige the pro-Letter Box people for the sake of the anti-Letter Box people? They are just as estimable; they lead just as good lives; and apparently they are a good deal more numerous. But never mind. This is just a casual remark. What has especially induced us to reopen the Box is a copy of verses from Miss Carolyn Wells which we could hardly publish in any other part of the magazine, and yet which we should be sorry to have our readers lose, because we have a vague suspicion that of all the jokes in the world, they best enjoy a joke at our expense. Miss Wells, it appears, has been reading a couple of reviews that we wrote in the last number of THE BOOKMAN, and has been moved by them to send us the following poem:

THE DISCRIMINANT.

Give me no colonial novel, give me no best-selling screed,
For I'm told Emotional Studies are the only things to read.
Questions of the Inner Ego by some stylish woman writ;
Analytic introspection of capacities is It.

Morbider than Henry James's, capabler than Meredith's,
See the Elementary Heroines struggling like Hellenic myths!
Oh, the joy of knowing surely how an elemental mind
Is affected by emotion of an elemental kind!

Oh, the deep delight of learning just what's psychically true,
By impressive demonstration from a subtle point of view!
What extraordinary insights and reactions most complex
Follow elemental kisses from the elemental sex.

And ecstasy unspeakable through simple souls is sent
When the psychical and physical are nebulously blent.
And how deeply we Discriminating Readers have enjoyed
The poetry of th' Impalpable effectively employed.

So give me no more novels of historical import,
No frivolous romances of a wishy-washy sort;

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No stories of adventure or tales of hidden crime,
For on these themes Discriminating Persons waste no time.

And though my baser nature all longingly may look
Toward Howells's new novel or Kipling's latest book;
Though in a thoughtless moment it seems to me I'd like
To read of Tommy's Grizel or of Stringtown on the Pike,

Such desires I sternly banish, for I'm bound, at any rate—
In my fictional selection I *will* discriminate;
And nothing written shall my literary palate please
But a Psychic Impressivity in subtle harmonies.

I.

A Canadian lady who, by way of propitiating us, begins her letter with the remark that we are "spiteful and Anglophobic," goes on to say that she approaches us in our professional capacity, "in which your opinion is worth something." She has clipped the following paragraph from a South African paper:

Baden-Powell scores neatly off his old headmaster in an interchange of compliments between the two. Dr. Haig-Brown wrote:

Witness that hero who to stubborn will
Joins schoolboy humour and a veteran's skill,
And spite of Cronje holds Mafeking still.

To which Baden-Powell replied:

"Ad Fuscum, Emeritum Pædagogum:
E Mafeking brevis est. Dux dixit, docte Magister,
B. Joeli proles. Corripe, Fusce Gigas."

As the *Daily Mail* explains, *Joeli proles* equals "Ap Joel" or "Powell." *Gigas* equals "tall"—that is, Haig.

The Canadian lady thereupon remarks that she knows this must be very clever, but that she doesn't understand it, and she asks us to translate it, which we do with pleasure:

To Brown, my former teacher:

The E in "Mafeking" is short. Colonel Baden-Powell has said it, O learned master. Make it short, Haig-Brown.

That is to say, Dr. Haig-Brown's poem assumed that the pronunciation of Mafeking is "Mafēking," with the E long. Now, to make a mistake in the quantity of a syllable is something shocking to the scholastic mind, and probably Dr. Haig-Brown had often scored young Baden-Powell for such enormities when the latter was writing Latin verse at school. Hence, everybody naturally chuckled when Dr. Haig-Brown was himself taken to task by his former pupil, and in Latin verse at that.

II.

Here is a letter from Rossland, British Columbia, which has made us gasp:

To the Editors of The Bookman:

While reading Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* I am constantly impressed with the fact that many of the incidents are quite familiar to me, although I am quite certain I have never read the book itself before. Can you tell me of what book I am reminded? I do not wish to accuse the author of plagiarising, but I would like to know where I got my impression.

This is really too delicious. How can we tell where this gentleman got his impressions? Maybe it was through metempsychosis. In some former existence he may have been present when the incidents described by Miss Johnston happened. But what we rather suspect is that he has been reading too many colonial romances and has glutted his mind with them and needs a complete change. Let him stay out in the open air a good part of the time and eat three meals a day and confine his reading, for the present, to selections from the works of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler.

III.

A severe gentleman writes from the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, as follows:

To the Editors of The Bookman:

What is your opinion of an editor who writes a savage criticism of a contemporary novelist for a few mistakes in spelling certain foreign names, and in the same issue of his magazine publishes in an article over his own initials such a sentence as this:

"It is a terrible, truthful, pitiless picture, in the first place, of the woman who has frankly and fully abandoned herself to a life of lawless love, and who, finding herself near the time

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when her fascinations are fading, and when amid all her physical charm there is beginning to creep in a premonition of decay—of haggard eyes, of flabby flesh, of pallor, of wanness, of decay."

Near the time when her fascinations *are* fading! And what is the construction of the second *who?* And is not the close of the sentence open to criticism? Could there be a better example of slip-shod writing than this sentence?

As to this, we have only to say that the *"are"* represents the universal present; and also that the sentence, as written and sent to the printers, had the word "finds" in place of "finding." We fancy that this gentleman strikes terror to the souls of the undergraduates in the Wesleyan University. He has such a way with him!

IV.

A lady who writes from Baltimore asks us whether we can tell her the origin of the phrase "to pour out the child with the bath." She says that she ought to know, but that she doesn't. Neither do we.

V.

A correspondent who lives in East River, Connecticut, asks us who was Savonarola. Now, this is one of the questions that we must decline to answer, and for the reason that it would be undesirable to take up our space for any such purpose. It is to be presumed that in East River, Connecticut, there is some sort of a public reading-room or library, and that in this public reading-room or library there is a copy of an encyclopædia or of a biographical dictionary of some kind or other. Why should not our correspondent avail herself of so accessible a means of information, instead of writing to us and encumbering the Letter-Box with what any one can find out for himself in about five minutes? We have occasionally heard persons say with a smile of triumph that there are some letters which are sent to THE BOOKMAN and never answered—the inference being that the questions in them are too abstruse for our intellectual capacity. Now it is a fact that some letters go unanswered; but they are always letters like this one from East River. They are not answered because they are so elementary, and because did we answer them we should be very justly criticised by the great majority of our readers.

VI.

Here is a note from Bellevue, Pennsylvania, which may be of interest to the publishers of *When Knighthood Was in Flower:*

What strange transformation has taken place during the passage of the years, that Henry VIII. has taken such a mild visage as the one assigned him in your advertisement of *When Knighthood Was in Flower?* It seems to me the low-set head below, on the right hand, belongs of right on the sturdy shoulders of the famous or infamous Henry Tudor.

VII.

We give below a letter from Chicago which reminds us of a similar one from West Virginia upon which we commented a year ago:

You stir me up to wrath with your every issue, and not only me but many others. I hear it on every side. The point of complaint is your use of other than English in your editorials. In the April number, on page 103, you give a long Latin quotation; on the next page you give *flair;* on page 111, a lot of French, and so on. Not one word of this can one-tenth of your readers understand. While not college graduates, we are not fools, though we cannot translate Latin and French. It is not pedantry but inadvertence that misleads you. Let me beg of you never to allow a Latin, French or other foreign word to appear in your magazine without an English translation. If you will do this, you will be blessed by every reader, while now you are cursed by ninety or ninety-five per cent. of them.

Now, in the first place, how does this gentleman know that only one-tenth of our readers can understand such bits of quotation from foreign languages as we employ? That is merely an assertion on his part without any evidence to justify it. Against it we will set our counter-assertion that to not more than one-tenth of our readers are the French and the Latin quotations unintelligible. Our correspondent is wholly courteous and quite just in saying that it is not pedantry which leads us to employ the stray bits of French and Latin and German that we introduce into our writing; for these bits

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in reality form a part of the common language of cultivated men and women; so that in a sense they are a part of literary English. One uses them precisely as he makes casual allusion to the incidents and episodes and opinions that belong to the literature and to the intellectual tradition of all time. To translate each word of French or Latin that one happens to employ would be to establish a principle which would logically compel us to print an explanatory foot-note under every reference to anything that lies outside of the commonplaces of every-day modernity. What we recommend is that when our correspondent comes across a word or a phrase or a quotation with which he is unfamiliar, he should carefully look it up and inform himself about it, and thereby add to his stock of general information. This is just what we always do ourselves; and it has resulted quite favourably, in that we have succeeded thereby in acquiring quite a fair amount of miscellaneous knowledge.

VIII.

The following letter comes from Philadelphia, and the writer of it frankly confesses himself (in signing his letter) to be our "hypercritical friend."

With becoming humility I approach you to ask if your use of "each other," "begun" and "vocation" in the following quotations from the March Bookman is justifiable:

Page six, first column, third paragraph, "all the factors . . . and their relations toward each other" (? one another).

Page eleven, second column, first paragraph, "ever since the war begun" (? began).

Page fifteen, second column, second paragraph, "the editor of . . . among other vocations" (? avocations).

To these criticisms we have to make the following reply:

(1) "Each other" for "one another" is not strictly correct, but it is colloquially admissible.

(2) "Begun" is a misprint for "began."

(3) "Vocations" is quite correct. A man's vocation is his serious occupation; his avocation is what he does for amusement or for his own personal pleasure. This is a distinction, however, which most persons carelessly ignore.

IX.

Another correspondent asks us to explain the origin of the word "stunt," familiarly employed in the phrase, "doing stunts." "Stunt" is a provincial and very colloquial corruption of the old English word "stent," meaning something in the nature of a task marked out to be done. It is cognate with "stint," the basal notion being one of limitation. The noun "stent" occurs in English literature as far back as the publication of the *Mirror for Magistrates,* and has been in use ever since. The form "stunt" probably arose among schoolboys, who still employ it with much satisfaction.

X.

A Passaic lady writes the following letter:

Editors of The Bookman:

Will you kindly inform a subscriber as to what is the best book obtainable as a guide to the study of verse, its rhythm, metre, etc., with a view to writing verse?

We must cautiously decline to answer this inquiry, as we should always have an uncomfortable sort of feeling of being responsible for the consequences that might follow.

XI.

Speaking of verse, in the April number of The Bookman there appeared an alleged poem in two stanzas entitled "Charm." The last two lines of the first stanza run as follows:

Not Wit, not Grace, not Beauty so enthrall—
Blended of these, yet greater than them all.

A very critical reader of The Bookman has written to ask about the syntax of the word "them" in the last line. His question is very politely phrased, and he is even so complimentary as to ask whether this is a case where Homer is caught nodding. So let us consider the matter in detail. The writer of those lines had to choose between three things. In the first place, he might have followed the ordinary rules and written:

Blended of these, yet greater than they all.

Naturally, he wasn't going to turn out a line like that. In the second place, he might have got out of the dilemma by

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writing the line in an entirely different way, as for example:

Blended of these, yet greater far than all,

which would have dodged the question of syntax altogether, but would have weakened the whole thing. In the third place, he might have done what he actually did, which was to allow the objective case to stand after the word "than," comforting himself with the authority of Milton, who once wrote:

Than *whom,* Satan excepted, none higher sat.

What was good enough for Milton is good enough for the author of "Charm." And, after all, why molest a person who, although he does sometimes lapse into verse, at least refrains from doing it oftener than once a year, and whose latest offence resulted in no more than eight short lines? Why not just ignore it, and remember that he meant well, and will probably not break out again in that way for ten long months?

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Messrs. Davis and Company, of Chicago, have recently published a book on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, entitled *The Crucifixion.* The famous drama has been novelised by Mr. W. T. Stead.

A collection of short stories by Kate Upson Clark, entitled *White Butterflies,* has recently been published by Messrs. J. F. Taylor and Company. These are stories of every-day life and every-day people.

Readers who have become interested in the dog-hero of *Bob, Son of Battle,* will be interested to know that the publishers have a portrait of Bob, which will appear on the front cover of the new edition of the book. New editions continue to be called for.

Mr. Charles Neufeld, author of *A Prisoner of the Khaleefa,* has almost completed a boy's story of adventure founded to a great extent upon incidents of his own career during his early days in Upper and Lower Egypt. Although the hero of the story is more or less an imaginary one, the trials and adventures which befall him are drawn from personal experience.

There was an interesting dinner recently at the Athenæum Club, London, when a number of the friends and contemporaries of Dickens met. Of the party there were Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., who illustrated *Our Mutual Friend;* Mr. Fildes, R.A., who provided the pictures for *Edwin Drood,* so unhappily interrupted; Mr. Henry Dickens, Q.C., the author's son; Mr. Charles Kent, his faithful friend and disciple; Mr. Parkinson, one of the writers in *All the Year Round;* Mr. Ashby-Sterry, professor of Dickensian topography, and Mr. Kitton, who supplies yearly some sumptuous tome on the master. The rest of the party included Lords Shand and Herries, Sir J. Crichton Browne, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

J. A. Altsheler has been engaged for a long time upon a romance of the civil war, which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company, under the title of *In Circling Camps.* The scene is said to open in Washington just before the arrival of Lincoln, whose coming and inauguration are graphically described. Later in the story the leading characters are reunited in the South, and the love story with its dramatic interruptions and suspended interest runs through the book.

The Lothrop Publishing Company announce *With Lawton and Roberts,* by Elbridge S. Brooks, which deals with the adventures of an American boy in the war in South Africa. The same house will soon publish *Noank's Logs,* a sea tale of privateer life in the American Revolution by that veteran story-teller for young people, William O. Stoddard.

Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens's *Philip Winwood,* which has recently been published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, seems destined to be one of the most successful books of the summer and autumn. The publishers announce that the advance sales have been more than thirty thousand copies. *Philip Winwood* is the story of an American captain in the War of Independence. The scene is laid

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in London and New York, embracing events that occurred between and during the years 1763 and 1785.

The Secret of the Crater, a tale of adventure by Duffield Osborne, is soon to be published by the Putnams. The hero is a lieutenant in the United States Navy, and the heroine a princess of a mysterious race that dwells in an undiscovered island of the South Seas.

During the autumn of the present year and the spring of 1901, the Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish a new novel by each of the following authors: Robert Barr, Sir Walter Besant, F. T. Bullen, Bernard Capes, Egerton Castle, Robert W. Chambers, Stephen Crane, S. R. Crockett, Robert S. Hichens, John Oliver Hobbes, Anthony Hope, Cutcliffe Hyne, W. W. Jacobs, Levett-Yeats, Alfred Henry Lewis, A. W. Marchmont, A. E. W. Mason, Max Pemberton, Elizabeth Robins, H. G. Wells, and others.

Mr. Robert Barr is at work upon a long and important novel, and has decided to write no more short stories for some time to come. In this resolution he is finding several imitators, Mr. Anthony Hope being one of the exceptions. Mr. Stanley Weyman, by the way, has steadfastly refused to write short stories for some years past.

The new novel upon which Mr. W. Clark Russell is at present at work is, we hear, to be entitled *Overdue.* Those who have had the privilege of reading the story, so far as it has progressed, say that it promises to be one of the most powerful and original pieces of work which Mr. Russell has ever done.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have in press four farces by Mr. Howells which have never been reprinted from the magazines in which they appeared. They are entitled *Bride Roses, Indian Giver, The Smoking Car,* and *Room 45.* They will be brought out in little volumes of attractive typography, simply and artistically bound.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, whose novel of Washington life is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN, has returned to this country and is at present living in New York. She is doing considerable work for one of the New York newspapers. It is to be presumed that her feelings in regard to newspaper editors have undergone a decided change since the days of *Patience Sparhawk.*

An excellent collection of short stories, entitled *Men With the Bark On,* by Frederic Remington, has been brought out by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Among this collection are several stirring tales of the Spanish-American War. Mr. Remington uses as his text, "Men with the bark on die like the wild animals, unnaturally—unmourned, and even unthought of mostly." The book is delightfully illustrated by the author.

Life's Trivial Round is the title of Rosa Nouchette Carey's new story, which the J. B. Lippincott Company have recently published. There is always a sameness in Miss Carey's work, but her stories seem to be none the less welcome on that account. She has a goodly following among young readers, and Sunday-schools can safely recommend anything that she writes.

The Woman Beautiful, which bears the imprint of W. M. Young and Company, is a very impressive-looking book quite extensively illustrated. The author, Ella Adelia Fletcher, explains in a subtitle that it is a practical treatise on the development and preservation of woman's health and beauty, and the principles of taste in dress. Miss Fletcher has apparently given considerable study to the subject, and there is much in the book which is of value. Its five hundred and thirty-five pages will particularly appeal to the women of leisure who are ever ready to learn something about the art of preserving their good looks.

Miss Florence Converse, the author of *The Burden of Christopher,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, was graduated from Wellesley College in 1893, and she is at present a resident of Denison House, the Boston College Settlement. Miss Converse is on the editorial staff of *The Churchman,* having succeeded Miss Krause (Barbara Yechton), who recently retired from editorial work.

Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company have brought out an edition of *Dorothy Marlow,* by A. W. Marchmont, whose *Dash for a Throne* has met with some success. *Dorothy Marlow* is a sensational novel full of villains and mystery and love.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

LEGENDS OF THE BASTILLE. By Frantz Funck-Brentano, with an introduction by Victorien Sardou. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

The secret of much of the charm of the historical novel of the proper sort lies in the fact that it begets in the reader a delicious sense of self-satisfaction and knowingness. For instance, Charles I. of England, let us say, is introduced in the course of some narrative. We instinctively feel the thrill of recognition. The pomp and pageantry with which the romancer surrounds him provoke in us only satirical amusement. His Majesty and we are old friends. We possess secrets which His Majesty would give crown and kingdom to know. He cannot gull us with his dignity, his royal manner, his "divine right." We know too well what it is that the future has in store for him. His Majesty is in excellent spirits, but we could very quickly cause the smile to fade from his lips with a word or two about Naseby and the Ironsides of Cromwell and the palace at Whitehall and the block and the axe.

This comfortable frame of mind, of course, depends upon no particular period of historical character. We can read quite cheerfully the conventional Washingtonian novel, because, although the romancer may tell us only of the retreat across New Jersey and the dark days at Valley Forge, we know that Yorktown is to come. Also if one of these Revolutionary novels introduces a mysterious horseman of great height and commanding appearance, we with our superior knowledge know that toward the end of the volume Washington will issue from behind the cloak; just as we knew from the first that the inquisitive merchant to whom Quentin Durward unburdened his soul was King Louis, and that the mysterious prisoner of whom Alexandre Dumas told us in *The Vicomte de Bragelonne* was in reality the Man in the Iron Mask.

When one looks at the matter from the standpoint of romance M. Frantz Funck-Brentano, the author of the volume at present under discussion, has knocked on the head one of the most delightful theories in all history—namely, that the mysterious prisoner known as the Man in the Iron Mask was in reality a uterine brother of Louis XIV., whose existence was kept secret for reasons of state. The author tells us of the origin of this delightful legend, which was started on its vigorous flight by Voltaire.

In 1745 there had just appeared a sort of romance entitled *Notes Toward the History of Persia.* . . . The book contained a story within a story, in which the mysterious prisoner, who was beginning to be talked about everywhere, was identified with the Duke de Vermandois, and to this fact was due the sensation which the book caused. Voltaire immediately saw how he could turn the circumstance to account. He had himself at one time been confined in the Bastille, which was one reason for speaking of it; but he did not dare put in circulation suddenly, without some preparation, the terrible story he had just conceived; and, with a very delicate sensitiveness to public opinion, he contented himself with printing the following paragraph in the first edition of his *Age of Louis the XIV.:* "A few months after the death of Mazarin there occurred an event which is unexampled in history, and, what is not less strange, has been passed over in silence by all the historians. There was sent with the utmost secrecy to the château of the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, in the Sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, of more than ordinary height, young, and with features of rare nobility and beauty. On the way, this prisoner wore a mask, the chin piece of which was fitted with springs of steel, which allowed him to eat freely with the mask covering his face. The order had been given to kill him if he uncovered. He remained in the island until an officer, in whom great confidence was placed, . . . came and conducted him to the Bastille, always masked. The Marquis de Louvois saw him in the island before his removal, and remained standing while he spoke to him, with a consideration savouring of respect." Voltaire, however, does not say who this extraordinary prisoner was. He observed the impression produced on the public by his story. Then he ventured more boldly, and in the first edition of his *Questions on the Encyclopædia* insinuated that the motive for covering the prisoner's face with a mask was fear lest some too striking likeness should be recognised. He still refrained from giving his name, but already every one was on tiptoe with the expectation of startling news. At last, in the second edition of *Questions on the Encyclopædia,* Voltaire intrepidly added that the Man in the Mask was a uterine brother of Louis the XIV., a son of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, and older than the King.

When the story had been hatched it was not long in producing a numerous progeny. The *Memoirs* of the Duc de Richelieu give a graphic account of the birth of this twin brother of Louis XIV. The Baron de Gleichen goes still farther and attempts to prove that the child who was put out of sight was in reality the real heir to the throne.

But the career of imagination was not yet to be checked. The legend came into full bloom under the first Empire. Pamphlets then appeared in which the version of Baron de Gleichen was revived. Louis XIV. had been only a bastard, the son of foreigners; the

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lawful heir had been imprisoned at the Isle Sainte-Marguerite, where he had married the daughter of one of his keepers. Of this marriage was born a child, who, as soon as he was weaned, was sent to Corsica and intrusted to a reliable person, as a child coming of "good stock," in Italian, *Buona-parte*. Of that child the Emperor was the direct descendant.

"The right of Napoleon I. to the throne of France established by the Iron Mask!—there," suggests M. Funck-Brentano, "is a discovery which the great Dumas missed." Incredible as it may seem, there were many who took this legend seriously. Another hypothesis is that which made the mysterious prisoner Louis, Comte de Vermandois, Admiral of France, and son of the first mistress of Louis XIV., Louise de la Vallière. The Iron Mask has also been identified as the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters; the Duc de Beaufort; and one Avedick, an Armenian patriarch of Constantinople and Jerusalem, kidnapped in the East at the instigation of the Jesuits, and transported to France, while the author of a book published in 1885 concludes: "The more I reflect, the more I believe I recognise in the Man in the Iron Mask, without any elaborate theory, without prejudice on my part, no other than Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière."

In a way, the most unromantic and unentertaining part of the whole matter is the certainty with which the author refutes all these theories and proves the Iron Mask to have been simply Count Mattioli, secretary of state to the Duke of Mantua, imprisoned by Louis XIV. in direct violation of international law.

The chapter dealing with life in the Bastille completely demolishes the accepted melodramatic idea of a prison, the very name of which has stood for all that was darkest and most unholy in the history of France under the Bourbons. The *lettre de cachet* when described at length is deprived of all the mystery and much of the iniquity with which tradition has invested it. The description of how the *lettre de cachet* was used reminds one of nothing more horrible than the debtor of English fiction nabbed by the bailiffs and whisked off to a "spunging house."

When the *lettre de cachet* had been signed it was usually a sort of sheriff's officer who effected the arrest. He appeared in company with five or six men at arms, and signified the arrest by touching his quarry with a white staff. A coach was in waiting. The police officer politely begged the person he was instructed to secure to step into the coach, and took his place beside him. And, according to the testimony of various memoirs, while the vehicle was rolling along with lowered blinds there was a pleasant conversational exchange of courtesies up to the moment of the prisoner's finding himself within the walls of the Bastille.

Noblemen and officers frequently presented themselves at the Bastille alone. The King simply wrote them that it was his pleasure that they should betake themselves to his château of the Bastille, and no one dreamed of declining the royal invitation. Indeed, the prospect of imprisonment there did not always strike the future prisoner with terror. In the *Memoirs* of the Duke de Lauzun we read:

Scolded for two hours on end by everybody who fancied himself entitled to do so, I thought I could not do better than go to Paris and await developments. A few hours after my arrival I received a letter from my father, telling me that it had been decided to put us all in the Bastille, and that I should probably be arrested during the night. I determined at least to finish gaily, so I invited some pretty girls from the opera to supper, so that I might await the officer without impatience. Seeing that he did not arrive, I determined on the bold move of going to Fontainebleau and joining the King's hunt. He did not speak to me once during the chase, which was such a confirmation of our disgrace that on our return no one gave us the customary salute. But I did not lose heart; in the evening I was in attendance, and the King came to me. "You are all," he said, "hotheaded rips, but funny dogs all the same; come along and have supper, and bring M. de Guéméné and the Chevalier de Luxembourg."

After the prisoner had entered the Bastille his life, far from being the prolonged torture of tradition, was one for which many free men would readily enough have sacrificed their liberty. It often happened that the Government gave the prisoners valets, paying not only for their board, but also their wages at the rate of nine hundred livres a year. After they had been examined the prisoners enjoyed plenty of liberty. They could enter into communication with the people of the town. They obtained permission to see their relatives and friends, and were often allowed to receive them in their own rooms. The prisoners who had the "liberty of the court" organised games of bowls or *tonneau*, and hobnobbed with the officers of the garrison. Prisoners of rank received the most generous and considerate treatment. The Cardinal de Rohan had one hundred and twenty francs a day spent on him. The Prince de Courlande during a stay of five months spent twenty-two thousand francs. The rigid and meagre diet which we associate with life in the Bastille

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was also a huge myth, for the prisoners seemed to have been pampered in this respect to an astounding degree. Renneville, who wrote a book denouncing the administration of the Bastille, thus describes his first meal:

The turnkey put one of my serviettes on the table and placed my dinner on it, which consisted of pea soup, garnished with lettuce, well simmered and appetising to look at, with a quarter of fowl to follow; in one dish there was a juicy beefsteak, with plenty of gravy and a sprinkling of parsley, in another a quarter of forcemeat pie, well stuffed with sweetbreads, cock's combs, asparagus, mushrooms and truffles; and in a third a ragout of sheep's tongue, the whole excellently cooked; for dessert a biscuit and two pippins. The turnkey insisted on pouring out my wine. This was good Burgundy, and the bread was excellent. I asked him to drink, but he declared it was not permitted. I asked if I should pay for my food, or whether I was indebted to the King for it. He told me that I had only to ask freely for whatever would give me pleasure, that they would try to satisfy me, and that His Majesty paid for it all.

The governor saw that the prisoners had some means of diversion. The poorest were provided with pocket money and tobacco. About the beginning of the seventeenth century a library was founded for the use of those incarcerated in the fortress. The prisoners, who lived several in one room, played at cards, chess and backgammon. In 1788 a dozen Bréton noblemen were shut up in the Bastille. They lived together, and asked for a billiard table with which to amuse themselves; and the table was given them. Finally when a detention was recognised as unjust, the victim was liberally indemnified. Thus, the notorious Latude, according to these pages a whimpering, insensate scamp, received an annuity of four hundred livres; Louis XIV. guaranteed to Pellisson at his liberation a pension of two thousand crowns; while to Voltaire when he left the Bastille a pension of twelve hundred livres was granted by the Regent.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. Studies in the Science of Religion. By George A. Coe, Ph.D., John Evans Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Northwestern University. New York: Eaton & Mains. 1900. $1.00.

INTRODUCTION TO ETHICS. By Frank Thilly, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900. $1.25.

The same persons will be interested in these two books, though one relates to the most practical thing in the world and the other to a question of pure theory. For Professor Thilly's book is not a treatise on Ethics. Ethics is a practical science, and is wholly nugatory, unless it helps us to form an ideal of conduct, and to make of our lives artistic creations embodying our ideals. This work does not pretend to do that. It is only an introduction to Ethics—that is to say, it follows the discussion of the ground of right and wrong through a long succession of thinkers who have gradually unearthed the secret, showing how some have made right conduct to be that which is approved by an inborn faculty, intellectual, emotional, or perceptive; some have wished it to consist in contributing to our own pleasure or the greatest pleasure of the greatest number; some in pursuing some other definite end, objective or subjective; some in conforming to those principles which the influences of evolution have implanted in the hearts of the dominant races. The different theories are set forth and criticised. Two general types are discussed at some length. Finally, two chapters are appended upon Optimism *versus* Pessimism, and upon the Freedom of the Will. The whole makes a handy compendium of the outlines of the different opinions, without examining their niceties or entering into minutiæ. Sufficient references are given. A comprehensible view is set before the reader of the entire course of development of the theory.

The doctrine that Professor Thilly himself embraces may be said, in a general way, to be that which has been accepted by the best recent authors. It may be described as a washed-out, blurred and decolourised variant of the theory so forcibly set forth in Leslie Stephen's brilliant work. It certainly affords rational explanations of many moral phenomena. How many years shall elapse before a serious flaw is detected in it we can only wait to see. No subject calls for a keener analytic razor than the general theory of ethics. Professor Thilly comes from a school not distinguished for turning out just that type of mind. His thought, like his style, is hardly screwed up to concert pitch. This is not the place to plunge into the depths of the subject; two very minute examples of what is meant must suffice. In order to find an instance to prove that conscience is sometimes regarded as the voice of God, it was hardly necessary to travel so far back as Professor Thilly's most recent case, the dæmon of Socrates. Nor, after all, do we find that to be a case in point. In none of the seven reported interventions of that dæmon did it say, like conscience, "that was wrong or right," but always, "do this" or "refrain from doing that," without giving any reason or referring, as conscience always does, to a

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standard of one kind or another. The general accounts of its mode of action which Socrates is reported to have given are of the same description. It was simply the familiar phenomenon of a prompting.

On page 79 the author "must emphasise the fact that conscience is a mere general name used to designate a series of complex phenomena, and not a special faculty." But on turning the leaf, we learn that "Moral obligation is a peculiar kind of obligation, a unique mental process. We cannot describe it, we must experience it in order to understand it. . . . It is as impossible to describe obligation to a being that does not feel it as it is to talk to a blind man of colours." Is the sense of colour, then, not a special faculty? A man must have the logical audacity of a Herbart to take such ground. Since the phrase "special faculty" is used, Professor Thilly presumably attaches some definite idea to it. It is doubtless a doctrine, not an empty phrase, that he is condemning. But it is difficult to imagine what kind of a thing a special faculty would be if the sense of colour is not one. That conscience is a special faculty is a doctrine held, it would seem, by men of sufficient weight to call for Professor Thilly's emphasis in dissenting from it. But who, I should be glad to know, is the writer who makes conscience to be a special faculty in any sense in which the sense of colour is not truly such? In days when nominalism held such a monopoly of thought that it had become a little careless in its expressions, it was common enough to hear that a general term for objects *of the same description* was a "mere" name, whatever "mereness" may be. But to assert this of the general designation of objects so peculiar and unique that no general description could be given of them, such as "colour," would have been considered a mark of loose thought, even in those days. These are very small slips of Professor Thilly's, but the reader will find that they are characteristic.

Professor Coe is a modern psychologist, following well-approved methods, and, like dozens of his brethren throughout the country, occupied with proving scientifically things that any good observer of human nature could have told him at the outset. It is, no doubt, a satisfaction to have them put upon a scientific footing. It is also gratifying to find ordinary observation in agreement with results that, standing alone, might not command quite so much confidence. Professor Coe finds that a considerable proportion of young fellows experience a religious awakening at an average age of sixteen or seventeen. About equal numbers report that they felt, at that time, fear of God's wrath and that they felt sorrow for sin; but in something like half the cases neither emotion was marked. He further finds that temperament is a leading factor in striking religious transformations. In twelve out of seventeen persons who expected such a transformation, and were not disappointed, sensibility predominated over intellect and will; while in nine out of twelve who expected a transformation, that did not come at all, intellect was predominant. Of seventy-seven young college graduates—fifty-two male, twenty-five female—twenty-six per cent. were found to have had at some time hallucinations or to have performed automatic actions; but among those of them who had undergone striking religious transformations this percentage amounted to fifty-six, while for those who had vainly sought a transformation it sank to eight. Still more striking was the contrast between the same classes in respect to susceptibility to external suggestion. I need not say which the susceptible ones were.

Another statistical inquiry of a widely different kind makes it appear that the Methodist Church places too much stress upon feeling and too little upon definite objective aims as elements of spirituality. Faith-cures form the topic of another chapter. In a third, nerve-fatigue is considered in its relation to bad temper and to other faults. All these matters are handled in a scientific spirit, with the utmost good sense and calm, and in a style calculated to make the book useful. Anecdotes are so much to the purpose in inquiries of this nature that Professor Coe is able, without ceasing for a moment to be as gravely "scientific" as befits a modern psychologist, to make his matter decidedly readable, even entertaining.

Jordan Brown.

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NOVEL NOTES

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

"Depict, but do not speak!" Why does Mr. Crockett not remember this, Goethe's legacy to all artists? He can draw men that are men and women that are women; and in his new story both the fighting and the love-making are better than they have been in any of its predecessors. But he is the veriest "stickit minister" at the always questionable and infinitely difficult art of moralising in the trenches of a story of adventure. This, for example, is as bad as it can well be made: "From woman's wilfulness all things somehow have their beginnings. Yet of herself she is content with few things (so that she have what she wants), somewhat Spartan in fare if let alone, and no dinner-eating animal. Wine, tobacco, caviare, Strasburg goose-liver — Epicurus's choicest gifts to men of this world—are condemned by womankind. Left to their own devices, they prefer a drench of sweet mead or hydromel laced with water, or even of late the China brew that filters in black bricks through the country of the Muscovite. Nevertheless, to woman's wantings may be traced all restraints and judgments, from the swords flaming every way about Eden gate to the last merchant declared bankrupt and 'dyvour' upon the exchange flags of Hamburg town." Leaving out of consideration the painful journalese about Epicurus, this pithless preachment provokes one to contrast it with the immortal—and artificial—lines of Scott on feminine caprice. But "Depict, but do not speak" ought to have been the motto of Mr. Crockett, especially when he was giving the portrait of a woman of action like Joan of Hohenstein. For he can depict, and here he *has* depicted—as he has not depicted before. In respect of plot and incident, of sword-play, and marriage at the cannon's mouth, *Joan of the Sword Hand* is the best story Mr. Crockett has yet published—better even than *The Red Axe,* though not so melodramatic. (By the way, it is to be hoped that Mr. Crockett does not intend to hamper his inventive faculty with "sequels," much less "trilogies"; obviously there is a danger in this sort of thing.) He never was so successful with his heroines. For here as always he has two, and the one that is not mentioned in the title-page is the better. Everybody will fall in love not with Joan—although he will heartily wish her mated and mastered—but with Margaret of Courtland as a being all compact of tenderness, terror and whim, and will sympathise with her in her sequence of troubles till her Maurice—whose all but accomplished crucifixion we might have been spared—is really her own. The remorseless Theresa, Maurice's mother, too, has the making either of a Jael or of a Clytæmnestra in her; nor is there a walking gentleman in the book. Maurice the "Sparhawk" is a fine fellow; Louis of Courtland is an excellent weakling; and Prince Ivan of Muscovy is such a detestable cad that you hiss him right through the book, and rejoice when Theresa kills him. The comic soldiers Boris and Jorian are occasionally too boisterous; they look like Scottish byresmen rehearsing for Dogberry and Verges. But Werner, the loyal fencer, is a genuine and consistent gentleman. As for the sparrings and the disguises and the marriages and the kidnappings and the sieges and the intrigues—they are all bewilderingly full of lusty life, and are therefore to be enjoyed rather than analysed. The senile, sensual sniggering of the selfish Sixtus toward the close savours a little of caricature, but it is a clever attempt to reproduce the decadence of the Papacy. *Joan of the Sword Hand* will be appreciated, above all things, as a singularly effective reproduction of the tumult of a period and a region which Mr. Crockett has made his own, and still gives scope for "expansion."

William Wallace.

A FRIEND OF CÆSAR. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50

It would seem now as if a new novel of the last days of the Roman Empire must first and always be compared with *Quo Vadis,* and the author of this newest one apparently recognises the inevitable by anticipating the comparison in the case of his own work. In a brief preface he calls attention to the fact that there is still room on the ground occupied by Sienkiewicz, since the noble fiction of the latter has entered it only from one side. *Quo Vadis* takes and interprets the Christian point of view, whereas *A Friend of Cæsar* looks from the opposite direction, taking and maintaining the pagan point of view; and it is this consistent interpretation of paganism—"as a help to an easy apprehension of the life and the literature of the great age of the Fall of the Roman Empire"—that this new author has made the aim of his ambitious book.

The size of Mr. Davis's undertaking, the study it involved, the scholarship it required, may be fairly estimated only by those having

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more than a common acquaintance with the Greek and the Latin languages, and more than the average knowledge of the period of Roman history which the work is intended to represent. All this is wholly aside from the present consideration of *A Friend of Cæsar,* which is an attempted estimation of it solely as fiction. Looking at it as a story, and granting that the first aim of fiction is to amuse, there can be no question of its success. No matter whether the Cæsar here be the hard-hearted tyrant of the Latin classics or the broken-hearted man whom Shakespeare beheld baring all his sad soul in Brutus's tent; it is not of the least importance whether or not the Cleopatra of this story be the woman whom Antony knew, since she also charms with an infinite variety —that custom cannot stale—for this Cæsar and this Cleopatra are both alive and close by, living and moving foremost among the other historical characters who mingle with the fictitious ones and crowd the large stage of the story.

The story is large, too, because so much has been gathered about the simple, single, steadfast love of the noble Roman youth Drusus and the equally noble Roman maiden Cornelia —a love so fine, so pure, that it rays like a white light from first to last through all the darkness, the corruption, the stress, the turbulence, the storm and crime belonging to their time and their dying nation. It is Drusus who is a friend of Cæsar; but his friendship for Cæsar —great and true as it is—comes of his love for Cornelia, as has happened since and perhaps before between men and women—as it was in the beginning and ever shall be.

And yet while the beautiful love of Drusus and Cornelia lies at the sound, sweet heart of the story, to say so is to give a most meagre idea of the large sustained interest of the work as a whole. For there are several other good stories interwoven with the first. There are many incidents surrounding it which are so vivid, so brilliant apart from it, that they fix themselves in the memory like bold, terrible paintings. The scene in the house of Fabia the Vestal is one of them; Drusus's rescue of Cornelia from the mob is another.

To the specialist in classical archæology, however, this book is full of errors, and contains more than a few positive absurdities.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE BURDEN OF CHRISTOPHER. By Florence Converse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

In *The Burden of Christopher,* which might be called a study in social economics, Miss Converse has undertaken to solve a serious problem, one which has as yet remained unsolved. This is the problem of the workingman and his wage. It seems to us that Miss Converse has written this book a little too soon. She is not quite thoroughly convinced herself, and if she had waited a while longer her characters would have been strengthened by the waiting and her scheme more fully developed. Yet her earnestness and sincerity are commendable. The story is divided into three parts: the Idyl, the Drama and the Elegy. The first part is strong and true, but unfortunately the last part is not its equal. If Christopher Kenyon had lived up to his ideals he would have been a character worth remembering. Something of his good intentions may be gathered from the speech which he makes to his workingmen:

"I am living on an income of twenty-five thousand a year at the lowest, and Jimmie Casey is living on an income of—well, to put it at its best showing and not allow for a dull season, seven hundred and fifty a year; and the chief reason is because my father owned the factory and handed it over to me, and Jimmie's father didn't. And I can't seem to make that out a good and sufficient reason. The man in college who taught me the most and the best that I know said to me once: 'It is the men and women who sit at the benches in your father's factory and make shoes ten hours a day who are sending you through college.' I have never forgotten it, and I said then, 'Please God, they shall never be sorry they sent me. No! better than that, they shall be glad, some day! . . .

"When I was an undergraduate the fellows called me a socialist; now that I am a manufacturer they ought to call me a liar—that is, when they don't call me a fool. Of course, I could get out of the trade. I could give up the fight, close up the business, and hand over the shops to a man who would run them as the world expects them to be run. I have thought of doing that, and then—I have thought of you. There are enough bad shops getting worse all the time; I won't help to make another one worse. It isn't merely that I should be getting out of the difficulty and salving my conscience by giving it all up; I can't sell twelve hundred men and women into worse industrial slavery than that they already endure. As long as there are slaves in trade I'll keep my slaves to myself, and try to treat them like men. . . . In so far as co-operation is practicable in this competition-ridden age, we'll have it; in so far as short hours are practicable, we'll have them; if equal pay for men and women is right for now, we'll have it."

Christopher keeps his promise to his men, but he sins in order to do so. The years go on, competition increases, and he carries out his ideas at a financial loss. To save his men he takes money that is entrusted to him, and

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his soul is ruined. As the story progresses Christopher becomes more shadowy, until his suicide hardly makes an impression on us. He dies for the cause, but how much better and braver it would have been had he lived for it! Miss Converse is at her best when she writes of the working people. She portrays characters that are true to life, and she shows conditions which everybody will recognise. The scene in Peter Watson's factory is especially worthy of mention, as well as the description of Jeannie's wedding. There is a great deal of excellent material in this story, and it is in marked advance of *Diana Victrix*. Miss Converse has a purpose in writing, which is more than can be said of many authors of the present day, and if she recovers from certain serious defects she will yet do very good work.

F. M. H.

SOPHIA. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Weyman is himself again. Another *Shrewsbury,* and we should have been compelled to start our review with *Hic jacet,* and write an obituary notice of the author of *A Gentleman of France.* But *Sophia* is eloquent of recovery, a recovery as thorough and complete as it is welcome. Mr. Weyman has written nothing better than *Sophia,* nothing more vigorous, more vivacious, more absorbing. It is a masterly romance, planned and plotted and pictured by master hands. Mr. Weyman has received many "kind inquiries" during the past year or two, and his new novel is the best thanks he can offer to his readers and his critics.

It is never difficult to criticise a novel of this kind. You can pile up instances of exaggerated coincidences, you can make a collection of impossibilities and improbabilities, you can point to ancient devices and well-worn characters and time-honoured episodes. *Sophia* contains examples of the most extraordinary coincidences ever conceived in the mind of romancer, and in parts it is improbable beyond the dreams of Mr. Guy Boothby; its theme is as old as chivalry. But these are not the things that matter. It is only dulness that damns. Does the story live, move and have being? Does the reader live in the story? Does he feel, love, hate, fear, hope, despair with its characters? Does he shudder when death and worse than death clutch at Sophia, touch the hem of her garments? Is he, too, "thankful, so thankful," when the shadows flee? No—spells failure, Yes—success. Yes.

There are several very definite recipes for romance, to neglect which is to court certain disaster. And the greatest of these is that the central characters command respect, admiration and, if possible, affection. In a word, your hero and heroine must be heroic—and heroism is not necessarily all of swords; there is heroic villainy, heroic gentleness. But fashion your hero from a simpleton, a weakling, a nincompoop; your heroine from a nonentity, a thing of littleness, and your failure is as sure as was Mr. Weyman's in his last novels. In *Sophia* there is no attempt at evading this first law. Sophia herself is no bread-and-butter Miss, Lady Betty no pattern of maidenly modesty, Sir Hervey is a man of an unsavoury past, Tom not a little of a rogue, but all are of flesh and blood, and in all there is some soul of greatness. In the testing times they stand firm.

We have said that *Sophia* bears comparison with Mr. Weyman's best. It contains at least one chapter, "King Smallpox," which for sheer dramatic power is unrivalled, which holds every nerve on the strain, which grips, which hurts. It is full of adventures which whip the blood until the reader is hot with excitement and enthusiasm. It is gay with the brightest comedy, black with the deepest villainy. It is aglow with the life of the eighteenth century, compared with which the existence of these days is a thing of grey and drab.

We have but one suggestion for the author of *Sophia.* We trust that he will remember that greatness and heroism are not monopolies of the "higher classes." In *Sophia* those whose names are not enrolled in the upper ten thousand are fools or rascals. This is neither history nor art.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1900.

The May publications showed no falling off in any respect from the output of previous months, which is very remarkable, considering the nearness of the summer season. *The Green Flag,* by A. Conan Doyle; *Unleavened Bread,* by Robert Grant; *The Booming of Acre Hill,* by John Kendrick Bangs, and *The Farringdons,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, were among the most popular titles of the month's publications, while such well-known authors as Agnes and Egerton Castle, Mary Cholmondeley, S. R. Crockett, Booth Tarkington, Jerome K. Jerome and Florence Annie Steel contributed new volumes of fiction to the already large list by less successful writers. *The Redemption of David Corson,* by Charles Frederic Goss, although published several months, has for some unaccountable reason of the publishers only just been brought to the attention of Eastern booksellers; and, judging from first orders and favourable press notices, it may be expected to sell largely.

The additions for the month of miscellaneous books was neither so large nor were the authors of so much prominence as in fiction. Several new works on the South African war were brought out, and there was a noticeable number of religious works. *The Life of Dwight L. Moody,* by his son, W. R. Moody, and *Dwight L. Moody: Some Impressions and Facts,* by Henry Drummond, were also issued, and are selling readily. Several of the titles which for the past few months have maintained a place at the head of the list have finally shown signs of falling off and are obliged to take a more lowly position, as may be seen by reference to the list below. *To Have and to Hold,* however, still retains the lead in point of sale, and *Billy Baxter's Letters* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* are also holding their own with the more recent titles. The demand for nature books is rather increasing as the season advances, and while all subjects included under this title are sought after, the specialty for this year is for books relating to trees, thus making a ready sale for our *Native Trees and How to Identify Them,* by Harriet L. Keeler, and *A Guide to the Trees,* by Alice Lounsberry, both recent publications.

Announcements for early publication are numerous and include new books by several prominent authors. *The Reign of Law,* by James Lane Allen, which the publishers now expect to be ready early in July, is already in much demand, and advance orders indicate that it will have an exceptionally good sale. Among other new books in course of preparation are *The Heart's Highway,* by Mary E. Wilkins; *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg,* by Mark Twain, and *The Meloon Farm,* by Maria Louise Pool. Trade, on the whole, in such departments as may be expected to show activity at this season remains very good, with only here and there a report of dulness. Complaints, however, from the regular dealers in all quarters continue strong in regard to the use of popular books as leaders by department stores and the cutting of prices below a fair margin of profit. It is earnestly to be hoped that some means may be found to stop this evil in the near future, as otherwise stocks will not be kept up and the energies of the dealer will be turned to better protected and more profitable lines of goods.

The list of best selling books, including a number of new titles, follows:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By B. Tarkington. $1.50.
The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.
Resurrection. By L. Tolstoy. $1.50.
Sophia—An Historical Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
The Bath Comedy. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1900.

Activity still continues to be the rule in all departments of business, and if the demand keeps up as well as present conditions appear to indicate, the dull season this year should be much shorter than usual. Library trade is good, especially so for this season of the year, when it is naturally expected to be somewhat light. Country business is also comparatively bright and active, and the orders which are received daily show the present satisfactory demand to be general right through the West.

Sales of leading books show a falling off now each month, as is to be expected; but, despite this, the aggregate is large and decidedly above the average of recent years.

To Have and to Hold continues its remarkable run and again takes first place in the list of sales. Stanley J. Weyman's *Sophia* is a good second, and *Richard Carvel* third. *David Harum, Red Pottage, Janice Meredith* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* are still showing plenty of activity, and sold about equally well last month. *The Voice of the People,* by Ellen Glasgow, shows that it is growing in popularity, and the same can be said of *The Redemption of David Corson. Deacon Bradbury* is taking a firm hold upon readers, and its sale is mounting up, and *Resurrection* shows also an increasing sale.

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New books were plentiful last month and of an unusually high order of merit for May. Among the most successful may be mentioned *The Dread and Fear of Kings,* by J. Breckenridge Ellis; *The Farringdons,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; *Unleavened Bread,* by Robert Grant; *The Bath Comedy,* by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and *Monsieur Beaucaire,* by Booth Tarkington.

Out-of-door books are in strong demand just now, especially those pertaining to natural history. Purely sporting books, such as works on golf, fishing, etc., are not especially lively at present, but will probably improve later. Guide-books are in fair request, but hardly what might be expected. Books for commencement presents are now playing a prominent part in sales, the preference being given to daintily bound works in series and standard books in elaborate and fairly expensive binding.

The popular taste as evidenced by the everyday demand is still for romantic fiction, and a good story in this class nearly always finds a ready sale. It would seem as though it were about time for the public fancy to veer round to another direction, but there is no sign of it yet. It may be possible that there is not quite as much "fad" in the popular appreciation as many good judges appear to think, for it does not prevent the novel with a purpose and fiction with other tendencies from being appreciated also. In fact, a perusal of the list of the best selling books last month, appended below, will show quite a number of novels which can hardly come under the head of romantic. The best selling books during May were:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Charles Major. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
The Dread and Fear of Kings. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. $1.25.
Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Musketeer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. $1.50.
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 20 to May 19.

It is pleasing to have to record that a decidedly brisker tone has prevailed throughout the past month, and a considerably increased amount of business has been transacted. Although works of a more or less military tendency have been predominant, a much livelier demand has been experienced for literature of a general character. Several additions have been made to the already extensive list of war books. Churchill's *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria,* Pearse's *Four Months Besieged,* Ashe's *Besieged by the Boers* and Nevinson's *Ladysmith: the Diary of a Siege* are the most prominent. Fiction in the form of the six-shilling novel still continues its popular career, and appears to be exempt from the fluctuations which affect other branches of literature. *The Crowning of Gloria,* by Reardon; *The West End,* by White; *A Second Coming,* by Marsh, and *Bequeathed,* by Beatrice Whitby, are among the latest arrivals, and have sold freely. In biography Sir William Kennedy's *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor* has been much sought after.

Guide-books have been in considerable request, especially in connection with the Paris Exposition; quite a number have already been issued, and a promise of many more to follow. Ober-Ammergau and its Passion Play, which is now taking place, has caused the revival of several descriptive publications, but the demand so far has not been great. Good business has been done in sixpenny reprints, and although not attaining to the proportions of last year, the sales have been most satisfactory. Among the most recent addition to this class are *Greifenstein,* by F. M. Crawford; *Beautiful Jim,* by J. S. Winter, and *Devil's Dice,* by W. Le Queux.

There are no new competitors for public favour to chronicle among the magazines, but the old favourites have sold as freely, and continue to be as popular as ever.

The following is the list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:

London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. By W. S. Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
Four Months Besieged. By H. H. S. Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Siege of Ladysmith. By R. J. McHugh. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)
Besieged by the Boers. By E. O. Ashe. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Three Men on the Bummel. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Lest We Forget Them. By Lady Glover. 21s. net. (Fine Art Society.)
The Crowning of Gloria. By R. Reardon. 6s. (J. Long.)
Bequeathed. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1900, to June 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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3. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
4. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mississippi Valley. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
4. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
   The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Touchstone. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
   Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00 net.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00 net.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
3. Vengeance is Mine. Balfour. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
4. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Dread and Fear of Kings. Ellis. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. My Mysterious Clients. Scribner. (The Robert Clarke Co.) $1.25.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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DENVER, COL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Empress Octavia. Walloth. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Geber. Benton. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Black's Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Smiles Yoked with Sighs. Burdette. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
5. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. His Lordship's Leopard. Wells. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Crowell.) $1.50.
4. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Queen's Garden. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
2. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
3. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.10.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.10.
5. The Grip of Honour. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.10.
6. The Garden of Eden. Howard. (Scribner.) $1.10.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Guide to the Trees. Lounsberry. (Stokes.) $2.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
4. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Son of the Wolf. London. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Stanford Stories. Field and Irwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sweepers of the Sea. Wetmore. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. My Mysterious Client. Scribner. (R. Clarke & Co.) $1.25.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
4. Féo. Pemberton. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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